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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

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VOL. VII.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1929.

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REPORT.

Volume VII of the History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is herewith submitted. It covers the period from 1921 to 1929 inclusive. It has been edited and published under a vote of the Association at the annual meeting of 1929.

The volume is uniform in general appearance with the preceding six volumes and contains a large amount of original matter.

The edition is limited to 200 copies.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON,

GEORGE A. SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, May 6, 1929.

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ANNUAL MEETING—1921.

REPORT.¹

The 51st annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at Deerfield on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, Tuesday afternoon and evening, Feb. 22. At the afternoon session in the council room at Memorial Hall, President John Sheldon presided. The report of the last annual meeting was read by Recording Secretary William L. Harris. Mrs. George Sheldon, as curator, read her report, which was filled with interesting facts. Memorial tributes to Vice-President Levi P. Morton, by Mrs. Francis L. Robbins of Greenfield, and Mrs. Martha L. Severance of Greenfield, by Albert L. Wing, were read. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Judge Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, Miss M. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Helen C. Boyden, Asahel W. Root, Margaret Miller, Arthur H. Tucker, L. Emerine Henry, John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Charles W. Hazelton, Francis N. Thompson.

Five new members were received: Mrs. Mary Lathrop Tucker of Newton, Mrs. Gertrude C. Smith of Deerfield, Edwin W. Hunt of Milton, S. Henry Amidon of Greenfield, William B. Browne of North Adams. Miss Margaret C. Whiting brought up the matter of increasing the membership by inducing young people to join the association and

¹ The "Report" in this volume, as in Vols. I-VI, are made up from extracts in contemporaneous newspapers. In this way we keep in touch with the drift of public sentiment. [Eds.]

she with Frank L. Boyden were appointed a committee to take charge of the matter. After some debate a proposal to raise the admission of adults from 10 to 25 cents was rejected, Mrs. Sheldon saying it was George Sheldon's wish to keep the admission fee low.

At 5:45, candlelight, the women of Deerfield served an excellent supper at the town hall. In the evening papers on "A Study in Origins" by W. B. Browne and "Tales of a Great-grandfather" by Mrs. Lucy Emerine Henry were read.

"Our Memorial Hall" was the title of a paper by Mrs. Sheldon. She said that fifty years ago a practical idealist had a vision of a memorial of the men, women and children of early New England, especially of the Valley of the Pocumtuck. He found a few kindred spirits whose sympathetic companionship was a perpetual help. Mr. Sheldon saw that this collection of records must be a memorial of the people themselves and their home life. He wanted it to be a memorial and not a museum in the ordinary sense. "That is why it is as it is." In arranging the collections the idea was kept in mind to illustrate the daily life of the settlers rather than group together the articles of any one kind.

The musical program was in charge of Charles H. Ashley, who, with his band of singers, gave much pleasure. A feature was the "Ode to Washington" by Jonathan A. Saxton of Deerfield.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

In 1916, 7,712 persons visited Memorial Hall. The World War caused the tide to ebb so that in 1918 there were 4,753 visitors. This year the tide has flowed again, reaching 7,727, the largest number in the history of the association.

We can never resist telling the countries represented by these visitors, and we find that this item of the report is the one most surprising to the public. This year they have registered from every State of the Union excepting Wyoming; from Canada, Mexico, Brazil, the little island of Trinidad

among the West Indies, and the Hawaiian Islands; from England, Scotland, France, Turkey, Persia, India, West China, China and Japan.

The following schools and classes have visited the hall: The Haydenville, Warwick, Whately and West Whately grammar schools, also the Whately ungraded school; grade VI, Newton school, Greenfield; classes from Deerfield academy; Amherst high school and Holyoke vocational school; history classes from Wilbraham academy; Mount Hermon and Northampton high; students from Amherst summer school, Smith summer school, Smith and Mt. Holyoke colleges.

Delegations have come from the Haydenville silk mill; Sunday school class from First Church, Northampton; church choir, Winsted, Conn.; Camp Fire Girls, Worcester; History Club, Springfield; Hampshire County Children's Aid Association, and the Massachusetts Classical-Teachers' Association.

We have received 308 contributions, consisting of 104 books and pamphlets, 73 miscellaneous articles, and a collection of 131 silver and copper coins made by George Sheldon.

Fortunately we have been able to complete the set of Copeland's *Hampden County* by the addition of Volumes I and II, and also the set of the *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* by adding Volume IV.

It is interesting to note that strangers visiting our memorial collection return home and send us valuable contributions. This was done by Mrs. Jessie Willard Bolté of Chicago, who gave us a handsome "Rising Sun" bedspread, dating back to 1798. Mrs. Fanny Leonard Koster of Brooklyn, N. Y., sent her *Annals of the Leonard Family*, a family into which the Rev. Warham Williams of Deerfield and Walham married.

On the other hand various institutions and individuals have sent to us for assistance. Yale college has asked for photographs. Fiske Kimball of the University of Virginia has wanted material from Deerfield account books, and facts regarding the Rev. John Williams house. Miss Frances S. Drenning of St. George's, Bermuda, desired information for

the purpose of helping an historical society in those islands, while the Ministry of Education at Peking, China, has written for details concerning the collection.

The curator's time has been spent on the third edition of the *Catalogue* to the collection, the second edition of the illustrated *Guide*, and in the preparation of Volume VI, of our *Proceedings*. The *Catalogue* was published in June, the *Guide* in August and Volume VI is ready for publication when the price is not prohibitive.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, in addition to her most efficient service as caretaker of the many rooms in Memorial Hall has spent some time in card cataloguing the books and pamphlets which have been contributed recently. This work must be continued so long as the library receives gifts.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 22, 1921.

NECROLOGY.

MARTHA LYMAN SEVERANCE.

BY ALBERT L. WING.

Martha Lyman Severance of Greenfield, the subject of this sketch, was the daughter of Capt. Thomas and Zamy (Johnson) Lyman of Northfield, born October 17, 1831. She was educated in the schools of Northfield and Goodale Academy of Bernardston, now known as Powers Institute. Her father, a well-to-do hatter, went to a farm in Vernon, Vt., not long after her marriage to Dr. William S. Severance, November 24, 1853. After her marriage she lived for two years in Hinsdale, N. H., where her husband practiced his profession. Dr. and Mrs. Severance went to Shelburne Falls from Hinsdale and after the death of her mother spent some time at the home of her father in Vernon before coming to Greenfield in 1864.

They lived in the Dr. Daniel Fiske place on Main street, which was their home until she removed to another part of the village about a year before her death. Her husband had a large practice and plenty of means for travel, making it possible for them to travel extensively in this country. She spent many winters in California; also several in Florida. She was a woman of rare charm of manner, well informed, cultivated, had good artistic talent and was a most pleasing hostess.

She was a pioneer in the cause of equal suffrage for the sexes and was present at the first woman's suffrage convention held in this State, at Worcester, Wendell Phillips being the orator of the occasion. She attended the first National Convention of Woman's Clubs, held at Los Angeles, California. A frequent visitor at Rochester, N. Y., where she had relatives, she made the acquaintance of Susan B. and Mary Anthony, who numbered her among their friends. When Gov. John D. Long called upon the women of the State some 40 years ago to vote for school committees she was probably the first woman in Greenfield to exercise the limited franchise in the town. When the Anthony amendment to the national constitution became effective she saw the realization of the hopes and efforts of a long, many times discouraging, struggle to secure for her sex what was theirs by right, but steadily denied by the sterner sex for many years. In her 89th year she looked forward with keen interest to casting her ballot in the primaries of 1920.

In California she selected Los Angeles as her favorite place of residence, identifying herself with the literary life of the city and being a member of several clubs, of which the Friday Morning Club she specially enjoyed. She painted in oils and water colors and showed marked talent. Among her instructors in art was the late Willis Seaver Adams, for fifteen years a resident of Greenfield and one of the finest landscape painters of the country. In the early eighties she formed a sketch class in Greenfield which she greatly enjoyed. She was a valued member of the Fortnightly Club and contributed many papers of unusual interest. She loved the best in literature as well as art and possessed many

rare and beautiful volumes. She was a lover of the beautiful. Her flower garden was not only a source of joy to herself but gave pleasure to passers-by as well.

In November, 1903, Dr. and Mrs. Severance celebrated their golden wedding which was an occasion of much interest to a large circle of friends. From the beginning of the D. A. R. movement she was interested, joining the Brattleboro Chapter in 1896, transferring to Dorothy Quincy Hancock Chapter of Greenfield in 1908. She attended the 30th annual convention of the order in Washington when the corner stone of Continental Hall was laid. She was for years a member of this association, in which she took a keen interest. She was also a charter member of the Historical Society of Greenfield. Of her two sons, the older, Dr. William Severance, died in October, 1905. Her surviving son, Charles D. Severance, gladdened her life in her last years by tender solicitude and thoughtfulness. In her religious belief she was a liberal. Her death occurred Oct. 11, 1920. Those privileged to know her will fondly cherish her memory.

LEVI PARSONS MORTON.

May 16, 1824—May 16, 1920.

A Life Member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

BY LUCY MORTON ROBBINS.

Levi Parsons Morton, son of Rev. Daniel Oliver and Lucretia Parsons Morton, was born at Shoreham, Vermont, May 16, 1824. One of his biographers speaks of him as representing a type which, owing to mingling of blood, will soon become extinct; an American descended in every line from the original settlers of this country. Every line of his inheritance went back to the earliest Colonial period, through generations of sober, high-minded, hard-working, God-fearing men and women.

Because of this fact, the compiler of this sketch prefaces

it by a rather detailed study in heredity in an effort to show that the forces which enabled Mr. Morton to make a success of life, apparently through his own efforts, were forces which come from such an inheritance.

In sixteen ancestral families, thus studied, certain characteristics appear generation after generation.

They have large families and are long lived.

They are temperate, and some of them strongly advocate temperance publicly.

They practice thrift and become prosperous.

A number of them are spoken of as having large possessions, a natural result of industry, thrift, and long life.

They have the pioneer spirit shown in many ways.

They value education highly.

They realize that service to town and state is a duty and a privilege.

Above all they are religious men and women, members of the church of God and active in it.

Of the families studied below those of George Morton, Hon. Stephen Hopkins, and Cornet Robert Stetson were his paternal ancestors. His mother's descent is through the families of Cornet Joseph Parsons, Elder John Strong, Rowland Stebbins, Isaac Sheldon, John Frairy, Deacon Nicholas Clapp, William Holton, Robert Hinsdale, Nathaniel Dickinson, Esq., Francis Barnard, Samuel Marshfield, Esq., Captain Hopestill Foster and Rev. John Reyner, most of whom were among the earliest settlers in the Connecticut Valley.

MORTON

Mr. Morton's first ancestor of the name in America was George Morton, born 1585 in Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, who later lived at Bawtry, near Scrooby Manor. He joined the Pilgrims at Leyden, and while there married Juliana Carpenter, as shown by the entry in *The Leyden Records*;—2 Aug., 1612.

Alice Carpenter, her sister, married (first) at Leyden, March, 1614, Edward Southworth, who died in 1621, and (second) at Plymouth, 14 August, 1623, Honorable William Bradford, second Governor of Plymouth Colony.

George Morton served the Pilgrims in some official capacity before coming to America. One writer states that he was "the agent of those of his sect in London," and another that he acted as "the financial agent in London for Plymouth Colony."

The work, however, for which this eminent forefather is most noted, and which will forever link his name with American history, is the publication by him in London in 1622 of what has since been known as "Mourt's Relation," but entitled, "Relation of Journall of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimouth in New England, by certain English Adventurers both Merchants and others. With their difficult passage, their safe arrival, their joyfull building of, and comfortable planting themselves in the now well defended Towne of New Plimouth."

"As also a Relation of four seuerall discoveries since made by some of the same English Planters there resident," which he goes on to enumerate.

This Relation may be termed the first history of New England, and is composed of letters and journals from the chief Colonists at Plymouth, either addressed or intrusted to George Morton, whose authorship in the work is possibly limited to its quaint and interesting preface.

The Relation itself is full of valuable information and still continues an authority. Shortly after its publication George Morton prepared to emigrate to America, and sailed with his wife and five children in the *Ann*, the third and last ship to carry what are distinctively known as the Forefathers, and reached Plymouth early in June, 1623.

He did not long survive his arrival, and his early death in June, 1624, was a serious loss to the infant settlement.

His character is thus described in a memorial which chronicles his decease. "Mr. George Morton was a pious, gracious servant of God, and very faithful in whatsoever public employment he was betruſted withal," and closes with the words "With much comfort and peace he fell asleep in the Lord, in the month of June anno. 1624."

MORTON

His eldest son, Nathaniel, born in Leyden in 1613, accompanied his parents to Plymouth, and after his father's death was brought up in the family of his uncle, Governor Bradford, and early became his assistant in the management of public affairs. He was chosen secretary of the Colony in 1645, and so continued until his death forty years later.

He prepared and published "New England's Memorial, or a Brief Relation of the most Memorable and Remarkable Passages of the Providence of God manifested to the Planters of New England."

His brother, Honorable John Morton, ancestor of Levi Parsons Morton, came with his parents to America in the *Ann*. He served the town of Plymouth in various important capacities as selectman and deputy to the General Court, etc.

He removed to Middleboro, in the same county, where he was one of "the famous twenty-six original proprietors and founders," and in 1670 was the first representative of the town to the General Court, which office he held until his death in 1673.

Among his colleagues in the General Court in 1662 were his cousin, the Honorable Constant Southworth, Captain Peregrine White, Cornet Robert Stetson, and Mr. William Peabody.

MORTON

John Morton, eldest son of Hon. John and Lettice Morton, was born at Plymouth, 21 December, 1650. Like others of his family, he was well educated, and to his effort is due the establishment of what is believed to be the first absolutely free public school in America, which he "erected and kept" at Plymouth in 1671, "for the education of children and youth."

The line continued down through Captain Ebenezer Morton, his son Ebenezer Morton of Middleboro, to Levy Morton, Revolutionary soldier, and to the Rev. Daniel Oliver Morton, father of Levi Parsons Morton.

HOPKINS

The Mayflower ancestor of the Morton family was Stephen Hopkins. Historians believe this was not the first voyage of Mr. Hopkins to America, but that he had accompanied Sir Thomas Gates, Lieutenant-General of the Virginia Company, to Virginia in 1609.

The name of Stephen Hopkins stands fourteenth in order among the signers of the Civil Company, The Magna Charta of the Colony, in the cabin of the Mayflower, 11 November, 1620, and one of the twelve with the honorable prefix of Mr.

Mr. Hopkins was recognized by Governor Bradford as a man of diplomatic ability, and is justly entitled to be regarded as one of the earliest two American Ambassadors. In the summer of 1621, the Governor sent him in company with the distinguished Mr. Winslow, afterwards Governor, on the historic mission to King Massasoit.

In 1633-4-5-6 Mr. Hopkins was a member of the Governor's Council and in 1642 was chosen one of the Council of War for Plymouth. His will, dated 6 June, 1644, was exhibited at Court in the following August.

STETSON

Another Colonial line through which Rev. Daniel O. Morton was descended was the Stetson family, founded in America by Cornet Robert Stetson, who came from Kent, England, in 1633-34 and settled in Scituate, of which he was one of the founders. He was a man of considerable wealth, great public spirit, and conspicuous among the Plymouth colonists.

In 1664 he was sent to represent Scituate in The General Court, and he was re-elected sixteen years. He was one of the foremost men of the Colony in Military as well as Civil affairs, and was commissioned in 1659 cornet of the first troop of horse raised in the Colony, in which capacity, and as a member of the Plymouth Council of War, he continued in active service until the close of King Philip's War. He died 1 February, 1703.

PARSONS

Cornet Joseph Parsons, according to tradition, the son of Sir Thomas Parsons, of Great Milton, England, was born at Great Torrington, near Exeter, Devonshire.

He came to Massachusetts about 1630, either accompanied, or soon followed by, his brothers and other members of his family. He was associated with Hon. William Pynchon in the founding of Springfield, Massachusetts, and was a witness to the deed of 15 July, 1636, from the Indians to Pynchon and others, of the lands of that place and vicinity. He was also a witness to the deed of 1658 from the Indian Chiefs to Major John Pynchon, of the lands comprising the town of Hadley, and afterwards was one of the agents of Northampton who negotiated the sale of the lands to the people of Hadley. In 1655 he removed from Springfield to what later became Northampton, of which he was one of the principal founders, and the following year was chosen one of its first selectmen. He served the town in that office many years. From 1672-78 he was cornet of the Hampshire Troop, commanded by Captain John Pynchon, the first troop of horse formed in Western Massachusetts, and in 1679 was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

In 1674 he purchased of John Bliss the "Parsons homestead" at South Farms, where seven generations of his descendants lived and died. Cornet Parsons was a merchant, engaged extensively in the fur trade, and at his death, in 1683, was one of the richest men in that part of the Colony.

In November, 1646, he married Mary Bliss, born in England about 1620, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Bliss of Hartford, Connecticut. Mary Bliss Parsons was among the first to be accused of witchcraft in New England. Aware of the charge, she waited not for a summons, but voluntarily made her appearance at the Springfield Court, September, 1674, "desiring to clear herself of such an execrable crime." Her case was referred to the County Courts at Northampton, January, 1695, where she was invited to "speak for herself," which, being a woman of unusual strength of mind, she was abundantly able to do. She afterward appeared before the

Court of Assistants in Boston, and was acquitted in May of the same year. She was a woman of great beauty, talent and spirit, which qualities probably produced a spirit of jealousy among her sister dames and led to the imputation mentioned. She died at Springfield, 29 January, 1712, aged ninety-two. She was the mother of twelve children.

PARSONS

Hon. Joseph Parsons, eldest son of Cornet Joseph and Mary Bliss Parsons, was born at Springfield, 1 November, 1647. He was one of the earliest lawyers in Western Massachusetts, several years justice of the peace at Northampton, and twenty-three years judge of the Hampshire county courts, being first commissioned 16 October, 1696. From 1693 he served fourteen years in the General Court, representing Northampton twelve and Springfield two years.

Like his father he was a man of wealth, enterprise, and military tastes, and held a captaincy in the Militia.

He married at Northampton in 1669, Elizabeth Strong, of Windsor, Connecticut, daughter of Elder John and Abigail Ford Strong.

They reared a family of twelve children and celebrated their golden wedding.

PARSONS

Captain Ebenezer Parsons, third child of Hon. Joseph (2) and Elizabeth (Strong) Parsons, was born at Northampton, 31 December, 1705. He was a prominent citizen, active in civil and religious affairs, and served almost continuously from 1721 until his death in the chief town office of selectman. Inheriting the military spirit, he held an ensigncy in the Militia as early as 1723, and afterwards rose to the command of a company. He was one of the three citizens who, according to the town records, purchased in 1721 "the whole of Northampton's proportion (£486.15.0) of the £50,000 of Province Bills, lately ordered to be made by the Government," by reason of the "scarcity of money and the want of other medium of commerce." He died 1 July, 1744, possessed of the homestead and a large estate at Northampton.

He married at Springfield, 15 December, 1703, Mercy Stebbins, daughter of Samuel and Mary (French) Stebbins of Springfield.

SHELDON

Isaac Sheldon, another ancestor, came to America from Weymouth, England, and is found at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1652. He married Mary Woodford in 1653 and shortly afterward removed to Northampton. He was one of the first settlers of the town, and became one of its first Board of Selectmen in 1656. In 1671 he was one of the projectors of the settlement at Squawkeag, later known as Northfield. He died in Northampton in July, 1708. Through him was descended the Hon. George Sheldon, historian of Deerfield.

FRAIRY

John Frairy who came from England with his wife Prudence, settled in Dedham and was made freeman in 1639, and his son Sampson, born at Dedham in 1639, who removed to Hatfield in 1668 and shortly after to Deerfield, was one of its earliest two inhabitants. He was slain on the memorable night of 29 February, 1704, when the French and Indians led by Hertel de Rouville sacked the town.

HOLTON

Mr. William Holton, born in England, 1611, came to America on the ship *Francis*, 1634; one of the founders and original proprietors of Hartford, Connecticut, and one of the original eight petitioners for liberty to plan and settle at Northampton, where he removed in 1653-54.

From 1657 he was for many years selectman, and five years a representative from Northampton, and one year from Hadley to the legislative councils of the Colony.

The first known effort at Northampton to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks was a resolution to that effect offered in town meeting by Mr. Holton, and he was the first commissioner to the General Court at Boston in the temperance movement. That Mr. Holton was a man of sincere piety, as well as recognized intelligence, is shown

by his selection as the first deacon of the Northampton Church, to which office he was ordained 13 May, 1663. He died 12 Aug., 1691, aged 80 years.

HINSDALE

Robert Hinsdale came to Massachusetts about 1638, and is found 8 Nov., 1638, among the founders of the church at Dedham. In 1645 he became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. Mr. Hinsdale was one of the founders of Medfield. He has been styled "a born pioneer," for after participating in the founding of Dedham and Medfield, he removed with his family about 1667 to the Connecticut Valley, settling first at Hadley and later at Deerfield, where he was an original proprietor and deacon of the church, and where he drew by lot in 1671 the site of the present "Willard House."

Mr. Hinsdale was slain by the Indians with his sons Barnabas, John and Samuel, in the memorable fight at Bloody Brook, 18 September, 1675.

DICKINSON

The date of Nathaniel Dickinson's arrival in America has not been ascertained. He was doubtless of the Massachusetts Colonists who removed to Connecticut in 1635 and founded Weathersfield, where, in 1637, the first record of him is found, and where, in 1640, he was chosen to the important office of recorder, which he filled until 1659. He was on the Board of Selectmen in 1646, and the same year was sent to represent the town in the Colonial Assembly, and was honored by his fellow citizens with re-election for ten years, serving through the administrations of Governors Haynes, Hopkins, and Wells.

He was also active in religious affairs, and was one of the deacons in the Weathersfield church.

Mr. Dickinson removed to Hadley in 1659 and became one of the trusted men of the town. He was the first recorder of Hadley, was elected the first deacon of the church there, and one of the committee to build the first meeting-house.

Mr. Dickinson was a member of the Hampshire Troop un-

der Captain John Pynchon at its formation in 1663. In 1667 he was one of those chosen to lay out and bound the two meadows granted for the perpetual use of a grammar school, and was one of the Committee appointed by the town, and the trustee of Edward Hopkins, Esq., in 1669, to have full disposition and management of the estate given by Mr. Hopkins, and of any other estate that might be given by the town, or individual donors, for the benefit and maintenance of a grammar school in Hadley. This school is now known as Hopkins Academy. He died at Hadley, 16 June, 1696.

His son, Sergeant Obadiah Dickinson, was one of the founders of Hatfield, and one of the first members of the Hampshire Troop. His house was burned by the Indians, 19 Sept., 1677, his wife wounded, and himself and daughter carried to Canada, whence he returned the next year. He died at Weathersfield, 10 June, 1698.

Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, first President of Princeton College, was his nephew.

BARNARD

Francis Barnard was born at Coventry, England, in 1617, and was an early settler at Hartford, Connecticut, where he resided from 1644 until 1659, when he removed to Hadley. Being a genuine frontiersman, he in 1673 pushed on to Deerfield, where his home was broken up by the Indians at the time of the Bloody Brook Massacre, in which his son John fell with the "Flower of Essex." He then returned to Hadley, where he remained until his death. He was one of the leading men of Hadley, the ancestor of all the Connecticut Valley Barnards. He died at Hadley, 3 February, 1698.

STRONG

Elder John Strong was born in Taunton, Somersetshire, England, in 1605, removed to London, and afterward to Plymouth, from whence he sailed 20 March, 1630, in the ship *Mary and John*, with the famous Dorchester Company, numbering one hundred and forty persons. After a passage of over seventy days they arrived at Hull, Mass., on Sunday 30 May, 1630. They chose a spot, which they called Dor-

chester, now within the limits of Boston, in memory of the home in England.

Elder Strong is found among the original proprietors of Taunton and represented the town in the General Court of Plymouth in 1641 and 43-4. Shortly afterward he moved to Windsor and some years later to Northampton, of which he was one of the first and most active founders, as he had previously been of Dorchester, Hingham, Taunton, and Windsor. In Northampton he lived forty years, conspicuous in the affairs of town and church. Few of the fathers of America have had a more distinguished posterity than Elder Strong, and in every generation he has been represented by men of distinction, a long list of whom may be found in a volume entitled *Morton Memoranda*, by J. Granville Leach, V. P. of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania. In 1894 Mr. Leach records that to that date at least six hundred of the descendants of Elder John Strong had been college graduates, and seventy-five had filled the judicial office.

STEBBINS

Rowland Stebbins was born in the charming old village of Stebbing, Essex County, England, about 1594, of a family of great antiquity. He sailed from Ipswich, County Suffolk, in the ship Francis, in 1634, with his wife Sarah and four children. The Stebbing Memorial published in 1771 is the earliest American genealogy. It records that he settled at Roxbury, Mass., but he probably accompanied his friend Major William Pynchon in 1635 to Springfield. He was a member of the first church there, and in the seating of 1663 was appointed the first pew. He removed to Northampton, where he died 14 Dec., 1671.

John Stebbins, his son, was ancestor of the family in Deerfield.

MORTON

Rev. Daniel O. Morton was born in 1788, was graduated from Middlebury College in 1812, and studied theology under the Rev. Drs. Shepherd and Patton.

He was ordained to the ministry 30 June, 1814, as pastor of the Congregational Church in Shoreham, Vermont, where he labored faithfully and with marked success for seventeen years. He was dismissed at his own request in 1831 and left his parish in a flourishing condition.

He organized the first temperance society in Shoreham, which, beginning with seven members, grew to five hundred, largely through his personal efforts.

He was pastor for five years in Springfield, Vermont, five years at Winchendon, Mass., and in 1842 was settled at Bristol, N. H., where he remained until his death ten years later.

Rev. Daniel O. Morton's pastorates were all fruitful. Dr. Smith, president of the New Hampshire Literary and Theological Institute, who had known him forty years, said in a memorial address:—

"The ministry of Mr. Morton was a successful one,—very successful. Few ministers are permitted to reap so large a harvest; few have gone to their reward bearing so many sheaves with them. He was a descendant of the Pilgrims of New England, and, to our mind, he was a fit representative of the Puritan pastor of the olden time. The wig and the bands would have become him. No one could see him as he passed among his people, or in his own house, without feeling that he was in the presence of an accredited ambassador of God." "In his intercourse with his brethren," said Rev. Dr. Bonton, of Concord, who preached his funeral sermon, "he seemed to be free from selfish and ambitious ends; never harsh and censorious in judging; but in his words and manners combined mildness, urbanity and decision. The pleasant smile that lighted up his face was a true index of the charity that ruled his spirit. As a preacher he was sound in doctrine, instructive, and practical; his style of writing, flowing and diffusive, rather than terse and argumentative; his aim was direct, and he excelled in setting forth the distinctive truths of the gospel in words fitly chosen."

Much has been said in the newspapers concerning the small salary of \$600.00 which Rev. Daniel O. Morton received, but few writers have done justice to the generosity

of the parishes of that day. When a people in 1814, the year when Rev. Mr. Morton was settled at Shoreham, paid a salary of \$600.00, furnished a house with ground enough for a garden, made large donations of food stuffs, and of wood for fuel, as was the custom of the day, they were far more generous than were the American people in the early years of the twentieth century, for the average salary of ministers in the United States as late as 1905 was less than \$700.00, and that rarely included house and land and fuel. The purchasing power of one dollar in 1815 was greater than a century later. Not until recently have great efforts been made to improve this condition of things.

On the above mentioned income Mr. Morton sent his eldest son and namesake to Middlebury College, from which he was graduated with honor in the class of 1833. He then entered upon the study of law in the office of Messrs. Payne and Wilson at Cleveland, Ohio. On his admission to the bar he removed to Toledo, Ohio, where he entered upon the practice of his profession, in which he early rose to eminence. He was appointed by President Pierce, United States Attorney for Ohio, and discharged the duties of the position for four years with ability and honor. He was one of the codifiers of the laws of Ohio under the new constitution. His death, which occurred suddenly at Toledo, 5 Dec., 1857, was widely mourned, and the bench, bar and press of that day gave abundant testimonials of his high repute as a lawyer, citizen, and man.

The eldest daughter, Lucretia, was sent to Mount Holyoke Seminary. The younger daughters attended good rural schools, and when the twins, Mary and Martha, had reached the age of sixteen, their brother Levi, then well started in business in Boston, sent for them to spend a winter with him there, and study French and Music. Both of these sisters lived to great age, and Martha Hartpence, especially, read widely to the end of her life.

MORTON

Hon. Levi Parsons Morton, fourth child of Rev. Daniel Oliver and Lucretia Parsons Morton, spent the first four-

teen years of his life in Shoreham, Vermont. He attended the Shoreham Academy, but left it early to engage in mercantile pursuits, first as a merchant's clerk, and later as a merchant in Hanover, New Hampshire, where he continued until 1850, when he entered the firm of Beebe, Morgan & Co., then one of the leading dry goods houses in Boston. The following year the firm opened a branch house in New York City, to which Mr. Morton was detailed as resident partner and manager. He withdrew from the firm 1 January, 1854, to form the dry goods commission house of Morton & Grinnell.

In 1863 he established the banking houses of L. P. Morton & Co. in New York, and L. P. Morton, Burns & Co., in London. In 1869 the firm became Morton, Bliss & Co., in London, where his principal partner was Sir John Rose, formerly Finance Minister of Canada. It was through this house that in 1898 the United States Government paid Great Britain the Halifax fishery award of five million five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Morton was one of the noted American bankers whose advice and assistance were sought by the Treasury Department in the movements resulting in the resumption of specie payments in the United States after the close of the war.

A syndicate formed for this purpose and headed by Morton, Bliss & Co., embraced such noted banking establishments as Drexel, Morgan & Co., Jay Cooke & Co., Baring Bros. & Co., and N. M. Rothschild & Sons.

The credit of the United States was very low at the time that Mr. Morton's bank started this movement, but the syndicate which he formed successfully floated a large issue of 5 per cent. bonds, thus decreasing the rate of interest on the mass of the Government's bonds. It was estimated that by its action the syndicate had saved the Government \$70,000,000.

The Morton bank prospered. One of the notable financial achievements credited to it was the sale of \$50,000,000 of New York Central Stock belonging to William H. Vanderbilt, to English purchasers, who, prior to this transaction, had held aloof from American investments.

It was not until he had reached middle age that Mr. Morton entered political life. Late in the canvass in the Congress election of 1876 in New York the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District selected him as their candidate. Mr. Morton was defeated, though he succeeded in reducing the usual Democratic majority by 400 votes. Two years later Mr. Morton ran again in the same district, and he received a majority that exceeded the whole vote of his opponent.

During his single term in Congress Mr. Morton called attention to his name by his vigorous opposition to a bill providing for the unlimited coinage of free silver. He made two speeches on the free silver question which attracted wide hearing.

In 1880 a determined effort was made by the New York delegation at the Republican National Convention to persuade Mr. Morton to accept the second place on the ticket with Garfield, but he refused the offer. As soon as he was elected President, Garfield offered Mr. Morton the portfolio of the Navy, but he preferred the alternative offer of Minister to France, and in 1881 he took up his residence in Paris.

When the new Minister arrived at his post he found that the American Legation was established over a grocery store in a dingy street. Though no provision had been made by Congress for a more pretentious home for the legation, Mr. Morton took up his residence in a handsome house, and entertained extensively.

By his social activities and his charm of manner Mr. Morton did much to lend dignity to an office which had hitherto been made the subject of many contemptuous criticisms. It was during his occupancy of the post in Paris that Mr. Morton officially received in the name of his Government the Statue of Liberty. The American Minister became a warm personal friend of Gambetta, who was at the head of the French Government in 1881, and this friendship continued until Gambetta's death.

When in 1885, the retiring Minister presented his letter of recall to the President of the Republic, Mr. Grévy re-

plied, "It is with lively regret that we witness your departure; we have always appreciated your high character and great courtesy; you have won the sympathy of all, and I only wish that the custom and tradition of the two countries permitted me to ask as a favor your retention in office." The Americans in Paris tendered him a farewell banquet which was held at the Hotel Continental and was one of the most brilliant social events of the season, participated in by two hundred of the most distinguished French and American gentlemen in Paris.

The *London Times*, commenting upon Mr. Morton's departure for America, said:—"Mr. Morton, indeed, during his four years' residence in Paris, has shown great hospitality, and has realized the type of modern ambassadors, who succeed in inspiring affection for their own nations by manifesting affection for the nation to which they are accredited.

"Admirably seconded by Mrs. Morton, he has given the legation an eminently social character, his brilliant receptions being attended not only by the numerous members of the American Colony, but by French guests, who have found it a neutral ground, such as is now rarely offered by French salons. This signal testimony of gratitude on the part of the Americans was therefore amply deserved, while it was equally just that Frenchmen should join in the expression of esteem inspired by Mr. Morton, during his too brief stay."

In the Republican convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for President, Mr. Morton was unanimously chosen for nomination for Vice-President. He served his office from 1889-93, and then returned to take up his business in New York.

But Mr. Morton was not allowed to remain in private life long. The Republican party in New York nominated him for Governor, and he was elected, serving his term in 1895-96.

After his retirement from Albany Mr. Morton retired also from active business.

Many of the later years of his life he spent in travel on the Continent. During the time that he lived in New York

he spent the greater part of each year on his beautiful estate, Ellerslie, near Rhinecliff on the Hudson. His town house was on Fifth Avenue, New York, until 1911, when he removed to Washington, while still retaining an apartment in New York.

It was at Ellerslie, in his room which, in his opinion, commanded "the loveliest view in the world," that, on the evening of his ninety-sixth birthday, he peacefully fell asleep.

At the funeral service, Dean Howard C. Robbins, grand-nephew of Mr. Morton, introduced Mr. Morton's friend of many years, Hon. Elihu Root, who spoke of him from the standpoint of intimate acquaintance.

"He was not an orator or a writer or a genius," Mr. Root said. "No rhetoric adorned the expressions of his opinion. There was nothing spectacular about his life. Such a thing was impossible. There were qualities. Something in the boy urged him on from the foothills of the Green Mountain State to Hanover, to Boston, to the greatest cities of the new world and to London and Paris, climbing to wealth, power, station and fame. It was no accident. It was not done by the aid of powerful friends. It was the quality of the man.

"He had no overwhelming ambition to rise upon the downfall of others. No step of his rise was gained by pulling down another. He had the honest ambition to play his part in the world of action, that honest and reasonable ambition which makes our country great. He had the urge of public service. Men and women who have that are the life and soul of government, the church, libraries, schools, and those beneficences which come from associated power. Those who have it not vaguely pretend only for their own aggrandizement, without really successfully deceiving the world. Mr. Morton had the impress and the impetus which comes from the urge of public service.

"He was a true lover of liberty. His conception of liberty was not liberty for himself, but for others with whom he felt it should be shared. He was free from that widespread and almost universal vice of tyranny. Parents tyrannize

over their children, teachers tyrannize over pupils, legislators over the public, and moral, pious persons seek to compel others to follow prescribed rules of conduct. All over the world tyrants are seeking to destroy the liberty of others. Mr. Morton was an exemplar of those qualities which America must have if America is to live. He had the spirit of a loyal friend, neighbor and citizen and of a useful public servant."

This paper is compiled from material from the following sources, viz:—

1. "Morton Memoranda," by I. Granville Leach, Vice-President of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, and published by the Riverside Press, Cambridge, in 1894.
2. The memorial address of Hon. Elihu Root, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, on Jan. 9, 1921, quoted in the "New York Herald" for Jan. 10, 1921.
3. The address of Dean H. C. Robbins, introducing Mr. Root at the above service.
4. Facts of personal knowledge supplied by Mrs. Lucy Morton Robbins.

A STUDY IN ORIGINS.

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD BROWNE.

In choosing this title, the thought was to present something about the beginnings of various different features which make up our position in the social structure of the State as a whole.

It is not expected that any great mass of new historical data may be unearthed in this, the newest part of Massachusetts, and the most prominent happenings have been many times described by capable writers. But there are always a few new items which may be gleaned from careful research in these fields, and my idea has been that perhaps in considering the whole northwestern part of our State as a unit, we may discover in its beginnings some ideas and facts which do not appear in the study of each town by itself. This section of the State (always excepting Deerfield) is not old in an historical sense. One hundred and fifty years would easily compass the whole period of its life to modern times.

We are so new that any old native resident may recollect hearing from his grandsires the very facts which we study. A human life covers a much greater span than its own brief period; in such a case as that mentioned, that period may extend back as early as 1755. Fitting it is that historical societies and interested persons should attempt to gather from old residents facts which may now be readily secured, but which it will be impossible to collect later on.

In the study of Origins we may include the Indian occupation, the period of settlement, the division into grants and townships, the laying out of roads and turnpikes, the origins of names of places and natural features, the origins of the inhabitants, customs and beliefs which have originated here, noted persons who have been born here. All these may be named as properly coming under the title of this paper. The number of such topics prevents anything but a most hasty and incomplete study of them this evening.

Our western highlands were for a long period a barrier to further settlement west of the Connecticut. Although Springfield was settled so soon after Boston and Plymouth, nevertheless it was a full century later before Charlemont and Stockbridge began to receive their first settlers. The reasons are readily appreciated. Not until the rich, easily cultivated areas of the Connecticut Valley had been all taken up, was there any inducement for farming people to attempt the cultivation of the rough acres of the hill towns. Then, too, the matter of safety from the Indians kept the settlers as nearly in touch with one another as possible.

It has been supposed that the first Indian occupation of this region did not much antedate the coming of Columbus. Previous to that era we must think of the great periods of time during which this region had no inhabitants of any description, and during which the Deerfield yearly poured its spring floods along its deep and winding valley, in which yearly the hill sides became white and pink with the mountain laurel, and its meadow grasses grew in the intervalles, uncut, and the food of the deer who gave their name to the valley, river, and town.

Then came its history as we study it, a period so short in

comparison with that mentioned, that it marks but a brief span of time.

The story of the original inhabitants is soon told. The tribe which was most closely associated with this region was the Pocumtuck, and their history is thus given in the *Hand-book of American Indians* published by the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington. This says: "POCUMTUC—A tribe formerly living on the Deerfield and Connecticut Rivers in Franklin County, Mass. Their principal village of that name was near present Deerfield, and they were frequently known as the Deerfield Indians. They had a fort on Fort Hill in the same vicinity, which was destroyed by the Mohawks after a hard battle in 1666. They were an important tribe and seem to have ruled over all the other Indians of the Connecticut Valley within the limits of Massachusetts, including those at Agawam, Nonotuc and Squawkeag.

"They combined with the Narraganset and the Tunxis in the attacks on Uncas the Mohegan Chief. All these joined the hostile Indians under King Philip in 1675 and at the close of the war in the following year fled to Scaticoke on the Hudson, where some of them remained until about 1754, when they joined the Indians in the French interest, at St. Francis, Quebec." This last paragraph explains many peculiar happenings along this river, which have been difficult to understand.

Until the settlement of the Connecticut River towns by the English we must imagine this tribe as settled along the river, carrying on their primitive agricultural work in the easiest places, engaged at times in warfare with their neighbors east and west of them. To them the western highlands were a splendid hunting ground, well known to them in all its natural features of river and mountain.

Across the mountains led a threadlike path over the Hoosac toward the Mohawks, their enemies in the later period of their history. Of this much we are sure. Interwoven with their real history is a mass of tradition and fable which makes it difficult to understand and to know what is the truth. It is certain, too, that the Deerfield Valley of-

fered little inducement to build their villages along it. Except at Charlemont there are few intervalles, and I have never heard of any Indian village having ever existed there. Hunting and fishing and an ambush for their foes, were all that this western wilderness offered of any value to them. The story of the Deerfield Indians needs no repetition, so we will leave their history as thus briefly sketched, except as it appears in later pages of our story. Next we may properly begin with the period of white occupation and the division of the Province into those counties and townships which mark the progress of settlement.

First the Massachusetts Bay Province, which with the addition of the Plymouth Colony formed the basis of our present State.

In 1643 the State was divided into the counties of Norfolk, Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk and Plymouth. Not until 1731 was Worcester county set off. In 1662 Hampshire county was incorporated, its bound being designated as the colony lines and a distance of thirty miles from the towns of Springfield, Northampton and Hadley, in any direction. Berkshire seems to have been included in this county in a measure, as the deeds of its territory before incorporation are found in old Hampshire county records.

The first record of the ownership of lands along the Deerfield which I am able to discover resulted from an investigation made by John Stoddard and Israel Williams, who in September, 1734, were appointed by the Province to examine the claims of Indians in the western lands, especially the claims of two squaws who challenged a tract along the Deerfield River, about ten miles west of Deerfield. These men interviewed these squaws and secured the interesting documents which are on record in the Springfield Registry of Deeds. Let us read one of these depositions:

“To all People to whom this present Writing shall come greeting. We the subscribers Indians of the Scauhtecook Tribe whose ancestors habitations were by or near unto Connecticut River in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay Do hereby acknowledge Testifie and Declare that Mauhammetpeet wife of Tiahpuhcannin and Megunnisqua Indians

of the Scauhtecook Tribe are the true sole and rightful owners of the Land hereafter described Bounded as follows the land lying upon Deerfield River so called, East at the mouth of North River so called where it empties itself into Deerfield River extending up said River or West about Ten miles and is bounded West at the Bottom of the Great Mountains that seperates the waters that flow from thence East into the Connecticutt River and west into Hudsons River extending north five miles into the Wilderness which said Land Descended to the said Mauhammetpeet and Megunnisqua from their grandmother Ohweemin of the Scauhtecook Tribe, and we further declare to our certain Knowledge that no Indian or Indians of what name or nation soever has any just right Challenge or Interest to or in the above-said Tract of Land. In Witness of all which we set to our marks and affix our seals this sixth day of August 1735." This deed does not seem to bear the mark of the squaws who gave it, but is signed by seventeen of the braves, whose names and signs are remarkable efforts. Attached to it is the oath of Capt Joseph Kellogg, that he had faithfully interpreted the deed from these Indians and that fifty pounds were paid them by John Stoddard, Esq., and Capt. Israel Williams.

This tract of land extended from Colrain along the river through Charlemont and Zoar to the foot of Hoosac Mountain. This deed is the bridge which connects the later transfers of this land among the whites, with the ancient transmission of the title through the females of the Scaticook tribe, whose lands always descended in this way.

In this same year 1735 a petition was presented to the General Court by the Selectmen of Boston, asking "for support of their poor and of their free schools, and since they pay one fifth of the Province tax pray for a grant of three or four tracts of land to be settled and brought forward as the town shall require."

These three tracts were granted under the conditions which have always been exacted in the settlement of new townships. Two of the townships, known as Boston Number One and Boston Number Two, were plotted along the Deerfield

River. Township Boston Number 1 was in present Charle-
mont and No. 2 was Colrain. Number 3 became Pittsfield.

The conditions were that Boston would settle in these tracts within five years, sixty families, and that each family should erect a house eighteen feet square and seven feet stud, and clear five acres of land. Also that $1/63$ part of each town should be devoted to the minister, the same to the ministry, and again to the school.

Boston held her title to these towns but a short time, selling them to partnerships of men who as proprietors undertook their settlement under the regulation conditions. About this same period Capt. Thomas Wells was sent into the Hoosac Valley to lay out two townships in the most favorable positions in the Williamstown and Adams valleys. This in 1738. In January of that year Ephraim Williams was appointed one of the committee to view these lands and report.

Their report was that the land was very suitable for settlement and that they had laid out three towns on the main river and one on the north branch. They also reported objections made by men from Albany. Their plan was submitted, and is the earliest survey of the region. Their plan was however discarded and replaced by another survey in 1749, which still marks the bounds of the greater part of Adams, North Adams and Williamstown. The reference to the objection of the Dutch was of course due to their claim of the land being part of the Dutch grants. But they must have known, however indefinite the real bounds were, that they could not have possibly extended so far eastward. At this time the Dutch had pushed far up the Hoosac and in spite of Fort Massachusetts, which had been built as a sort of warning to them, evidently intended to claim all they could.

The survey of these townships in 1738 is supposed to mark the first appearance of white men in that territory for any other purpose than merely to cross it. It is very certain that it was crossed by many whites for at least fifty years previously, in their travel from Albany to Deerfield. Some communication was constantly kept up between all these frontier posts.

Let us examine a map of this corner of our State of date 1750. In the territory now in Berkshire four tracts are marked, Boston No 1; adjoining it on the north New Framingham (now Lanesboro); then in the extreme northwestern corner West Hoosuck; and beside it, East Hoosuck. From this tract eastward we find no other division until we reach Boston No 1 and Boston No 2 and finally, the greatly enlarged bounds of the Deerfield of that period. Between these divisions was an absolute wilderness, called Province Land. The northern boundary had been marked in 1741 and the western boundary none could describe with any certainty. Whether the Province was bounded on the north by New York or New Hampshire, none could tell.

In this same map of 1750 we would have seen marked along the northern border a series of forts. The westernmost one, situated in East Hoosuck, called Fort Massachusetts; at intervals eastward we see Fort Pelham, situated in present Rowe, then came Shirley, in present Heath; and on the Connecticut River was Fort Dummer. East of Shirley there is shown in one map a Fort Coghnan. This presumably was the fortified home of Thomas Cochrane, an early settler of Colrain. This was probably somewhat of the nature of the stockaded homes of the Taylors in Charlemont. South of Fort Shirley was Rice's Fort in Charlemont.

These forts were designed as a protection against invasion from the north. Each occupied a position to control the valleys leading from the north. Fort Massachusetts was also intended in a measure, as a mark of the western bounds of the province, or at least as a point beyond which the Dutch must not settle. The building of these forts followed closely after the survey of the north line of the Province by Richard Hazen in the winter of 1740/1. This line was run, after much disputing and argument, from the Merrimac River, and was to extend to the Province of New York. Since they were uncertain when they reached that Province, it was extended as far as the Hudson. It was intended to run the line due west, but by some error it ran a degree to the north of west; not a great matter at the start, but of quite important results in this section, since it kept in Massachusetts,

Williamstown and North Adams, which would otherwise have been in Vermont.

I will read Hazen's account of his trip across the Deerfield and Hoosac Rivers:

"Friday April 10, 1741. This day we measured about 2 miles. At the end of half a mile from where we set out this morning we came to Deerfield River, verry high & steep mountains being on each side of it. & so up and down the river as far as we could see. We met with great difficulty in passing that River, first attempting to wade & only one got over, and then tried to raft but it was so shallow in some places we could not use it & at length we found a place where we all waded over, tho with hazard the water ran so swift. The mountain on ye west side was so steep we could not carry the chain to measure: but in four or five hours when we had ascended to the top of it we judged we had got forward on our corse 40 poles and no more at the furthest. The snow this day three feet deep, the weather fair and the wind northwest. At about sinset we left off measuring & built a fire on the snow and lodged by it.

"Saturday April 11. This day we began to measure before sunrise and measured 7 miles. At the end of four miles, three quarters and 20 poles we came to a small river running north & where we crossed the river was good intervale land on both sides, and a large English camp a little north of the line, and on the east of said river, & at the end of seven miles, Two large brooks met. One came out of the westward and the other Northward, & then run Southeasterly. We thought both these streams might be branches of Deerfield river & that the camp was made by Capt Wells & Company. The land all this days course was good and fit for settlements, and the snow about three feet deep, & where we lodged about five feet. We lodged where the two brooks met & there left our bottle, therefore called it Bottle brook. It snowed a little the greater part of the day & the wind was Northeasterly."

It is quite a study to identify this description with present day maps. Capt. Wells's camp was of course that of the surveying party of two years before. By the measurements given Bottle Brook must lie west of the north branch of

Hoosac River, of which no mention seems to be made. Hazen must have known that this large stream was the north branch of the Hoosac running through Clarksburg and Stamford. It is hard to understand how he could expect a stream even farther west to empty into the Deerfield. I should like to know definitely where was Bottle Brook. In a map of 1772 it is shown in a seemingly impossible place near present Hudson Brook. The recovery of that bottle, presumably containing records, would be a feat worth attempting. The course as measured on the next day does not seem to agree any too well with the country as we know it.

"Sunday April 12th. This day we measured 4 Miles and a quarter. At the end of three miles we came upon the top of an exceeding high mountain which lies southeasterly of Albany as also a row of large mountains on each side of us bearing North & South nearest, & a ridge of exceeding high mountains three or four miles before us bearing in the same course & a fine valley betwixt them and us on each side of the line big enough for townships. A one hundred and thirty poles further we crossed a branch of Hosek River running southerly, thence to the main river Hosek running Northwesterly. With difficulty we waded it and lodged by it in ye west side that night. The first part of the day was good travailing, but heavy by noon & betwixt the two rivers the snow was almost gone."

According to Hazen the distance from the Deerfield to the Hoosac measured somewhat near thirteen miles. On the Government maps it measures almost exactly sixteen miles, and this discrepancy is the cause of the difficulty in identifying the streams which he describes. But the record stands as the first description of this route and of the Hoosac Valley at Williamstown, and of Greylock.

I presume that the Scaticook Indians also made claim to the upper waters of the Hoosac. In 1751 Col. Williams states that a party of Indians of this tribe appeared at the Fort and made claim to the head waters of the Hoosac. A Committee was appointed to confer with the New York authorities as to the validity of their claim, but the report of the findings has been lost. At the same time the Indians of

southern Berkshire claimed ownership of practically the whole county and claimed hunting rights in towns northward into Vermont, which rights they sold to the settlers there. In 1763 these Hoosatic Indians deeded to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, for a payment of 1800 pounds, a territory thus described: "all that tract or parcel of land lying and being within said Province bounded north on the line between said Province and the Province of New Hampshire—south on the line of the Colony of Connecticut—50 miles more or less—on the west by the line which may be established between said Province and the Province of New York, and to bound east on the Westfield River—being 36 miles in breadth." It would seem as if this deed was really a sort of quit claim to their interests in Berkshire County. They had already sold many tracts about Stockbridge; some of them, I am told were in return for sundry barrels of fire-water. But we must not think too hardly of them for this, as I dare say many a pale face of our hill towns would be tempted to make a similar bargain, today.

The Bureau of Ethnology thus describes the Scaticook Tribe: "This tribe is mentioned only in connection with the Indian Village of the same name on the lower Hoosac, which was originally a Mahican village, but about 1676 became enlarged by the addition of the fugitive Indians driven from New England in King Philip's War, among them remnants of the Pennacooks, Nipmucks, Wampanoags, Narragansetts, Pocumtucs," etc. The Pocumtucks afterward removed to Canada. They were probably under French influence long before. One of the signers of the Deerfield River deed bore the significant name of François.

Before leaving the subject of the State bounds, we may note that the position of the line between New York and Massachusetts was not agreed upon until after the Revolutionary War, when it was run in what had generally been assumed to be its location, which is along the tops of the Taconic range, which is a natural division of the States for many miles. Soon after its determination the College was started in Williamstown. By the terms of Ephraim Williams's will the College was to be located there only in the

event that the township should finally be decided to be within the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

The settlement and incorporation of Franklin County towns was on an average previous to those of Berkshire; that is, along the Deerfield River. Six towns along the Deerfield were incorporated between 1760 and 1770 and all were surveyed before 1745.

In Berkshire the towns north of Pittsfield were generally surveyed and plotted from 1755 to 1765 and incorporated between 1770 and 1780.

Only three were incorporated before 1770. Yet it is a remarkable fact that in the census of 1790 Berkshire county exceeded either Plymouth or Barnstable in number of inhabitants.

About the year 1765 was begun the practice of the General Court of setting off grants of land to various towns, individuals and partnerships, either by sale or in repayment of some service or debt. These grants were afterward absorbed into the townships which included them within their borders. Some of these, such as Bullock's Grant (later Savoy) and Huntstown (later Ashfield) were granted the heirs of soldiers who had served in Capt. Gallop's Company in the expedition to Canada in 1690. Bullock's Grant had first been located in territory which was lost when the new north line was run out; so was relocated in Berkshire, for William Bullock and his associates. Bernardston Grant, which includes most of present Florida, was granted to the town of Bernardston, to replace territory which they, too, had lost for the same reason. King's Grant was a large tract now in Clarksburg and Monroe, Pierce's Grant was in Rowe and Charlemont, Hawks's Grant in Charlemont, Roberts's and Daws's Grants south part of Savoy, Jones's Grant, now in Rowe, Dwight and Worthington's Grant, now in Savoy, Green & Walker's Grant, now Heath, Moses Parsons's Grant, now Hawley, Cook & Bennett's Grants, later New Providence, now in Cheshire. There were many smaller ones, too numerous to mention in detail, but that of Joshua Locke of Hubbardston, 1771, is worth mentioning, as he was granted 300 acres on the old Mo-

hawk Trail, in return for six years' service in the war, his desire being, as he expressed it, "to erect a house of entertainment upon Hoosuck Mountain for the accomodation of travellers, which he apprehends will be of great value to the public." We would enjoy seeing Joshua appear beside the new Trail some Sunday in midsummer, and hear his appreciation of present conditions.

Other lands thus set aside by the General Court were called *Equivalents*. One of these the *Ashuelot Equivalent*, was to be the *Equivalent* of a town, now Winchester, N. H., which the proprietors lost in running the Province line. Another was the *Hatfield Equivalent*, which seems to have been in two places; or else there were two different surveys. One map shows this land as part of present Cummington and Plainfield; another shows it to have been a part of the land given to Cook & Bennett in New Providence.¹ In the latter case the acreage agrees exactly. As an instance of the reason for some of these grants, I will read the petition which resulted in the granting of the *Hatfield Equivalent*.

"Jan. 26, 1762—A Petition of Israel Williams and Oliver Partridge in behalf of the town of Hatfield: Setting forth, that in May 1738 the town of Hatfield presented a plan of their township with an addition on the west side of 98 rods containing 1176 acres, which the General Court confirmed to them—then it appears that in 1737 the township of New Hingham was laid out and confirmed and it was not discovered until very lately that the said township interfered" evidently including the 98 rods mentioned—"and praying that Hatfield may have an *Equivalent* for the said 98 rods in some of the unappropriated land of the Province."

It is certain that part of the land bought by Cook & Bennett was a tract of 1176 acres and the grantors were the selectmen of Hatfield. The rest of Cook & Bennett's grant surrounded it, and was part of a tract given to Aaron Willard and his associates owing to a loss they sustained through an error in the laying out of their original grant.

We are now in the midst of that remarkable confusion of

¹ I find there were really two *Hatfield Equivalents* and that one of them was in return for territory set off to Deerfield.

titles which we see in tracing the disposals of these many tracts of land.

We see at the very start of colonization in this country, a confusion as to bounds and territories of the grants made by the English Crown. Then confusion continued in the settling of the different colonies of New England. Then continued further confusion in regard to the location of town and county bounds. We are tempted to believe that our forbears dearly loved argument over land titles. Even in our day we require our selectmen to walk around the town bounds every five years, to make sure that nothing has changed. When land was plenty and cheap, the Province was very generous with it. It was considered a quick and easy method of repayment to give some claimant a tract of land up here in the wilds where he would be removed from sight and hearing, and to whom a few hundred acres would seem a princely domain. Sometimes these persons had a shock when they visited their possessions, which in some cases answer the valuation, "of worth about so much sky." Abel Lawrence of Groton, who was the first owner of present Savoy, threw up his claim, saying "that he was greatly misled and mistaken in regard to the laying out of his land, neither does it lay as he is well informed in the place where it was represented to lay in the plan exhibited at the sale, but that by private grants etc. he is crowded off the good land which he supposed he bought, on to mountainous, barren land."

This is the land then regranted to William Bullock and others and was to contain the contents of six miles square, or 36 square miles. In laying out the plots of land it was discovered that this area could not be included in one mass where it was intended, so resulted in an overflow of lots along the east side of Bernardston Grant and then westward so as to include part of Clarksburg. So many of these lots were owned by Bristol county folks that it is oftentimes called New Seeconk in the land records. We have quoted enough to show what happened after a few years of liberal sprinkling of grants about the Province lands. They soon conflicted with one another, and there were many com-

plaints and altercations as a result. Not wishing to lose a chance for further trouble, the same lack of care was shown in the disposal of the proprietors' plots. The bounds were indefinite and movable, stumps and stakes, distances of "more or less," or as one deed reads, "as far down the mountain side as may be convenient," or as another deed reads, "Lot 70 or 71 whichever may be correct." It is a marvel that any permanent record was made from such confusion, and it must be that there are scattered about our hills, stray acres which are simply "No Man's Land." I believe in the purchase of Greylock by the State that all of the owners were not discovered.

Strange it is that we are now engaged in an attempt to secure State ownership of lands along the new Mohawk Trail, which were so freely given away 180 years ago.

If we attempt to adjust the bounds of these early grants with those which are given of the same districts, in modern surveys, we find such discrepancies that in but few instances is there anything identical in them. The boundary of Adams and Savoy, which is between points set by surveys as early as 1749 and which has never been changed, has in some miraculous manner expanded from 1090 rods to something over 1200 at present. To adjust the adjoining settling lots of Savoy to a line of this length, there is no other conclusion than that these lots were the gainers of many extra acres.

In 1762 the General Court sold at auction ten townships in western Massachusetts. They were designated by number and were as follows: No 1 was East Hoosuck; 2 was Partridgefield, later Peru and Hinsdale; 3 was Worthington; 4 was present Windsor; 5 was later Cummington; 6 was later parts of Savoy and Cheshire; 7 was Hawley; 8 was Richmond; 9 was Chester; and 10 was Rowe.

The first eight of these was to contain six square miles in area. In the report of the surveyors of East Hoosuck of No 1, in 1749, was mentioned the fact that there were quantities of intervale lands in the town, and excellent timber. Greylock mountain is there named the "Great Hoosuck." East Hoosuck was laid out a perfect rectangle,

and retained its original bounds until 1878, when Adams and North Adams were separated. North Adams has since changed its western border, but Adams has retained its original bounds, perhaps the only town in the State of which this may be said, as well as the remarkable fact that it is the only square-cornered town in the State, an almost perfect square. As we have noted, the history of Indian warfare along the Deerfield consisted simply in occasional murders of the settlers at work in their fields. Prowling bands of the dispersed Pocumtucks were scattered about the region, and looking for vengeance upon those who perhaps appeared to have taken their lands.

There were no attacks by organized forces against villages. The date of settlement was too late for this. In such raids as that against Fort Massachusetts there was no settlement existing near there. Charlemont was the earliest of the river towns to be settled, which naturally resulted from its more valuable intervals, with water power plentiful for grist and saw mill. John Cheskley of Boston, the first owner of Boston No 1, purchased same in 1737. He commenced disposal of the tract at once; the Rice and Hawks families being early purchasers and families always associated with that township. First, Boston No 1, then Cheskley's town, and finally, Charlemont. An early deed refers to a spot called "Newport" in or near its borders; just where it was, I do not know. Moses Rice stated that he settled there in 1741. In 1748 he petitioned for payment for the keeping of the horses of Capt. Partridge while he was absent to bury the dead at Fort Massachusetts. This item is of great interest as being the first mention of horses in that region, and showing us that the mountain path was still too rough to risk the loss of horses. About the same time he asked for damages done his crops of flax by horses and by cattle on their way to Fort Massachusetts. Charlemont started off as a fairly regularly shaped town, but few towns have endured so many operations and survived. It has been clipped, and divided, added to, and subtracted from, and in such irregular manner that it now assumes a vastly different appearance from what it had when first surveyed.

Berkshire county is at present engaged in securing copies of the early surveys of its townships, with the plots of their divisions into farm lots. Some have been lost and are being replaced by copies made from a careful searching of the land records and assembling the data secured. A long, tedious process. The map of the town of Windsor is rapidly becoming completed by this means. Windsor bore a great number of names; first, Number 4 or Williamsburg, then Gageboro, Bigotstown, Deweystown, etc. When the Revolutionary War caused the name of Gage to be unpopular it was voted to name it Providence, but in some manner Windsor became its final name. Cheshire, with its forty corners, is an example of a town assuming its shape in accordance with the religious ideas of its people. New Providence, its first settlement, was made by men from Coventry, R. I., all members of one church, who with their pastor came here in 1765. The large village which they founded has entirely disappeared. Present Cheshire village is in territory taken from Lanesboro. At its incorporation in 1793 it is said that its bounds were thus laid to include good Baptist families, and to leave out those not wanted. As we look at the map of our corner of the State and note its' peculiar and seemingly erratic bounds, we may be sure that there was a reason for every corner and jog, and usually an interesting reason, too, for the one who has patience to hunt it out. Hawley is a remarkable town in that all its inhabitants are reputed to live on its edge. But there is a delightful centre, as we all know, and many a worthy family has gone from here and these other hill towns to help settle the great West.

Before leaving this discussion of boundaries, it is interesting to receive letters from far western people, who do not realize these changes as we do; who are not aware that Maine was part of this State until 1820, and that large parts of northern Connecticut were formerly in our State, and that a large slice of Rhode Island was formerly in Bristol county. As an instance of this, I recently received an inquiry concerning an old Bristol county family, in which I was told of the migrations of this family from town to town and to

Rhode Island. From Rehoboth, I was told, the first removal was to Attleboro, and thence to Cumberland, R. I., and thence back to Massachusetts. In reality the family never left its home farm, but at the time the shifting boundaries carried it into these other places.

As one passes through our country by rail or by automobile, or best of all, in walking, to one familiar with its history it is a matter of much pleasure and interest to come across these old bounds of grant or township, to know who laid down this long boundary line which may stretch away miles from us across hill and valley, oftentimes still the bound of some town of today.

For the ability to see these things we must thank the builders of our stone walls; many, the sole remaining evidence of the work of an early settler who smoothed the way for us, and who fills an unmarked grave, perhaps on his own farm. These old walls were the result of great labor; after they were built they usually remained as the fixed bound of that tract, and further sales were made with that idea in mind. They will remain with us for many a year, since their removal would be rather expensive and needless, and they will always be a reminder of those days when real work was expended in farm life. Perhaps a word about the manner in which the town lots were laid out may be in place here. Each town used its own judgment in this respect. Many were laid out in a fairly symmetrical manner; others, like Williamstown, were most irregular. The general idea was to lay out the first division lots in the best or most suitable place for the expected town to grow, and then to survey further divisions from the remaining portions of the tract. Many of the later divisions were held by rights, sold in the first division. Each settler had certain rights in the common or undivided lands. Roads were usually plotted to run along the sides of these divisions or across them at regular intervals with no regard at all to the practicality of the location. In a level township the present skeleton plan of its roads may give a fair idea of the general lay-out of the town lots. In many a place the road still makes its way straight up a steep hill in order to follow the line of

the division, when a course almost level, around its base, would have been no longer. This explains a matter often discussed.

In many places the expected village obstinately refused to grow in the place expected. This was true in the settlement of East Hoosuck, where the expected village was planned to grow midway between present Adams and North Adams. The church and school were built there. Today nothing marks the spot but a large burial-ground, where the graves with flint stone markers show where lie the first settlers of the town.

In Williamstown the best part of the intervalles was plotted for a large population which never appeared upon it, these the beautiful meadows between Williamstown and South Williamstown. In one of our hill towns the expected village did not appear at all, Florida.

We have heard sufficient concerning the origins of our boundaries and will now take up that of their names.

The first thing to attract our attention in looking over the names of our towns, mountains, rivers and so on, is the lack of Indian names.

Our State bears an Indian name, as do most of our large rivers and many of the mountains. But none of the counties bear such names and very few towns. In this part of the State none bear Indian names.

The name of a town was usually chosen by the governor in office at the time of incorporation. So many towns have a name derived from old English noble families or homes. Such were Shelburne, Charlemont, Lanesboro and Colrain. Some were especially fine for towns carved out of a wilderness, and the names of Greenfield, Deerfield, Buckland and Heath could not be improved upon for beauty and appropriateness. Some were named for early owners, as Cummington, Hawley and Clarksburg. Others are examples of that whimsical humor of our early settlers, who delighted in odd names for localities, many more expressive than elegant. Such odd names were Zoar and Goshen, so named in allusion to the mythical places of the Bible, which seem to suggest some remote, inaccessible place. Florida, too, as a

contradiction to its climate. Savoy was named from the mountainous district of France, and Peru because of its elevation.

It is a pity the fine name of Myrfield or Merrifield was not retained by the town which took its place; this tract, by the way, is not to be confused with Murrayfield, which lay near Cummington.

Plainfield was perhaps named for the town in Connecticut whence some of its settlers came, but I am not sure about this. The early Indian name of Plainfield was Pontoosuc and Windsor was Ouschankamaug. At the time of American Independence appear the names of Adams, Hancock and Monroe. Hancock is made up of land which was a gore caused by the new line between New York and Massachusetts. This town is exceedingly long and very narrow and is peculiar in that a lofty mountain across its centre makes it impossible to go directly from one end of the town to the other.

One has to go into New York State and back to accomplish this feat easily. Hancock early bore the name of Jericho, which, like Bozrah, was a favorite name with our early people.

Indian names were doubtless anything but romantic to our first settlers, but many were especially fine. We are glad that Hoosac, Taconic, Yokan and Wachusett survive. Many of our lakes throughout the State bear their original Indian names. It is fitting that the natural features of the state should have kept them more readily. I will mention a few of the odd names which still exist in our local list of place names. Some of these are very old. Bozrah—Tophet—Hardscrabble—Hells Kitchen—Bellows Pipe—Lightning Bug—Brier—Pumpkin Hook—Bed Bug Hollow—Texas—The Gulf—Jones Nose—Jacobs Ladder—Soap Stone—Sebastopol—Pork Lane. The origin of the roads and turnpikes may now be considered. This is a field for endless research and interest. In rapidly sketching the development of the highways about here we will begin with the historic road from Boston to Springfield, which was doubtless on the line of an Indian trail, and which road

was for almost 150 years practically the only highway used in crossing our State.

Along this road came all the travel between Boston and Albany, along it came all the settlers of this part of the State. From Boston it ran through Watertown, Weston, Sudbury, Marlborough, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Leicester, Spencer, Brookfield. At this last town it divided; the main road ran on to Springfield, but a branch ran across Belchertown to Amherst and Hadley and Northampton. The Old Bay Path has a great history, which has recently made the material of a fine book. Near Worcester the Bay Road was joined by the Douglas turnpike, which ran in an almost straight line thence from Providence. Along it came the great throng of Rhode Islanders who settled north Berkshire. From Springfield the early road ran through Westfield, Blandford and Great Barrington, with branches thence to Stockbridge and Pittsfield. This road into Berkshire was the only one in use until about 1755. Messengers from Deerfield to Albany often preferred to go so far around, to the dangerous passage of the Hoosacs. From remote times there must have existed an Indian path up the Deerfield, across the Hoosac, and on to the Hudson. Its story is familiar to us all from the researches of Judge Aiken, which are printed in the proceedings of this Society.

As settlement progressed this path was replaced by a rude road which in turn gave way to better ones as population increased.

A very early road is shown in some maps as running from Fort Massachusetts northward into Stamford and then eastward north of the State line until it reached Colrain, through which town it ran on to Deerfield. This road is shown in many different maps of various dates, but I am unable to follow its course to any extent in modern maps of these towns. The towns in Vermont through which it ran were called New Stamford, Cumberland and Halifax.

The passage of Hoosac mountain through Pittsfield was made by Capt. Elisha Hawley of Fort Massachusetts in 1753. A few years later Samuel Rice of Charlemont reported to the General Court that the ascent of the mountain was dangerous

and for the usual grant of land he would locate it in a better place, which he did. His road was in later years called the "Shunpike" since it was used by persons to avoid the toll charges of the turnpike road. Neither the Rice road nor the Hawley road is now used down the steep mountain side, but the main road at the summit is still in use for many miles westward.

After a time what was called "the middle road" was constructed from Pittsfield to Northampton, through Windsor and Goshen.

The road over the Hoosacs has ever been a difficult problem. Not until our day has such a road been constructed with an easy grade. Many a traveler has preferred to go around through Pittsfield, or to take the upper road around through Colrain, rather than to cross the Hoosacs. Roads from the valley soon reached into the hill towns until the system was completed as it today exists, but it is very certain that with the advent of the automobile, many of the early roads are fast growing over, and are receiving little care. But those who travel our hills on those roads alone, which are favorable to the automobile, lose much of the best to be seen.

Finally and most important of all, are a few words about the origin of our settlers. Strange were the causes which diverted from or attracted emigration into certain channels. Towns are as individual in their atmosphere as persons. The combined personalities of the majority of the inhabitants must produce the town's individuality. So when towns were settled from States or from communities in which certain traits had been strongly developed, it would follow that their new home would be of the same general nature. Our towns were usually settled by bodies of people from the same towns, and alike in religious belief and political preferences and often nearly related.

Therefore the atmosphere of Cheshire and Adams, settled by staunch Baptists from Rhode Island, differs from that of Williamstown, which was settled mainly by Congregationalists from Connecticut. Similar as our New England population is, there is a noticeable difference as we go from

one State to another. The main stream of population of the towns along the Deerfield River was from Deerfield and the Connecticut Valley. Of course some were from such towns as Sutton and Leicester, but the principal strain was from Deerfield.

The north Berkshire towns were settled by people from Connecticut and Rhode Island. Our hill towns received a throng of settlers of the best blood of Plymouth County, besides many from Connecticut. Each town was peopled by those of the same general type. Many of the early owners of Savoy lots were descendants of those who had received them for service in Capt. Gallop's Company, and these records are a source of much genealogical information of Bristol County people, who many times mention in their deeds, how their title was derived.

I have mentioned the fact that the population of Berkshire in 1790 exceeded that of either Plymouth or Barnstable. The same census shows us that of our Deerfield Valley towns Conway was the largest in that year. Its population was 2092 while that of Northampton was 1628. Greenfield, Ashfield and Colrain came next almost of a size, of an average of about 1450 each. Then Deerfield, 1330. In 1830 many of these towns showed a growth of several hundred, but in the census of 1915 these towns which I will name were not as large as they were in 1790—Ashfield, Conway, Cummington, Plainfield, Hawley, Rowe, Savoy, Windsor and Florida. Some of the difference in population may, however, be the result of a loss of area. As we see it now, a few towns have grown at the expense of the rest. If we leave out Greenfield, the total population of the river towns is probably hardly what it was in 1790.

The reason for this was the appearance of the railroad, and the migration to points farther west, where farming was not such an arduous labor as it is in our hilly country. Some of our hill towns are being repopulated by sturdy folks from Poland and Italy, who are content to begin as did our first settlers, and gradually work up to a better condition. The whole family labors; they ask for few luxuries and are not yet attracted by a gay life in the city. It is fortunate that

some one is able to do this. We cannot doubt but that after a century has passed many a family-tree will be traced back to these people, as do we now trace ours to those of the century before.

A few brief items must finish our study in Origins. In a little book entitled *Gleanings from Shaker Journals* we find an account of the Shaker movement in Ashfield and Shelburne in 1782. In that year Mother Ann Lee and the Elders came to Asa Bacon's and remained during March and April. There were a few scattered families of their faith in this region. In Shelburne were the families of Jonathan and Aaron Wood. Mother Ann walked to their homes from Ashfield and stayed several days. Thence she returned to Harvard, Mass., and later in the summer made her return to Watervliet, N. Y., by way of Pittsfield and New Lebanon. I have visited the village at Watervliet, or Niskayuna, as it was called in early times. In the yard there we see the graves of Mother Ann Lee and around her hundreds of her followers; among the names we read many familiar to Cheshire, Mass., and northern Berkshire generally.

Another religious crusade witnessed its beginnings in this valley. In Whitingham was born Brigham Young, the Mormoh. So we find in this valley people associated with the two ideals, no marriage at all and a plurality of them.

Our mountain air is conducive to independence and original ideas, so we are not surprised to find as natives Susan B. Anthony and Mary Lyon, who held their own ideas of woman's place in the world, and succeeded in convincing others that they were right.

Perhaps the only great literary personage native to our hills was William Cullen Bryant, a native of Cummington. But our region has always been a favorite one for literary people to visit or reside in, especially in Lenox, Pittsfield, North Adams and Ashfield.

A custom, whose origin is claimed by Colrain, was that of displaying a flag on our school-houses, which was first observed on Catamount Hill in 1812.

One very original trait of our first comers, and in all New England, was seen in the spelling. Our old deeds and wills

are a mine of information in regard to this. A great deal of it is phonetic in a real sense. It is difficult to understand why a person should spell his name a half dozen different ways in the same paper, but it was a frequent happening. Some deeds must have been written by oral method, as I have found a certain Mr. Hoskins alluded to in the deed and in the index as Mr. 'Orskins, which would indicate an English scribe.

Indiscriminate use of capital letters was the rule. Some of the quaint wills of the first comers are well worth reading. For those who would find in them proof of lack of affection or severity toward their children, they are poor reading. An instance of this devotion I noted recently when one old settler left his clothing to his six sons to be divided equally. When we consider the probable size of his wardrobe we wonder what each one had in the division.

In the matter of clothing, which is perhaps a bit out of our range in this paper, I cannot refrain from reading a passage noted in the court records at Northampton, dated March 26, 1676. I had no idea that in those days there was a defined belief in regard to what dress was proper for women in Boston and in Deerfield. It read that "divers persons were presented for wearing silk in a flaunting manner, and others for long hairs, contrary to honest and sober Demeanor, not becoming a wilderness state." It is interesting to know that silk was in such common use at that early date, about here.

I have referred to the span of time which may be covered by one old person. There is in the college library at Williamstown a complete file of *The American Advocate*, which was published for four years in that town, from 1827 to 1832. This paper is unusually fine in the manner in which much local history is brought to mind, and in its accounts of its old residents. Especially good are its accounts of rambles about the hills and visits to Greylock, Snow Hole and other familiar places of that town. This was one of the first newspapers of north Berkshire.

In January, 1830, there is noted the death of Mr. Reuben Seelye, who died the 15th of November previously in Durham, N. C.

It says, "He died at the age of 86 and came to this town soon after its incorporation when it contained only nineteen log houses, and a few years afterward he kept a public house. He with his brother Ephraim (now living) cut the first road from Fort Massachusetts to Lanesboro and were the first persons who ever drove a team through the town of Adams. Previous to the cutting of this road all the grain, supplies, etc. used by the settlers was brought on horseback from the town of Deerfield on the Connecticut River."

Here we have history from close range. These facts were doubtless related by the brother Ephraim Seelye. How we wish he had told us more of those days which he knew from personal knowledge and of the affairs in which he was participator. What a valuable book his story would have made.

In the matter of Berkshire County newspapers the *Pittsfield Sun* is the oldest, and there is in the Athæneum in Pittsfield an almost complete file. But it is disappointing to one who tries to secure much local data from its pages. It is simply a mass of advertisements and political matter. There are brief notices of death in towns about, which have all been indexed for easy reference.

So ends this brief survey of this the northwestern corner of our State. As a whole we live in a region distinctive from other portions of the State in its settlement and history—and still distinctive in individuality, in scenery, or in its people—and a region in which we may well be proud to live.

TALES OF A GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

PREPARED BY A GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER,

MRS. LUCY EMERINE HENRY.

These tales of a *great-grandfather* follow long after the Scottish history in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. The subject of these narratives had his ancestors traced back in Scotland into the sixteenth century. His home was in Mendon, having come from Nova Scotia, the place early settled by Scotchmen.

When Mr. Sheldon—of honored memory—was studying the Deerfield account books of the storekeepers, the saddlers, the wigmakers, the hatters, the coffin makers, and the ministers' lists of births, marriages and deaths, to make the Deerfield genealogies, he found much more than the names of people. In Parson Ashley's list of marriages was, "Daniel Davison married to Martha Harrington," whose father's farm in Conway is still called the "Harrington lot." The date of the marriage was June 4, 1767.

But we must go further back, for Daniel Davison was an Indian fighter in the old French war; a Revolutionary soldier; a pioneer in Readsboro, Vermont; and died in his own home in Craftsbury, in Northern Vermont, at a great age, honored by all who knew him.

Daniel Davison's name is first found in Sheldon's Deerfield History, on a muster roll in a company in His Majesty's service, April, 1746.

Let us see the family of six boys, sons of Davison's youngest daughter, gathering in the long winter evenings 'round their grandfather at the huge fireplace. So eager are they to be near, that no word of the gentle old man's stories shall be lost, that some of the boys whose seats are too close to the fire tie chips or bark over their shins for protection from the roaring blaze!

Here are some of the hardships a young boy had to endure as chronicled by the Readsboro history:—

"The first white persons who ever traversed the town of Readsboro, Vermont, were some soldiers on their return from Crown Point. They intended to go to North Adams, Massachusetts, got lost and struck the west branch of the Deerfield river, in the present town of Woodford, which they followed to Charlemont, Massachusetts, before reaching any settlement, striking the main river where the village of Readsboro, Vermont, now stands. Their provisions becoming exhausted, they made a halt on the meadow of Hartwellville, killed, roasted and ate the company dog, then continued their weary journey. They all reached Charlemont alive, though one member, Daniel Davison, was so exhausted and benumbed with cold, that he laid down to

sleep. Being soon missed by his companions, they turned back and helped him along."

It was during this march that Davison ripped a leather patch from his trousers and toasting it on the coals, ate it with great relish!

The campaign this year for the invasion of Canada ended in the conquest of Quebec. The soldiers furnished by Massachusetts were attached to the command of Lord Jeffery Amherst. Daniel Davison was in Captain William Jones's company at Crown Point. Returning to Deerfield when Lord Jeffery Amherst went into winter quarters at Crown Point, the soldiers were assigned quarters in town. Daniel Davison and his friend James Tute lived in a cabin built for them on ground now used for the Meeting House steps. They were allowed pigs and a garden.

Having ended the French war, the soldiers went home to marry and settle down. Davison, returning to Mendon, married Abigail Sumner, daughter of the Selectman, May 1st, 1759. The marriage is recorded in the Milford *Vital Records*. Three children,—Margaret, Abigail and Daniel—were born in Mendon, but their marriages were all in Milford, the adjoining town.

The next mention of Daniel Davison in the Deerfield History is his name on a petition of thirty-seven voters, inhabitants and owners in the part of Deerfield township called the "Southwest Division." They humbly request to be set off from the township. Town Meeting was called, March 2nd, 1767, and adjourned *one day* for a mature consideration of the proposition! The proportion of province, county and individual taxes was adjusted, and the petition granted.

June 17, 1767, the town of Conway began a separate municipal existence. This is the same year and month that Parson Ashley married Daniel and Martha. Five children are on the Conway records, and Elizabeth (the youngest, born 1777) was mother of the six grandsons who listened to these stories.

Mr. Sheldon in consulting the account book of Zadock Hawks, shoemaker, found a page of debts and one opposite of credits, with Daniel Davison's name at the top. In 1767,

the year of the new wife, we find:—"To repairs of cloth shoes for your wife, 2-0-0; a pair of pumps for wife, 2-6-0. 1781—To pair of shoes for your child, 1-0-6." The last-named date is just right for the first calf-skin shoes for the little Elizabeth. On the credit side were entries showing sales of beef and pigs, calf skins or beef hides. One entry puzzled Mr. Sheldon. An item of credit was: "*3 doz. heels.*" Blind indeed! What kind of heels could a Conway farmer furnish a Deerfield shoemaker by the dozen? Not pigs' heels or calves' heels. The great-granddaughter solved the mystery. Daniel Davison besides being a farmer, was a cabinet-maker, and the three dozen heels were made of *wood*, to be covered with pieces of cloth to match the ladies' dresses. Others were covered with kid, white or colored.

In a list of prices in the Deerfield History, 1760, Ensign Barnard paid David Harrington for making a "case of Draws £2." David was the father of Martha; so this item proves father and son-in-law to have been in the same trade.

The introduction of the Revolutionary stories is best made in a letter from Daniel Davison to his wife, written by his own hand from Cambridge:

"May the 2nd, 1775.

"Loving Wife—

I would Inform you that I am well hoping you and my children are so. I would have you Do the Best you can for I no not when I shall Return. I shall come home as soon as I can. I have Given orders to Deeken Wells to order the town to Lett you have my Blanket or the money that I leave with you to Take which you ples if you Stand in need of any thing sell any of my Tools. I would have you send me down my trousers and Jacket and Raser and some yarn to mend my stockings and some Thread. I hope I shall take some prize money and if I do I will send you some. I have no news to write more than you have heard. I cant hear from my mother or Brother. I hear Brother Loring and family have got out of Boston but where they be I no not. I would have you Rite to me every opportunity you Can my Love to you and my Children. I desire your prayers for me in my ab-

sence that in Due time I may return in peace. from your Loving Husband Daniel Davison."

Notice how he values his tools. He writes, "I cant hear from my mother or Brother." October 15, 1774, is the date of a letter written from Boston by this missing brother and sent to Conway before the fighting began. After family news he writes:—

"Now I begin to let you know the Situation of this once Flourishing City. All business is stagnated and They are Fortifying and Intrenched the Neck And one Regiment is Incampt on the neck and one on Fort Hill and four in the Common small cannon are placed on the Fortification and what will be the consequence God only knows and we ourly expect two or three Regiments more. Business is stagnated so that we can scarce get a living from day to day. This is just the beginning of our Troubles for we have a long winter to rub through."

Daniel Davison's first call shows him a private in Captain Oliver's Company of Minute Men, Colonel Samuel Williams's Regiment, which marched April 22, 1775. He was a resident of Conway and enlisted from that town. The call was in response to the alarm of April 19, 1775, and he was in the service nine days. A receipt for advanced pay is dated at Charlestown, June 27, 1775. On December 3 he had an order for a bounty coat or its equivalent in money. Later, Davison enlisted for three years or during the war, in Colonel Greaton's Regiment, and was a Sergeant in Captain Oliver's Company. Continental Army pay accounts, for service from January 1st, 1777, to December 4th, 1779, are credited to the town of Conway, and he is reported discharged in 1779.

Men in the army and in times of great stress learn to put up with many inconveniences and privations, and become resourceful. An instance of this is shown when Daniel Davison wanted to make a pudding one day. The occasion was company to dinner, no less than Marquis de Lafayette! Having no other means at hand, he took the lining from his cap and used it for a bag in which to boil his pudding!

There is a Revolutionary War relic still treasured in the

family, showing the narrow escape from death of Daniel Davison. It is a mere slip of paper but stained with the blood of a dear friend. Samuel Thayer enlisted for three months from Mendon, in 1775, after serving with the Minute Men at Lexington. In 1778 Thayer's name is among those enlisted for the war. In this year or the next must have occurred the friendly act which cost him his life. As names were called for the picket one night, Thayer answered for Davison, who was on the sick list. During the night Thayer was shot, and his friend was preserved to return to his family. Nothing more can be found of this friend who gave his life as a soldier's duty. The blood-stained paper from his pocket was given to Daniel Davison, and cherished after him by his daughter and her six sons. Thayer and Davison were fellow townsmen in Mendon; both were Minute Men; both were in camp near Bennington.

There is an exciting story for the boys 'round the fireplace, of the Bunker Hill battle. From a recent writer in the *Globe* we learn that hundreds of Red Coats deserted to the Americans. General Howe had two (who were caught while the British were forming at the foot of the hill) hanged to the nearest apple tree as an example.

After spending the night on June 16 throwing up embankments for protection, the men expected another set would do the fighting, as they had worked without food and water all night. When Colonel Prescott was asked for fresh troops, he coolly replied:—"No, my boys! Only those who built the redoubt shall have the honor of defending it!"

In the war council the younger officers proposed sixty rounds of ammunition for each man. An older officer, probably Israel Putnam, scoffed at the suggestion, saying five rounds were enough: "Five rounds each for 1000 men means 5000 rounds; any man who cannot hit his mark three times out of five ought not to be trusted with a musket." As a compromise, fifteen rounds for each were allowed, and the Yankees were routed. After the battle, it was agreed that fifteen more rounds would have saved the day. The story for the boys is that their grandfather had no more powder when the order to retreat came. He reached the

fence he planned to climb over, just as a charge from the enemy plowed through the hole under the fence he had decided not to use! Another narrow escape. The boys surely listened to this tale with bated breaths.

There were no flags in either army, though they are displayed in modern pictures, and not an American, from private to Major General, wore anything but civilian garb. One of the humorous incidents of the sad night following the battle, is the story of the British officer who climbed Beacon hill at sunset to contemplate the blazing ruins of Charlestown. He suddenly became alarmed by the seeming whizzing bullets about his ears, but was relieved on discovering that what he heard was merely the whirring of the wings of innumerable beetles out for their nightly flight in the dusk!

Daniel Davison, discharged from the army in 1779, found six years in the quiet Conway hills too tame! According to the Readsboro history found in the *Vermont Quarterly Gazette*, "In 1785, Daniel Davison, Throop Chapman and one Sloane from Conway, Massachusetts, commenced a settlement about one mile north of the present village of Readsboro. The first child born in town was Hannah, daughter of Throop Chapman, November, 1785. The first death was a young child of one Cochran in 1786. The funeral was under a tree and Daniel Davison read a printed sermon of Mather Byles, D. D., a noted Boston preacher." The very copy used, a reprint of 1771, is in the possession of a descendant of Davison.

The first Town Meeting on record in Readsboro was holden March 17, 1794. John Fairbanks was chosen Town Clerk; Henry Davison, Constable; Simeon Thayer, Elijah Bailey and Ezra Amidon, Selectmen. Daniel Davison, who was a zealous Methodist, invited in ministers of his denomination, and a great revival followed. Among the converts, Elijah Bailey, Jonas Bailey and Ezra Amidon became somewhat noted in the religious world.

What made the Conway men with their families go into the northern wilderness? Certainly the Deerfield meadows must have been attractive to the farmers and the wooded hills could furnish many kinds of wood for the cabinet-

makers. The advantages of civilization were valued in those early times. It is true that about the same time, families from Douglas, Sutton and Oxford also went to Readsboro to find homes in the wilderness. In this company were Amidons and Sibleys, who later married into the family of Daniel Davison. May not the fact of their having been in the War, been the chief reason for this "flight" from Conway? While they were glad to be at home again—and for a time were content—it is easy to imagine that they would soon get restless. The men were used to hardships. Why not start a new settlement, taking their families along of course, for the pain of separation was still too recent to be forgotten? Did the women and children object? The latter are always ready for some new excitement; and what woman would hesitate to go with her husband to the end of the world if need be,—especially after the War? And so they went.

Up in northern Vermont, about thirty miles from the Canadian boundary and ten miles from Hardwick, the nearest railway station on the Lake Champlain and St. Johnsbury road, the town of Craftsbury is situated.

The latter's pleasant site amid the green, woody hills and the beauty of several small ponds (that have not yet attained the dignity of being called lakes) combine in making the scenery charming and picturesque. Within the town's borders are several villages,—Craftsbury, North Craftsbury, East Craftsbury and Mill Village. The oldest, the most interesting and the most attractive of these, is North Craftsbury. To this section the early settlers came, among them, Governor Crafts, the third Governor of Vermont, whose name the town bears.

North Craftsbury's main street is long and wide, with rows of old, immense elms bordering its sides. Near its center a grassy common adds to its attractiveness, while from certain points a beautiful view of Mount Mansfield can be seen in the distance. The majority of the houses are large two-story affairs, showing evidences of age. The public buildings include a library, an ancient church, several stores, an hotel where summer guests are entertained, and an academy

whose graduates are found in all the surrounding towns. The local name for this village is "The Common."

Below the common and alongside the village street extends the cemetery, where the town's dead have been buried for many generations. Not far from the big iron gate an unpretentious monument is standing. The latter is made up of two supporting posts of Barre granite, surmounted by a long slab of white marble with a triangular finishing piece of granite above. At the left, on the marble face, is the inscription: "Daniel Davison, Died 1828, Aged 90 years." At the right, the inscription reads: "Captain Daniel Davison, Died 1854, Aged 90 years." Between, is chiseled the name of the latter's wife and a memorial verse. In front of the monument two Revolutionary markers have been placed.

Here, to Craftsbury, a village of log houses in the wilderness, Daniel Davison came after the death of his second wife, Martha Harrington, in Readsboro. Here, Captain Daniel Davison (his son by the first wife, Abigail Sumner) had settled already. This son was also a Revolutionary soldier, having enlisted when but sixteen years of age. He married Elizabeth Nelson. The couple had two daughters, Abigail and Elizabeth, and two sons, Daniel and Amory. Elizabeth married a man named Collins.

Of Captain Daniel's many descendants, some are living in Craftsbury. In the past they have been people of influence in the community. Amory Davison, a grandson, was an able man, who served as President of a bank in the neighboring town of Barton and was also a member of the State Senate.

A great-granddaughter is a portrait painter of much ability. Two old paintings bequeathed to the North Craftsbury library illustrate the quality of her work. One picture represents Governor Crafts when a boy, standing by his father's side, the latter with a pipe in his hand. The other portrays Governor Crafts's mother and two sisters. The younger girl holds a book in her hand; the older, a kitten. It is said that each girl was expected to milk four cows, but as the younger was not fond of her task, her sister often milked the eight!

These portraits are interesting, as they show the quaint dress and to a certain extent the manners of that period. Before renovation their condition was very bad. The canvas was torn in places; one girl's eyes were full of pin holes; and the entire surface was so darkened by smoke, grime and grease, that parts were indistinguishable. The great-great-granddaughter of Daniel Davison has so restored these paintings that the work surpasses that of the original artist.

During the summer of 1917 a descendant of Martha Harrington and Daniel Davison spent several weeks in Crafts-bury, and was told some tales of this great-great-grandfather. His journey through the wilds from Readsboro to Crafts-bury must have been long and tedious and fraught with danger. After arriving at his destination he worked, evidently, at his trades of carpenter and cabinet-maker, for he built for his own use, the second frame house erected in the town. It is still standing, the last house on one side of the main street. However, it will soon be a wreck, unless extensive repairs are made.

This house is a large, two-storied structure with a gable roof. It contains many rooms and nearly every room has a fireplace. There are thirty-six cupboards and closets that must have afforded ample space for storing away the personal belongings of the occupants. The front door is the original one and its hand-wrought iron hinges, almost a yard long, remind one of the past. The majority of the rooms are un-occupied and filled with rubbish. It seems unfortunate that some descendant has not the money or the inclination to restore the house to its pristine condition. A great elm, set out in the side yard by its owner, stood erect until four years ago, when it was uprooted during a high wind. Daniel Davison built his house for a hostelry and probably served as its host for many years.

We can imagine him living quietly and happily in this great tavern, serving his guests and enjoying the society of his son's family. We can still picture him, on a cold evening in winter, sitting before one of the big open fireplaces, surrounded by grandchildren and great-grandchildren and tell-

ing them Indian stories and Revolutionary tales, to which they listen with open mouths and wondering eyes.

Several miles from the village of Craftsbury, on a lonely cross road, another old tavern is standing. Captain Daniel Davison was the builder and occupant at one time.

According to all reports, Daniel Davison was a man of great integrity. He was quiet, reticent, unassuming, and so modest that he lived in Craftsbury for several years before its residents knew that he was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. Although entitled to a pension, many years elapsed before application was made for one, Daniel's reason being that it was not needed.

Not far from the inn a Mrs. Whitney, a widow, lived with her children. The family was in destitute circumstances as the result of the father's long illness with consumption. Their means were exhausted and no relief was apparent. Daniel Davison wished to help Mrs. Whitney and saw but one way possible. He applied for a pension, which was granted. Then going to Mrs. Whitney, he said: "I have been granted a pension; it is yours if you care to take an old man with it." She appreciated his kindness and generosity, and married him although he was eighty-two or three years of age.

That Daniel Davison had a deeply religious nature is evidenced by a letter written to the Reverend Preserved Smith of Rowe in 1818. This letter is, in itself, a good description of an old-time revival. A few extracts are quoted:

"Craftsbury, June 2nd, 1818.

"Dear and Reverend Sir:—

It is with much pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines. My life and health through the wonderful mercy of God, have been preserved. It is a time of general health in these parts. There has been a Congregational church in this town for a number of years. They have been in a very low state, a feeble band, few in numbers & destitute of a pastor to take them by the hand. . . . Last winter the church were in a very low and cold state. A great

stupidity prevailed upon the minds of the people. The youth appeared to be very hardened, light & vain. In the month of April several young persons were awakened. In the fore part of May the work spread & the attention became somewhat general. . . . I have abundant reason to bless God that he has spared my life & brought me here to see this great and marvellous work of divine, sovereign grace. This is such a glorious and wonderful work as I never saw before. Bless the Lord O my soul & forget not all his benefits. . . . Sabbath before last I came forward & united with the church in this place. Last sabbath at the close of the exercises the church as a body came forward before the assembly, made a public confession of their sins, their coldness and renewed their covenant with God and each other. . . . A large number are now under very solemn impressions of mind & the glorious work appears to be increasing. . . . On the 4th of last April I had a blow from a lever which struck me to the ground & came near taking away my life. I still feel the effects of the stroke. I hope it has been a means of great good to my soul. We are now destitute of a minister, if you could send us a faithful minister of the gospel, I should be very glad. Please to give my kindest love to your companion, to the church and people of your charge. I wish you to show this letter to my daughter. I wrote to my children in Rowe in the month of January last. I hope you will be so kind as to write the first convenient opportunity. . . . Wishing that grace mercy and peace may be multiplied unto you I subscribe myself your sincere & affectionate friend till death,

Daniel Davison."

Daniel Davison lived for ten years after this letter was received in Rowe, and it is to be hoped that the much needed and longed for minister was secured.

Captain Daniel Davison's daughter, Elizabeth T. Collins, wrote to her aunt, "Betsey Davison Amadown," the following,—a letter that answers the question as to the time, place and manner of his death:—

"Craftsbury, Oct. 11th, 1828.

"Dear Aunt:

It falls to my lot to inform you of the melancholly truth that my beloved father is no more. He died the 6 d of last June in the triumphs of faith. He was confined three weeks his disorder was Cancer on his temple together with the gravel. He lived and died where he was when you were here he was very happy resigned. I was with him all his sickness and took care of him. He was not willing to have me leave him. he talked about you much & intended had he lived to have visited you this fall. he lived and died with his wife. He suffered much during his sickness from pain and distress but had everything he needed to make him comfortable. We are all well at this time and want much to hear from you wish you to write as soon as you receive this.

Your affectionate Niece
Elizabeth T. Collins."

Thus ended the life of this Massachusetts and Vermont pioneer, patriot, and veteran of two wars. His career was typical of those early settlers; who (passing by the large towns and cities with their safer and easier ways of gaining a livelihood) were advancing ever into the wilderness; encountering its dangers; suffering privation and disease; but overcoming all obstacles and difficulties.

In Felicia Hemans's famous poem, the line, "What sought they thus afar?" is as applicable to the pioneers of this country as to the Pilgrims who crossed the seas. Doubtless the winning of a home; the establishment of a principle; the love of adventure; ambition for power; the desire for success; all were factors that spurred on these men, strong in character and person; men of courage and indomitable will. As one of them, Daniel Davison seems worthy of a place in our remembrance.

OUR MEMORIAL HALL.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Fifty years ago a practical idealist had a vision. As you well know every great achievement passes its initial stage in the brain of some man or woman. This particular brain-vision was broadly and strongly defined from the first; therefore, its influence was impelling.

The practical idealist had come very close to the life of the Pocumtuck Pioneer. He had seen, as a child, through the eyes of his grandmother, the early inhabitants, whom we call Indians, peeking at eventide through the windows of the Old Indian House. He had felt through his grandmother's stories the frightfulness of Indian captivity. As a mature man he had lived, in thought, with the White Pioneers until, in very truth, he had become one of them, not only in blood but in spirit. Loyalty had changed to love—then the vision was born. Pondering alone in the fire-light, the love-passion and the vision developed into an all-controlling purpose.

Do you ask "What was this vision? What was this purpose?" In one word it was a MEMORIAL. A memorial of the men, women and children of early New England, especially of the Valley of the Pocumtuck. The lives and deeds of these people should not perish from the earth, but should live on in their own records of stone and iron, of wood and manuscript page. These records should be snatched from destruction, gathered together and reverently preserved. The babe unborn to remote generations should know of the brave beginnings of New England in this western frontier of our old Commonwealth.

With this dominating thought of a memorial it was peculiarly fitting that a hall should be obtained which was, in itself, a worthy memorial of our forefathers' love of knowledge. Fortunate, also, it was that the practical idealist found a few kindred spirits whose sympathetic companionship was a perpetual help.

The collection of records began to grow. Keeping the memorial ever in mind, every relic that threw even the ghost of a ray of light on early New England life was cherished, no matter how small, dingy, ugly or imperfect that relic might be. "Rubbish" became illumined links in the history chain. The heterogeneous mass must be arranged, but how? Evidently the stone records of the Red Aborigines should be placed side by side with the iron, wood and paper records of the White Settlers, that so the life of the Pocumtuck Pioneer might be demonstrated as justly and completely as possible.

Many questions were asked and answered. Should all the china be placed in one room for the student to observe, compare and describe? Should all the musical instruments be exhibited in a "Music Room"? Should the chests, high-boys and bureaus be grouped together in another room to demonstrate the pleasing subject of evolution? Ah no, *never!* Our ancestors were not specialists. They knew little of the law of evolution and had no time to study evolutionary processes. They were hard- and long-working men and women who, in the main, met the stern conditions of pioneer life heroically, and whose simple homes reflected their own sturdy characters and crude environment. This collection of records, therefore, must be a memorial of the people themselves and their home life; in other words, the Memorial spirit and the Home spirit must dominate Memorial Hall. Thus it was that the "Kitchen" or "Living Room," the "Bedroom" and the "Best Room" emerged from the heterogeneous mass. The kitchen with its great fireplace, its stoneware and pewter, its cradle and "turn-up bed"; the bedroom with its high-poster and chests, with lightstand, candlestick and Bible; the "best room" with spinet and piano, chest and beautiful corner cupboard filled with rare and delicate china. Later the old-time "sitting-room" was added with its handsome rag carpet, its shelves of choice glass and china, its hymn book and Bible, with father's and mother's chairs, grandmother's chest and grandfather's tall clock.

In these days when people live largely in the open air instead of in the home it is a relief to find that somewhere in the innermost recesses of their hearts a love of the old home

still persists. Surely it is not dead in all, though I grant it is dead in some people. How do I know it still lives? In this way. When the automobilist, speeding through Memorial Hall, comes to these rooms, he slows down, he stops, he begins to think, he becomes a normal human being. When he turns away, he turns away reluctantly, saying, "I would like to stay in this room all day."

Yes, the dear old kitchen, the quaint, quiet bedroom, the serene, cheery sitting-room are the most popular rooms with many among the thousands who visit Memorial Hall every year. May they remain so forever!

As a room in a house cannot be over-burdened without destroying the favorable impression one seeks to give, so in Memorial Hall the ever-accumulating material had to overflow, of necessity, into other rooms, such as the upper or Main Hall, the Needlework room, the Domestic room, the room of Domestic Productions and so forth. Nevertheless, it is true that in these rooms a certain orderly and significant arrangement prevails which is true to the Home Spirit, and which finds expression in the oft-repeated exclamation, "I admire the classification."

In the old New England home one was surprised sometimes by finding strange waifs from foreign shores, brought home by sea-faring men; so in Memorial Hall may be seen some of these very immigrants, and also others added in more recent years. The agricultural implements of the Fayal Islanders, the weaving and the weapons of the Filipinos, the snow-beater of the Arctic Eskimo and the ornaments of the tropical Egyptian surely do not illustrate early New England life, but they do illustrate the habits and the handiwork of primitive peoples, and in this way are valuable for comparison with the work of our own primitive folk.

The newly published Catalogue of the Collection and the illustrated Guide to the Hall show forth the arrangement with its infinite details. It is not necessary to dwell here upon these details, but it is necessary to emphasize more and more strongly the all-important fact that this vast collection is a *Memorial*, and not at all a Museum in the usual acceptation of this word.

The guardian of this Collection is a *Memorial* Association which is quite different in its fundamental conception from the regular historical society. In fact, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association holds an unique position among the organizations of the Old Bay State.

So long as the Memorial Spirit and the Home Spirit are held sacred by this Association, so long will the vision of the practical idealist, George Sheldon, be a living reality in our Memorial Hall.

ANNUAL MEETING—1922.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at Memorial Hall, in Old Deerfield, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 28, with President John Sheldon presiding. There was a large attendance. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read by the secretary, W. L. Harris, and approved. The report of John Sheldon, treasurer, showed the finances to be in excellent shape. Mr. Sheldon announced that the admission fees to the Hall have increased from \$181 when he first took office twenty years ago, to \$766 last year. On motion of E. A. Newcomb the report was accepted. The report of the Old Indian House Homestead was given by Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon. George A. Sheldon was re-elected to the board of trustees of this O. I. H. Homestead. The report of the permanent fund was read by County Treasurer E. A. Newcomb, who was re-elected a trustee. Judge Thompson was re-elected a trustee of the Sheldon publishing fund.

The following officers were elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Richard E. Birks, Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Asahel W. Root, Helen C. Boyden, Margaret Miller, L. Emerine Henry, all of Deerfield; John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Francis N. Thompson, Albert L. Wing, all of Greenfield; Charles W. Hazelton of Montague City and Arthur H. Tucker of Milton.

The report of the curator, Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon, showed that the visitors to the Hall last year passed the 8000 mark and included many school children. Practically the whole United States and many foreign countries were represented.

A turtle shell and an old bowl unearthed last year in an Indian grave at Deerfield, the latter with curious ornamentation, were exhibited to those present. A book of samplers, and other valuable books, recent gifts to the society, were also on exhibition. It was announced that copies of the *Proceedings* were on sale at \$1 per volume to members or \$2.50 to other persons.

A tribute to George E. Taylor, written by his son, George E. Taylor, Jr., was read by A. L. Wing. A tribute to Frederick Caudee Nims, by his wife, was read by Rev. C. P. Wellman. This was to have been read by Judge Francis Nims Thompson, but he was unavoidably detained and did not arrive in time to take this part in the meeting. An interesting short paper, "A Deerfield Discovery," on mural decorations recently discovered in the "Ware" house, occupied by Winthrop T. Arms, at the lower end of the village, was given by Miss Margaret Whiting. Enough of the decorations were uninjured to allow restoration by Miss Fuller.

A letter from Mrs. Fannie Bowen Shippee was read by Miss Childs and extracts of other letters by Miss Mellen. One of these told of the forming of an historical society at St. George's in the Bermudas and asked for information. Another was from Martha Hastings, a former resident of South Deerfield and a schoolmate at Leyden of E. A. Newcomb. Hundreds of such letters are received, and Mrs. Sheldon gives them her personal attention.

Following the regular business meeting there was a discussion of how best to further interest the children, as well as the grown-ups, particularly in Deerfield and surrounding towns in Memorial Hall. There were remarks by Miss Whiting, Rev. Mr. Wellman, Mr. Tucker, Mrs. Sheldon, A. L. Wing, George A. Sheldon, Judge Thompson, Superintendent of Schools W. P. Abbott of Greenfield, Miss Childs, Hal Dadmun, Mrs. Henry and others. On motion of Mr. Wellman a committee of three was appointed by the chair to take the matter under consideration with power to act. The committee named was Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Whiting and Rev. Mr. Wellman.

During the discussion Mr. Abbott was asked why he ad-

vised school children to visit Deerfield Memorial Hall. He replied that it was the best place he knew of for the study of early history and primitive conditions. It was brought out that the books of Mary P. Wells Smith have done much to stimulate interest in Deerfield and its traditions as well as in the P. V. M. A.

Following adjournment a meeting of the councillors was held.

An excellent supper was served in the town hall by the women of Deerfield.

In the evening there was an interesting program of papers, with music under the direction of Charles H. Ashley, chorister. The papers included "The Little Old Schoolhouse in the Middle of the Road," by Miss Margaret Miller; "An Historical Sketch of Rowe," by Percy W. Brown, president of the Antiquarian Society of Concord; "History and Traditions of Eunice Williams and Her Descendants," by "a descendant," Miss Elizabeth Sadoques of Keene, N. H.

The papers read at the evening session were rare additions to the early history of Massachusetts. Memorial Hall contains perhaps the most complete collection of articles and documents, pertaining to the early settlements in the western part of Massachusetts, in the country.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

It is with keen satisfaction I am able to announce that the long desired goal of 8000 visitors has not only been reached this year, but passed; 8440 persons having enjoyed our Collection. They have come from 41 states of the Union, from Canada; Halifax, Nova Scotia; Canal Zone, Panama; Havana, Cuba; Tampico, Mexico; Honolulu and Oahu, Hawaii; Venezuela, and Colombia, S. A.; Cork, Ireland; London, England; Wales; Lille and Paris, France; Amsterdam, Holland; Helsingfors, Finland; Warsaw, Poland; Persia; Arabia; India and South India; Siam; Peking, China; Japan; and Melbourne, Australia.

It also gives me great pleasure to report that more young people have visited the Hall than ever before, 323 coming in the month of June. They appeared singly, in groups, in classes or as schools. Through the genuine interest of the Greenfield superintendent, Mr. Winthrop P. Abbott, ten schools have visited us from that town, representing grades third, fifth to ninth, inclusive. Other schools and colleges are: North Hatfield grammar; Moore's Corner school; East Hill school, Leyden; South school, Colrain; Amherst grades second and third; two classes from Turners Falls; the Athol and Brattleboro high schools; Northfield Seminary; Smith College; Class of '81, Smith College; Smith agricultural school; teachers of Holyoke vocational school, and, later, pupils from this same school; Mt. Pleasant Military Academy from Ossining-on-the-Hudson; History class, Wilbraham Academy; Mt. Holyoke College; Mt. Holyoke and Amherst summer schools.

The following organizations have shown their interest in the Hall. The Connecticut Valley Red Men's Council, the Walpole Society of New England and New York, the Eastern Archery Association, and the Young Men's class, First Baptist Church, Holyoke.

We have received 135 gifts, consisting of 14 books, 29 pamphlets, 26 old-time newspapers and 66 miscellaneous articles. One of the most novel contributions is a Rocking Stool which was handed down in the family of Miss Ellen R. Stone of Lexington.

Among the valuable books received are *Journals from the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, 1715-1721*, presented by the Commonwealth, and *American Samplers*, published by the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames, and given by Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline, a life member of this Association.

An interesting addition to the Indian Room are the Indian skeleton, bowl and turtle shell unearthed last summer from the soil of Deerfield.

Many visitors have expressed warm appreciation of Memorial Hall, especially of the arrangement or classification of the material. Extracts from some of the many letters received will be read by Miss Mellen, if time permits.

The first four months of the curator's time were spent in preparing, indexing and proof-reading Vol. VI of our *Proceedings*, which covers the period from 1912 to 1920, and completes the record of fifty years from 1870 to 1920, inclusive. This volume has been sent to 27 historical societies with which we exchange publications. These societies are in New England, the South and West, in Canada and Sweden.

The rest of the curator's time has been spent on the regular work of Memorial Hall which is always waiting to be done. The question has been asked "What is this regular work?" It may be of interest to state briefly just what it is. Every article contributed passes through, at least, four processes before it is placed on exhibition. First of all, it is recorded in the Accession Book. Then, secondly, if it belongs to the miscellaneous group, it is given a place and number in the interleaved catalogue, which is made expressly for this purpose, and used only by the curator. Thirdly, a label is written, giving the name of the article, its place in the Collection, its number, and the name of the donor. Fourthly, if the article is stone, wood, metal, bone or shell, the place and number are painted on it; if cloth or the like, a piece of gummed paper, bearing place and number, written with indelible ink, is fastened to it. If the contribution is a book or pamphlet, the written catalogue takes the place of the interleaved catalogue, and the book plate and type-written library card the place of the label. The typewriting is all done by the assistant with satisfactory results.

There are always faded labels to be restored, and much work of this kind remains to be done, especially in the Indian room, and in the central cases of the Main Hall.

In the course of the year many letters addressed to the curator, and concerning the Collection or Library, must be answered. When all this work is done little time remains for other undertakings.

It is certainly unnecessary to speak of the efficiency of the assistant, Miss Mellen, although to do so is a pleasure. The many rooms in Memorial Hall bear witness to her constant care. Her unfailing presence in spite of unfavorable

conditions, and her valuable suggestions in regard to the collections, prove her vital interest in the work of the Association.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 28, 1922.

NECROLOGY

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE EVERETT TAYLOR.

BY GEORGE EVERETT TAYLOR, JR.

The death of my father occurred April 20, 1921, when he was in his 89th year. He was seriously ill but a short time, having been active and interested in all the life and affairs of farm, family, and community almost to the last. This, it seems to me, records the passing of one, the like of whose character helps to make this world better and stronger in every way.

He was born Aug. 12, 1832, on the old Taylor homestead, next east of Shinglebrook farm, his late home. His was the fourth generation from the first Taylor to settle in Shelburne. His birthplace was the same ancestral farm to which his great-grandfather, John Taylor, came from Deerfield in 1758 and where he built a log cabin for his family. There were only two other settlers in this locality at that time. The farm passed to John, next in line, and Elias was the third generation. In 1814 Elias married Lorinda Moody of South Hadley and brought her to Shelburne on horseback. Father was the youngest of the five children of this union.

His education was obtained in the "Old District No. 3" school of Shelburne, and in Franklin Academy at Shelburne Falls. He made the best possible use of this education and broadened it through his life by reading. All his life he was a deep and persistent reader, and his own library contains many books, all of which he had read,—on religion, science,

astronomy, animal and plant life, biography, travel, history. History, both ancient and modern, interested him greatly. Within a few years he bought and read *Ridpath's History of the World*, and a year ago purchased *Simmonds' History of the World War*, six volumes and he had read three of them before he died. These years of reading gave him a mind stocked with a wonderful fund of knowledge. Through his interest in local history he became identified with the P. V. M. A.; he took much pleasure in its meetings and work and in the association and acquaintance of the other members.

In 1857 he was married to Victoria A. Green of Bernardston, who died five years ago. In 1860 he purchased the adjoining farm on the west, and here lived the rest of his life. As early as 1848 he became interested in pure-bred cattle, and that year, when only 16 years old, drove a pair of steers to Northampton on foot, and purchased from Paoli Lathrop a pure-bred Shorthorn heifer. This was the foundation of the herd and the breed with which he worked all his life.

Father was always an active and interested member of the Agricultural Society and served for one term as its representative on the State Board of Agriculture. In politics, a Republican, he was not bound irrevocably by party lines, but was anxious to support men of the type whom he thought had the biggest vision for good to the community and State. Personally, he was active in service to his community, having served as selectman of the town for seven years, most of the time as chairman of the board. His successful conduct of town affairs, from an economical and progressive point of view, has been often remarked upon in later years. He was assessor for six years, and a member of the school committee a long time. He was always much interested in good roads, good schools, and other progressive matters for the betterment of the town and community.

However, his active religious life perhaps stands out in recollection more clearly than any other characteristic. He and my mother were early identified with the Shelburne Church, and both in church and parish great dependence was placed on his help and counsel. For many years a

superintendent of Sunday school and a teacher to within a few years of his death, his influence was marked. Public worship and family prayer were of the necessary elements of his life and no more to be neglected than daily food. His thought of Sunday well spent was not on the order of the "modern liberals," to say the least. With our family, Sunday began on Saturday night. No social calls were made on that evening, no games played. It was a time of preparation for the Sabbath. On that day, no storm prevented attendance on church at least once. The remainder of the day was spent reading some good book or in study of the Bible. Nothing which detracted from the religious feeling of the day was countenanced.

I well remember his once telling me, when I was a boy and had suggested my teaching a young calf to lead on Sunday, "I would suggest not doing anything on Sunday that you don't have time for other days." When we think of his faith in his Bible and the power of prayer, of his unquestioned and strict observance of the Sabbath, it seems that we have lost something of moral power in the community through his passing on.

FREDERICK CAUDEE NIMS.

BY EVA S. NIMS OF PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Frederick Caudee Nims, the eldest son of Allen and Emily Caudee Nims, was born at LeRay, Jefferson county, New York, April 17, 1846, and died at his late home in Painesville, Ohio, Friday morning, Dec. 16, 1921.

October 17, 1878, he married Eva S. Holcomb, daughter of Henry and Emily Sawyer Holcomb, at Painesville, Ohio, where she still resides.

He was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted in Co. I, 10th New York Heavy Artillery, when but a lad 17 years of age.

Learning the printer's trade, he served on the staff of the

New York Independent, and was also engaged in Chicago and other cities in newspaper work. Later he entered the passenger department of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway at Cleveland, O., where he remained for some time, resigning his position to become general passenger and ticket agent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, with offices at Denver, Colo.

His earlier training in newspaper work prepared him for the advertising methods which he used with marked success in bringing the wonderful scenic attractions of Colorado before the public. This position he resigned in the summer of 1884, when he returned to Painesville and turned his attention to loans and real estate in Cleveland and other cities.

He had been a member of Temple Lodge, No. 28, F. and A. M., also a Knight Templar, for many years. His aim was to live an honorable and upright life. He was industrious and diligent in business and did everything well he undertook, sparing neither pains nor strength to accomplish the task before him. He believed in the Bible injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He was loyal to country, home, and friends, and a devoted and faithful husband. The ancestral home at Deerfield was dear to his heart, and the friends there among the choicest; seldom a day passed without a mention of them and the visits there in 1908 and 1914 were a constant source of delight; he loved the beautiful elms and expressed to the family home in Painesville four of the saplings and one tiny maple which are now growing there; one he called the "Alice Baker Tree," because she assisted in its uprooting from the Old Deerfield place.

In 1909 he became a life member of the P. V. M. Association and in 1914, at the reunion of the Nims Family Association and the Field meeting of the P. V. M. A., he presented a valuable paper on "Echoes from Canada." In this paper the author describes his most interesting visit to the Canadian home of Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising, Deerfield captives of 1704.

Several years ago Mr. Nims had a stone mausoleum erected in Evergreen Cemetery at Painesville, for himself

and wife, and a stained glass window made in Chicago placed therein; it was a picture of the Nims ancestral home in Deerfield, surrounded by the wonderful elms he so much admired.

He lived a useful life and passed the allotted "threescore and ten." His work was done, and he rests from his labors, beloved and mourned by those who knew him best.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ROWE.

BY PERCY W. BROWN OF CONCORD.

For many years the writer has had a great love for the Rowe hills, and in his many walks and drives has accumulated items of both historical and personal interest. The sight of an old cellar-hole with its pink fire-weed and neighboring lilac bush has always held a solemn fascination, and has brought up pictures of a once happy family.

"Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draught inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

Then, too, the roads became a subject for study; how the earliest highways were laid out in a straight line without regard for hill summits, and how an early philosopher fetched a kettle to town meeting to prove that the distance around a hill was no greater than over it.

But in a sketch of this kind, we must omit many items which would be of interest only to native Rowe-mans, and we shall confine ourselves to a general outline—touching upon a bit of Indian history not too well-known, then a few paragraphs on the early plantation days when Rowe was known as "Mr. Joneses Grant" or "Township No. 10," and lastly a brief account of the incorporation of the town and its early history.

Our narrative opens with the year 1744, when war broke out between France and England, and our grandfathers knew only too well that this European quarrel meant trouble for them on the exposed frontier. June 8th a scout was sent from Deerfield to Hoosac Mountain. They returned three days later with the report of having seen the trail of some forty Indians at the head of the west branch of North River (probably in what is now North Heath), which they followed for some distance. We infer that this scouting party must have passed through Rowe, which lies midway between Hoosac Mountain and North Heath. Sheldon records that another scout sent out from Deerfield June 13th returned two days later and "reported having seen on the Deerfield river, about eight miles above Rice's settlement at Charlemont [near the present Hoosac Tunnel station], a place where three men had made a fire and camped, and saw two coats made Indian fashion hanging up to dry."

Deerfield now was no longer a frontier post. Tiny settlements had been established "on the Charlemont," at Colrain, Fall-Town (now Bernardston), Vernon and Charlestown, N. H. The Indians had been trading and mingling with the settler, but at the outbreak of war they returned to their tribes to prepare for trouble. In Queen Anne's War (1703-13) the route of the French invasions from Canada to the Connecticut Valley had been via Lake Champlain and thence over the Green Mountains. One was by the Winooski River and down the White; another up Other Creek and down the Black, Williams or West Rivers; and third, up Wood Creek, Paulet and Indian Rivers to the Hoosick Valley and over Hoosac Mountain to the valley of the Deerfield.

To guard against these lines of approach, the Massachusetts General Court, in the summer of 1744, ordered the erection of a cordon of forts to run from Fort Dummer (built in 1724 in the present Town of Brattleboro), westerly to the New York line. Governor Shirley appointed a committee of three to build these forts, and the Chairman of this Committee was Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton.

July 20, 1744, Stoddard wrote a letter to Captain William Williams his nephew, which reads as follows:

“Sir you are hereby Directed as soon as may be to Erect a fort of the Dimensions above mentioned, and you are to employ ye soldiers under your Command, viz such of them as are effective men and to allow them by ye day in manner as above expressed and in case your soldiers chuse rather to undertake to build sd fort for sum in Gross or by ye Great you may promise them Two Hundred pounds old Tenor Exclusive of the Nails that may be necessary the fort is to be erected about five miles from Hugh Morrison’s house in Colrain in or near the line run last week Under the Direction of Col^o Tim^o Dwight by our order and you are hereby further directed as you may have Opportunity to Search out some Convenient places where two or three other forts may be Erected Each to be about five miles and a Half Distance upon the line run Last week as above mentioned or the pricked line on the platt made by Col^o Dwight you will have with you.

“and further you are to order a sufficient Guard out of the men und^r your Command to guard such persons as may be Employed in erecting sd fort and further you have liberty to Exchange of the men under your command for those that are und^r the Command of Capt. Elijah in case there be any such that will be proper to be Employed in building sd fort you will take care that the men be faithful in their business, they must be watchful and prudent for their own safety.

“There must be good account kept of the various Services in case men work by the day.

John Stoddard.

To Capt. William Williams

Northampton, July 20, 1744.”

Accompanying this letter was a certificate approving the erection of a line of forts “from Colrain to the Dutch Settlements,” with the signatures of the Committee,—John Stoddard, Ol. Partridge, and John Leonard. At the top of the letter is a memorandum:—

“The fort 60 feet Square Houses 11 feet wide Mounts 12 feet Square 7 feet high 12 feet High the fort roof of ye Houses to be shingled the Soldiers Employed to be allowed the Carpenter nine shillings others six shillings a day Old Tenor.”

Such were the instructions for the erection of Forts Shirley in Heath, Pelham in Rowe, and Massachusetts in Williamstown, and the crude dimensions for Shirley. Colonel Dwight, the father of President Dwight of Yale College, in July, 1744, had surveyed the line parallel to Hazen's Province Line at two miles' distance, on which two of the forts Shirley and Pelham were to be located. Fort Shirley was completed in short order, for Stoddard began billeting himself in the fort beginning October 30, 1744. The next we hear of Fort Pelham is the following March in a letter from the Stoddard Committee:—

“Northampton, March 6, 1745

To Capt. William Williams
of Fort Shirley

Sir you are hereby fully authorised and Impowered In ten days after this Date to employ so many of the soldiers under your Command as you Judge necessary In finishing a fort in the place where the Com^{tee} for Building a Line of Block Houses &c agreed with Capt. Moses Rice to Build one and employ for that purpose the Timbers the sd Rice had drawn together (the sd Rice having Desired sd Timber may be employed for that purpose) you are to allow to a Carpenter Nine Shillings and other Effective men Six Shillings a Day Old Tenor you are to finish sd fort with all convenient speed provided the sd Rice do not within sd ten days take effectual care to your Satisfaction that he will finish it.

John Stoddard.”

Apparently Stoddard had bargained with Rice for the erection of some sort of fort on the hill-tops of Rowe. Moses Rice had come from Rutland to be the first settler in Charle-mont. He built his first cabin in the spring of 1743, near a buttonwood tree that is still standing, a few rods from the

Charlemont bridge. In June, 1755, twelve years later, Captain Rice was killed and scalped by Indians and his remains buried near-by. The grave is marked by a small monument which was dedicated in 1871.

Fort Pelham was erected on a slight swell of ground a scant half mile southeast of the old centre of Rowe. The site is now an open pasture on the farm of Edward Wright. Perry describes it as a "stockade twelve rods by twenty-four, probably enclosing nothing but a well and a small magazine, and a covered lodging-place for the garrison in one or more of the interior angles. There was certainly a mount at Pelham, in all likelihood upon the northwest corner, and under this would naturally and cheaply be the quarters for the soldiers."

Perry's conclusions were: (1) That Pelham was a purely palisaded fort constructed of upright posts or forest staddles sunk into the ground and bound together in contact with each other above, and not like Fort Shirley and the two bearing in succession on the same site (between North Adams and Williamstown) the name "Massachusetts," a jointed blockhouse of hewn timbers; (2) that it was in form a parallelogram twelve rods by twenty-four in extent, thus enclosing more than an acre and a half of dry ground on the swell of a broad hill; (3) that a trench, perhaps a foot deep, was dug around the four sides, and posts of a pretty uniform size (perhaps hewed) were set upright into the trench, unless natural trees of the right dimensions were already growing in line, and then the earth thrown back into the trench and upon both sides of the staddles, which now (1894) forms the pillow of turf that can be traced almost unbroken, particularly on the south and east sides; (4) that the well of the old fort was near the middle of the enclosure and upon the highest ground within it, and that the removal of four or five large stones that now choke the opening would practically restore the digging of 1745, and discover with certainty whether it was originally walled up within or constructed with corner-posts like the corresponding well at Shirley; (5) that the considerable circular depression a little northwest of the old well either indicated that the

magazine of the fort was in part, at least, a substructure, or that the beginning of an unfinished well there was thwarted by a ledge, and a thorough excavation at that point might reveal which of the two, and possibly a stone floor or some remains of side walls; (6) that the main opening into the parade of the fort was, undoubtedly, on the north side, along which, at some distance farther north, on account of the head of a swamp in the direct line east and west, the military road from Fort Shirley certainly passed in a northerly curve to the west, the straight west line being resumed about half a mile farther on; (7) that the fort was placed where it was by the rude engineers of the time near the head waters of what came in consequence to be called Pelham Brook, in order to guard against access to the Déerfield by means of one of its many tributaries by parties of French and Indians coming from the north with hostile intent; (8) that the mount (or mounts) of the fort gave to the sentinel a wide survey of glorious mountain scenery in every direction, and that to the west Greylock itself, then as now, towered with bended arch above the long range of the Hoosacs; and (9) that the barracks of the men posted at Fort Pelham, of whom twenty was about the complement during King George's War, were within the pickets and probably at the corners in connection with the mount or mounts, although, naturally enough, there are no such remains of chimneys and ovens and bricks there as fairly clutter the ground at Fort Shirley.

We have seen that Capt. Moses Rice of Charlemont had agreed to build the fort. But Stoddard's letter of March 6, 1745, authorizes Williams to finish the fort and in so doing to "employ so many of the soldiers" under his command as were necessary and to "employ for that purpose the Timbers the sd Rice had drawn together." Williams was further instructed to "finish sd fort with all convenient speed," "provided the sd Rice do not within sd ten days take effectual care to your satisfaction that he will finish it." This letter reveals a delay in constructing the fort on the part of Rice, but history does not tell us whether it was Rice, or the soldiers under Captain William Williams at Fort Shirley,

who finished the work. Perry holds to the latter theory. An interesting question, however, presents itself. By March 6, 1745, the date of the letter, the fort had been partly constructed. The frost could hardly have been out of the ground so early in the year, and we are left to speculate as to whether the work was started in 1745 or in the fall of 1744.

Now, Dr. Perry tells us that there is little doubt that the old military road continued west from Fort Pelham in Dwight's line and passing Pulpit Rock to the right followed the present road southwesterly to the Deerfield at Hoosac Tunnel station. After a careful search of all available sources the writer is forced to disagree with this contention, and submits the following argument:—Dr. Perry's only authority cited is Colonel Stoddard's order to Captain Williams in 1744, "and you are hereby further directed as you may have Opportunity to Search out some Convenient places where two or three other forts may be Erected Each to be about five miles and a Half Distance upon the line run the Last week as above mentioned or the pricked line on the platt made by Col^o Dwight wh^c platt you will have with you." Nowhere is there any record of the building of any road or the blazing of any trail west of Fort Pelham. No fort was ever constructed five and a half miles west of Pelham which would be on the heights of Florida and Monroe, and the third fort in the cordon was Massachusetts, built the same year (1745) in the township of North Adams some fifteen miles southwest of Pelham. The steep slopes in the western part of Rowe and west of the Deerfield would discourage any surveyor from laying out a trail to be travelled by pack horses. The topography of Rowe one to two miles west of Pelham is such that any engineer would draw a fairly straight line in a southwesterly direction and not a line due west forming a right angle with another due south. It was the custom for New England towns to build two intersecting main roads, one north and south and the other east and west. We shall see in a later chapter how the town of Rowe in 1786, forty-one years later, voted to establish the road four rods wide, west of Fort Pelham side, to the "west line of Lieut. Abner Chapin's farm," where it stopped; and how

the town at the same time voted to establish a road two rods wide from William Steel's northeast corner (near Steele Brook) to the southeast corner of Abner Chapin's, meeting the four-rod "main road leading east and west through the Town." The road from the Cressy Neighborhood down to the Tunnel was first used in the 1860s and became a public road some 20 years later. The map of 1793 shows five roads, the east road to Heath, north road to Whitingham over Streeter Hill, north road from the old center past the Robert Wells farm to Readsborough, south road to Charlemont over the mountain, and the southwest road to Zoar. The west roads are omitted as they but connected outlying farms and led to no town.

When Capt. Moses Rice agreed to draw the timber for Fort Pelham, there must have been some kind of trail from his cabin to the fort site. Furthermore, the ancient Mohawk Trail crossed the Deerfield a mile and a half above Rice's, ascended the heights on the southerly slopes of Todd Mountain and crossed Hoosac Mountain in a northwesterly direction. This was used by the early settlers with their pack horses and cattle. Finally, we have the diary of John Norton, the chaplain appointed to these forts in 1745.

"Thursday, August 14, 1746.—I left Fort Shirley in company with Dr. Williams, and about fourteen of the soldiers; we went to Pelham fort, and from thence to Capt. Rice's, where we lodged that night. Friday, the 15th, we went from thence to Fort Massachusetts, where I designed to have tarried about a month." Rice's homestead was about midway between Deerfield and Fort Massachusetts and the valiant captain was so often forced to act as host to travellers that he petitioned the General Court for assistance.

The old road from Isaiah Adams's above Rogers mills southerly over Adams Mountain has long since been closed (1837) to all but a stray traveler, but is still known locally as Norton's Trail. This was the military road.

John Norton was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1716, was graduated at Yale College in 1737, was ordained in 1741 in Deerfield to be the minister of Falltown (Bernardston) and

was appointed chaplain of the forts in 1745. He began his new duties in February, 1746. August 1, 1746, he came from Shirley to Pelham and continued on to Rice's. The following day he arrived at Massachusetts, intending to stay a month. But on August 20 the Fort surrendered to 800 French and Indians under Vaudreuil and the 20 inmates were carried captives to Canada. In this siege, which lasted 24 hours, the chaplain shared the honors with Sergeant John Hawks, the gallant commander, and this fight forms one of the most brilliant pages in American History. He returned to Boston August 16, 1747, and took his family to Springfield. In November, 1748, he settled in the ministry at East Hampton, Conn., where he died in 1778. For many years there stood in Shirley field a rude headstone with the following inscription:—

Here lys ye body of An^{na}

D: of ye Rev.

Mr. John Norton. She died

Aug. ye — aged — 1747.

It requires but little imagination to picture the hardships of life in Shirley Fort and the desolation felt by the young wife and children during the chaplain's captivity of one year. His place as chaplain for the line of forts was never filled.

In his diary, Norton states that he travelled from Fort Shirley to Pelham and thence to Massachusetts by way of Rice's, in company with Dr. Williams and about fourteen soldiers. This Dr. Williams was Thomas Williams, half brother of Captain Ephraim Williams, and was born in Newton in 1718, which would make him 28 years of age at this time. He was the surgeon for the line of forts, having become such probably when John Norton was made the chaplain and Ephraim Williams the captain. Dr. Williams arrived at Fort Massachusetts August 15, 1746, with Norton and fourteen soldiers, but left the fort the following day for Deerfield "with fourteen men," and so escaped capture when Fort Massachusetts surrendered.

Captain Ephraim Williams, later the founder of Williams College, was in full command of the line of forts, twelve in

all, including Deerfield, from June 9, 1745, to December 10, 1746.

The war continued in a desultory way in various parts of New England. In 1748 various moves were made by the authorities at Boston which indicates their determination to make that year a decisive one. Fort Massachusetts and No. 4 (Charlestown, N. H.,) were made the important centers, probably to the neglect of the Shirley and Pelham forts. The Hobbs fight (12 miles west from Fort Dummer) took place in June, 1748; and another attack by the French and Indians on Fort Massachusetts in August, this time proving unsuccessful. Captain Ephraim Williams had only shortly before changed his headquarters from Shirley to Fort Massachusetts.

The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed October 18, 1748, which terminated the hostilities between England and France. Nevertheless, the New England frontiers remained in a state of semi-hostilities until the outbreak of the next war in 1754. All the garrisons, however, were reduced and Shirley and Pelham became relatively unimportant as outposts.

Capt. Ephraim Williams remained in command of the new Fort Massachusetts, rebuilt in 1747, but thereafter the line of forts to the eastward was under a separate command. Capt. Israel Williams, half-cousin of Ephraim and nephew of Col. John Stoddard, in 1748 was given command of the forts with headquarters at Shirley. He then had 36 men at Shirley, 30 at Pelham, 25 at Morrison's Fort in Colrain, 16 at South Fort in Colrain, and 12 at New Hampton and Blandford. Lieut. Samuel Childs commanded at Fort Pelham, with John Foster as Sergeant and Samuel Barnard as Clerk. Sheldon quotes a tradition to the effect that Joshua Hawks's son Jared Hawks was born at the Fort March 27, 1752, perhaps the first baby within the present limits of Rowe. Following is the list of men at Fort Pelham in 1748:

Lieut. Samuel Childs,	Deerfield	Joseph Bucknan,	Oxford
Clerk Samuel Barnard,	"	Aaron Rice,	Rutland
Sergt. John Foster,	"	Ebenezer Altbee,	Holliston
Cent. ^l Moses Copley,	Suffield	Joseph Gould,	Hopkinton

Donel Warner,	Suffield	Elias Witt,	Marlborough
Joel Kent,	"	Josiah Child,	Grafton
Joseph Balljun,	Springfield	Samuel Allen,	Kingston
Moses Wright,	Northfield	John Post,	Brimfield
Josiah Burnham,	Deerfield	Aaron Graves,	"
Archalaus Beadeau,	Weston	John Bagg,	Springfield
Ezekiel Foster,	Deerfield	Jthamar Healey,	Rehoboth
Jacob Foster,	"	Samuel Abbott,	Lamktown
Joshua Wells,	"	Josiah Walker,	Westborough
Jonathan Evans,	Somers	Ralph Wardell,	Longmeadow
Joshua Hawks,	Deerfield	Samuel Ball,	Springfield

The muster roll of the garrison at Fort Massachusetts extending from December 11, 1749, to June 3, 1750, gives twenty-one men to Fort Massachusetts, five expressly to Fort Shirley, and five, apparently, to Fort Pelham, although, as Perry points out, the official indorsement mentions only "Eph^m Williams and Co. at Fort Massachusetts." The five apparently given to Fort Pelham are

Joseph Allen, Sergeant
 Joshua Hawks, Cent.
 Joshua Wells, Cent.
 Daniel Donnilson, Cent.
 William Stevens, Cent.

On November 1, 1748, Capt. Williams had 88 at Shirley, Pelham and Colrain, but then dismissed 35, retaining 53 men until April '3, 1749. Lieut. William Lyman in his return gives 26 as the number in the entire line of forts, from June, 1749, to January, 1750.

On June 13, 1754, Governor Shirley sent a message to the House of Representatives which contains the following:—
 "Upon this Occasion I must put you in mind of the hazardous Condition Fort Pelham and Fort Shirley are now in, if there should be any sudden Assault from the Indians on that Frontier; we must expect that the thing they will do would be to burn those forts, which they might easily do in their present Circumstances. Therefore I must recommend it to you, that provision be made that some better care may be taken for preserving them."

Israel Williams, now Colonel in command of the northern regiment in Hampshire County, was entrusted with the defence of the northwestern frontier. He drew a sketch of the region for Governor Shirley, to whom he recommended the abandonment of Pelham and Shirley Forts, and the establishment of forts in the valley on the north side of Deerfield River, Taylor Fort at East Charlemont enclosing the houses of Othniel and Jonathan Taylor, the same arrangement in the western part of Charlemont, at the houses of Gershom and Seth Hawks. The General Court accepted these plans and Rowe and Heath again became a wilderness. Two interesting letters addressed to Othniel Taylor at Charlemont may here be inserted as showing the service of scouts in and about Rowe:—

“Colrain, May the 18, 1758.

S^r I have ordered the scout from this place to go once in a week to Deerfield River about 8 miles above the province Line, and fall town (Bernardston) Scout to strike the North River 6 miles above us, and direct you to send your Scout once a week to Deerfield River at the province line. we have no news, but all well.

I am your sevnt, John Catlin.”

“Colrain, May the 30, 1758.

S^r Last Sunday night I rec’d an account from Sergt. Hawks that his Scout had made Some discovery of an Enemy not far from pelham fort. These are therefore to direct you to taek one man from your fort with you and go to Rice’s, and taek two men there to Hawks’ and taek Samuel Morrison with one man, five in whole, and go to the place where they took their start, and made a thourer Search, and if you make no discovery then carry the Scout as hy up as the province Line, and make return to me.

Your Sevnt, John Catlin.”

The following letter from Governor Shirley to John Stoddard, dated April 10, 1747, is especially interesting in

showing the continued plan to build a fort west of Pelham. The letter is so full of interest that we give it in full:—

“The General Court having come to a Resolution respecting the Defence of the Frontiers, and provided for erecting a Number of Blockhouses, particularly one at or near the Place where Massachusetts Fort stood, another to the Westward of Fort Pelham, and third between Colerain and Fall Town, (for the building of which you have my order herewith enclosed), and having voted Pay and Subsistence to the Garrisons to be placed in such Blockhouses, and the Soldiers to be posted in other Places particularly mention’d, I shall give Orders to Brigadier Dwight to draw out of his Regimt so many Men as with those now in the Service in the County of Hampshire will make up the full number allowed on this Establishmt for Garrison Soldiers; And I desire that you and he would agree upon the Distribution of them accordingly, viz Twenty Men for a Garrison at Northfield, and as many at Colerain, Thirty at the new Massachusetts Fort. At Fort Shirley, Fort Pelham, the Blockhouse at Fall Town, The Blockhouses to be built one between Colerain and Pelham and the other to the Westward of Fort Pelham twenty Men each. And you must give Orders to the Commanding Officers of the several Forts and Blockhouses that will be garrisoned by other Soldiers than those of Brigadier Dwight’s Regiment (as I shall direct him to do respecting those Officers in the Service that are in his Regimt) to keep a constant Scout from one Blockhouse to another to give proper Advices and Signals of the Appearance of the Enemy, and to the Commanding Officers at Massachusetts Fort to keep out a Scout Westwards of said Fort, and all of them to keep Journals of their Proceedings and transmit them to you: You must put ten of the Inhabitants of Colerain and as many of the Inhabitants of Green River above Deerfield into the Pay of the Province.

“Besides the Recruits you will have from Brigr Dwight for the Garrisons before mention’d, I shall order him to draw out a hundred Men for a Marching Company to scout on your Borders, and more especially for covering the Men that will be employed in building the new Blockhouses;

In the disposition of which as well as in all matters relating to the Defence of your Frontier I shall order him to advise with you from time to time.

I am

Sir,

Your most Assur'd
Friend and Servant

Col^o John Stoddard.

W. Shirley”

Col. Israel Williams under date of September 12, 1754, wrote to Governor Shirley in part as follows:—

“I conclude by this time you are fully inform’d of the hostile attacks of the Indians, and the mischief done by them in our own Frontiers and the neighboring Governments—It is now open war with us, and a dark distressing scene opening. . . .

“Herewith I send a plan of the Western Parts of this Province by which your Excellency will be able to form a judgment of our situation and whether what I am about to propose will serve the general Interest of the whole which is,—That there be a Garrison at Fall Town, another at Morrisons in Colrain, two at Charlemont, Massachusetts Fort and a garrison at Pontoosook. The People are preparing for their defence, as I suppose, and the charge of making those places sufficient will not as I apprehend be very great to the Government.

“I propose that there be at least fifty men at Fort Massachusetts, thirty at Pontoosook, they to maintain a constant scout from Stockbridge thro the Western part of Framingham township, and the West Township at Hooseck to the said Fort and from thence to the top of Hoosack Mountain. That there be 14 men at Fall Town, 20 at Morrisons and 12 at each garrison at Charlemont, these to perform a constant scout from Connecticut River against Northfield to the top of Hooseck Mountain. These scouts thus performed will cross all the roads the Enemy ever travel to come within the aforesaid Line of Forts. There will doubtless be more wanted for the Protection of some places within the Line. However if the scouting be faithfully performed there will not, I ap-

prehend, any considerable body of the enemy get within the Line aforesaid undiscovered and there will be a great restraint upon small parties who will be afraid of being ensnared.

"The reasons why I would neglect Shirley and Pelham Fort is because the Indians were scarce ever known the last war to come down Deerfield River, and that road is very bad and almost impassable. Shirley is rotten and if maintained must be rebuilt. That at Morrisons will answer as well and can be much easier supplied. After all if our Government would build a Fort upon the top of Hoo-seck Mountain between Pelham and Fort Massachusetts it would shorten the scouting and answer as well the first proposed line thro Charlemont."

Governor Shirley replied to this letter of Israel Williams in part as follows:—

"I am extremely well satisfied with the great care and vigilance you have already shewed for the protection and safety of the people upon the Western Frontier. . . .

"The plan you sent hath been of great service for my information in the state of Western Frontier, and I much approve of the Line of Forts proposed by you for the defence and protection of it, by marching parties or scouts.

"So far as I could go in the execution of it before the meeting of the General Court, I have gone and proposed to his Majesty's Council the augmentation of the Garrison of Fort Massachusetts with 25 men, and 30 men to be posted and employed in scouting as you shall think most for the protection of the frontier under your care, which you will find they have advised to, and you will raise the men accordingly.

"When the General Court meets I shall endeavor to carry the remainder of your scheme into execution, and shall make the protection and defence of that part of the Province, in the most effectual manner in every respect, one of the principal objects of my attention."

From 1754 to 1785.

Rufus Putnam was one of the heroes of the Revolutionary War, upon whose career the pen of the historian has touched too lightly. Overshadowed perhaps by his more picturesque

uncle, Israel Putnam, Colonel Rufus Putnam was probably of greater value to the American cause; and as Washington's Chief of Engineers his service was incalculable. However, it is an event in his varied career which took place in the "Old French War" that concerns us now.

Born in 1738 his boyhood was not different from that of other New England boys, learned in the art of hunting and woodcraft. When nearly sixteen he was bound as an apprentice to the mill-wright trade under a brother-in-law at Brookfield. For the next three years he practiced his trade and at the same time acquired a large brawny frame possessed of great muscular strength.

The war between England and France had broken out in 1754. The news of the battles, Braddock's defeat, the exploits of Israel Putnam, must have fired his youthful mind, for in his nineteenth year he enlisted as a private soldier in the Company of 100 under Capt. Ebenezer Learned. The term of service was to be from March 15, 1757, to February 2, 1758. The last of April, 1757, the company left Brookfield for Kinderhook, N. Y., about eighteen miles below Albany. The rest of the campaign was spent in the Hudson Valley, mostly between Albany and Fort Edward. New Year's Day, 1758, found the company at Stillwater on the east side of the Hudson, near the spot where the Battle of Bemis Heights was later to decide the fate of Burgoyne. The men were eagerly awaiting Candlemas (February 2d), when they would be released from servitude.

From the movements of Captain Skene, the Commander of the stockade garrison, they suspected that he intended to hold them in service beyond the limit of their enlistment. So they quietly made arrangements for their journey and constructed snow-shoes for each man. Capt. Learned then returned from a furlough; and when apprised of the plan, he consented to lead them. The 2d of February came and Capt. Skene read an order from Gen. Abercrombie, directing him to persuade the Massachusetts men to remain a few days until he could hear from that Government. The men replied that he is a good soldier who serves his full time.

True to their purpose, about three o'clock in the morning of the 3d they left the garrison, seventy in number under Capt. Learned. The distance to Hoosack Fort (in Williamstown) was 30 miles and was allotted for two days' march. The provisions had been saved from the daily rations for a week or so previous. The snow in the woods proved deeper than expected, while a snow storm on the second day bewildered the leaders. Three wild turkeys were killed, which added a little to the scanty stock of provisions. On the fourth day they found that they had missed the way and had been following the wrong stream. This branch, it seems, led them into the New Hampshire grants where Bennington, Vt., is now located.

We now quote from Putnam's *Journal*, which is deposited in the library of the college at Marietta, Ohio. "Sundown we came upon the top of a very large mountain, (Woodford and Searsburg), which seemed to be the height of land, and now we were satisfied whereabouts we were. We judged ourselves to be 30 miles northwest of Hoosack. The weather was exceeding cold, and the snow five feet deep and the provisions very short. February 7. This morning thirty of us made a good Breakfast of a small poor turkey without salt or bread; and now our provision was gone. In about 5 miles from where we Lodged, we came upon a Small Stream (near Heartwellville) descending toward the South East, at the seeing of which we were all very much rejoiced; there seemed to be a smiling countenance on all the Company, to think that we got on the Borders of New England. And on our way down this stream, there were several small streams come into it, so that it got to be a large River. This night we camped but felt exceeding faint for want of victuals, but yet our Courage held out. At present Courage was the only thing we had to support us, except it was Beech buds and some high swamp Cranberries.

"Feb. 8. This day we had exceeding bad travelling all day, and the River turned contrary to our expectations; so that we had but little hopes of getting into any Post these some days. It was now exceeding stormy weather and heavy travelling, only on the River (Deerfield) when the

Ice would bear; and had we not had some relief by that means, we had all perished in the woods. About Sundown we came to camp and being exceeding faint, living without victuals some days and we having a large dog with us, we killed him and divided him among 70 men, giving every man his equal share. . . .

"Feb. 9. This day we had better travelling on the River and it seemed to steer the way we wanted [they had rounded the Great Bend at Hoosac Tunnel], and about noon we came to where some trees were cut for shingles [probably near Hoosac Tunnel], and at night we came to where one of our men knew the ground [Zoar where Pelham Brook meets the Deerfield], and told the Capt. we were within three miles of Hawk's Fort, on the Charlemont; notwithstanding the Capt. would not go on because a great part of the men had froze their feet, and were at least two miles behind. But we went to Camping (on Zoar flats), and the Capt. and James Call, who knew the ground went down the river about a mile when the Capt. was Satisfied the man knew as much as he pretended, and then sent him on, and ordered him to have a breakfast prepared in the morning; after which the Capt. returned back to us by which time those lame men came up, and as the Capt. came up to us, we were all very zealous to hear what news? But we soon learned by the Captain's countenance, before he got within some rods of us and as the Capt. came up to us, he said. Eat what you have to eat this night; for the promised land is just by. Some were for going on this night, but the Capt. told them; No, by no means, for it would hazard the lives of a great many. The news that the Capt. brought raised the Spirits of all the men, so that those whose Countenance looked sad, were brought to a very smiling Complection.

"Feb. 10. This morning we set out on our march, and about one mile from where we camped, we saw three men a-coming up the River which we were glad to see, and when they come to us, we found that one of them was the man we sent on the night before and he brought out some bread and meat boiled; which we recd. very Kindly, and about ten o'clock we came into Hawk's Fort on Charlemont, when

we Refreshed ourselves until about noon; after which we marched to Rice's Fort about one mile, where twenty of us stayed, all which were lame by reason of their feet being froze on our march except Samuel Dexter, Lemuel Cobb, and myself. Through all this march I brought Ichabod Dexter's pack, because he froze his feet before we set out from Stillwater, and I tarried to help him along further."

The next day twenty of the men, including Putnam, continued to Taylor's Fort. Putnam then continued to Deerfield, Hadley, Greenwich, and arrived at his home in Brookfield Feb. 15th.

The origin of the appellation of Pelham is of considerable interest to lovers of Rowe. We can do no better than quote Perry again. "Henry Pelham was nobody in particular except the brother of the Duke of Newcastle, but he became a first lord of the British Treasury in 1743, and was virtually prime minister of England thereafter till his death in 1754, when William Pitt, whose gradual introduction into high public place by Pelham was the latter's greatest service to his country, stepped boldly though tentatively into the chief control of affairs, and in five years put an end to French domination in America. The rustic Colonial politicians were wont to keep a sharp eye on the drift of things in England, and knew who the rising statesmen were over there whenever any such seemed to show up their heads. Besides this, it is said that Henry Pelham made a personal tour of Massachusetts a little before the outbreak of King George's War; and at any rate, the old county of Hampshire, for one or both of these reasons, exhibited to the world a township, a fort, and a mountain stream, all called after his name at just about the same time."

The tract comprising the town of Pelham was first sold to Colonel Stoddard of Northampton, and was known as Stoddard's Town. Later he sold it to some settlers from Worcester, and the name was changed to Pelham at the time of incorporation in 1742. Probably Col. Stoddard gave the same name to the fort in Rowe, for he was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the erection of the cordon forts west of Colrain. He has been called "one of that

great trio which had John Pynchon of Springfield for its first member, and Col. Samuel Partridge of Hatfield for its second, and which ruled or led Western Massachusetts through an entire century of its history."

First Permanent Settlement.

In February, 1762, the Great and General Court of Massachusetts appointed a committee to sell "nine Townships and 10,000 acres of the Province Lands" in the counties of Hampshire and Berkshire. In accordance with its instructions the committee, on June 2, 1762, held a public auction at the Royal Exchange Tavern in King Street, Boston; and the tenth parcel was bid in by one Cornelius Jones for 380 pounds. Apparently there was some competitive bidding, for the 10,000 acres had been "set up at three Hundred Pounds." The conditions of the sale were "that within the space of five years there be residing on said Land twenty five Inhabitants, each to have a Dwelling-House of the Dimensions above mentioned (24 feet long, 18 feet wide and 7 feet Studd), and each seven acres of Land well cleared and Fenced."

Probably the same year, 1762, Rev. Cornelius Jones emigrated from Sandisfield in Berkshire where he had been the minister of the Congregational Church since its formation in 1756. The Sandisfield parish must have been small, for his ordination was held in a barn a year before the erection of a meeting-house, and the congregation the first year totaled only fourteen. Holland states that Mr. Jones was dismissed from the Sandisfield Church in 1761. The craze for land which our forbears possessed is hard for us to realize in these modern times when half the American people are classed as urban. At any rate we find the Reverend Mr. Jones acquiring title to a tract of land four miles square, whither he moved his family comprising his wife, two daughters and several sons. The grant reads as follows:—"A Tract of Land bounded North on the Province Line, East on Land belonging to Messrs. Green and Walker and Bulfinch, South partly on Charlemont, to extend West to make the Contents of Ten Thousand acres to Cornelius Jones for

Three Hundred and eighty Pounds, and have received of him Ten Pounds, and taken his Bond, with John Chadwick for Three Hundred and seventy Pounds." This act is dated June 11, 1762.

Holland tells us that "he erected a small house of split planks, and brought his family into the wilderness where there was not another house within six or seven miles," namely, "on the Charlemont." To this tract he gave the name of Myrifield. The writer has always been skeptical of the story that this name was a corruption of My-rye-field, and believes this to be but a pretty myth. Much more likely is it that Myrifield is a poetic spelling of Merryfield; and in fact the map of Green & Walker's Grant drawn in 1779, to show the tract of 7000 acres proposed to be added to Mr. Jones's original purchase, gives the spelling in two places,—Merryfield; while in an old Charlemont grant of 1774 the spelling is Murryfield.

The ninth of these ten parcels of land which were sold at auction in 1762 was incorporated three years later (1765) under the name of Murrayfield, in honor of William Murray, Lord Mansfield; and it continued under that name until 1783, when the name was changed to Chester. Is it possible that Murryfield suggested to our early settlers the name of Merryfield, and that later this was modified to Myrifield,—phonetically somewhat similar but with a distinctly different spelling?

Mr. Jones is credited with having offered his lands at a low price, which induced others to come in and settle; among whom, Holland states, were the following Worcester County men,—Jonathan Lamb, Artemas Ward, Michael Wilson, Nathan Howard, Gideon Chapin, Henry Gleason, Archibald and Joseph Thomas, Matthew Barr, John Humphrey and William Taylor. Archibald Thomas came from Boston.

The first settlement in the neighboring town of Heath was made by Jonathan Taylor of Charlemont in 1765, three years after Mr. Jones came to Rowe. Holland is authority for the following story in regard to the two towns:—"About 1777 a long series of difficulties commenced between Rev. Mr. Leavitt (of Heath) and the people of

Charlemont. Some thought Mr. Leavitt preached Arminianism. His political sentiments were generally disliked. He did not seem to share in his people's zeal for the Revolution. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Jones of Rowe came to deal with Mr. Leavitt for his religious or political heresies. Mr. Jones, armed with a bayonet fastened to a rake's tail, marched at the head of his parishioners, who were also armed, but what success they met with does not appear."

Mr. Jones was a native of Bellingham and a graduate of Harvard College in the Class of 1752. His efforts in Rowe will be taken up in a later chapter. In February, 1779, he conveyed to William Parkhurst and Company of Brookfield, all the lands he owned in Myrifiel, some 10,000 acres, for the sum of £9,000 in Continental money which was never redeemed. He removed to Whitehall, N. Y., where he died a poor man.

Meanwhile the plantation of Myrifiel continued to grow. The eight families of 1770 had increased to 28 families by 1775. Annual appropriations were made for the "Gospel Schools, Roads and other Necessary charges," and officers were chosen. It was a town in all but name only. September 18, 1782, a committee of three, Joseph Nash, Archibald Thomas and Eldad Corbet, petitioned the General Court for an act of incorporation, the name to be changed to Exeter. No reason appears for the selection of this name. The petition came up for consideration the following month, but failed of passage. In September, 1783, a year later, a longer and more detailed petition was submitted, which reads as follows:—

"To The Honorable the Great and General Court or assembly of the Commonwealth of the Massachusetts.

"The petition of the inhabitants of a Grant of land formerly made to Mr. Cornelius Jones of Ten Thousand acres called by the name of Myrifiel in the County of Hampshire Humbly Shews that your petitioners have Repeated by Requested incorporations into a Township together with some addition from other places Viz Beginning at the S. West Corner of the beforementioned Grant of land, thence

running South two hundred Rods to a Corner, thence Running East 6 Degrees South 1566 Rods to a Corner, thence North 1343 Rods to the New-State line including the abovementioned Grant, together with two Hundred Rods in width from the Town of Charlemont, with some Grants of land West of Charlemont on the South Side of sd Myrifiel, also together with 200 Rods in Width, on the East end, from the lands called Green & Walkers—we would at this time Renew our Request that your Honours would Speedily Grant our Request for the privileges of an incorporated Township with the additions before mentioned by the name of Exeter and as this place has been looked upon to be cut in two by the county line crossing the same we Desire the whole be set to the County of Hampshire.

“Furthermore as the Honorable Court Resolved an abatement of one third part of our Taxes in April 1780, and as it appeared Reasonable to the Committee of the Honorable House last year that the treasurer be Discharged of ye same &c we pray a final Determination may soon take place and as it appeared to the Honorable House last year that there was a mistake in one of the Requisitions for Beef sent to us, and as we had only a Reciept in part, yet it was Right to Discharge us of the whole Notwithstanding we find that we are Ranked with those places that are Delinquent in paying in their proportion. Our prayer is that your Honors would take these matters into your Consideration, that the whole of these affairs may soon be brought to a Conclusion.

“We further [illegible] that as we have been under a Necessity for the Support of the Gospel, Schools, Roads and other Necessary charges, to grant money annually and chose officers to collect the same as in Duty Bound. In the Behalf of the inhabitants.

Myrifiel	Henry Willson	} Committee”
Sept. 12, 1783	Archibald Thomas	
	Benj ⁿ Brown	

This petition came up for action a year later and was finally acted upon favorably in February, 1785. It is written in a beautiful hand and with but one word misspelled. Perhaps

the author was Archibald Thomas, who had been a deacon in a Boston church.

The eleventh hour petition (Feb. 1, 1785) of "Jonas Gleason Agent" that "the Land called Fulhams mite not be incorporated with s^d Plantation save so much as will Lay it in a square forme," proved ineffectual.

Following is the act of incorporation which was passed by the General Court February 9, 1785.

"An Act for incorporating a Grant of Land, formerly made to Mr. Cornelius Jones, of ten Thousand Acres, called by the name of Myrifield, in the County of Hampshire, together with other Lands adjoining, and the Inhabitant thereon, into a separate Town, by the name of Rowe.

"Whereas a number of the inhabitants of the plantation called Myrifield in the county of Hampshire, have petitioned this Court to be incorporated into a Town, for reasons set forth in their petition, and it appearing to this court that it is expedient that the said plantation be incorporated:

"Sect. 1. Be it therefore enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the lands hereafter described, viz—Beginning at the southwest corner of the beforementioned grant of land, thence running south two hundred rods to a corner, thence running east six degrees south, one thousand five hundred and sixty-six rods to a corner, thence north one thousand three hundred and forty-three rods to the line of a territory called Vermont, including the above-mentioned grant, together with two hundred rods in width from the town of Charlemont, and from Pierce's, Dennis's, and the whole of Fulham's grant of land west of Charlemont, on the south side of the said Myrifield, also, together with two hundred rods in width on the east end from the land called Green and Walker's lands, together with the inhabitants, thereon, be, and they are hereby incorporated into a distinct town, by the name of Rowe, and invested with all the power, privileges and immunities, that towns in this Commonwealth are entitled to, or do or may enjoy according to the law.

"Sect. 2. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That Samuel Taylor, of Buckland, Esq. be, and

he hereby is empowered to issue his warrant directed to some principal inhabitant within the said town of Rowe, directing him to warn the inhabitants of the said town qualified to vote in town affairs, to assemble at some convenient time and place in the same town, to choose all such town officers as by law are to be chosen annually, in the month of March.

“Sect. 3. Provided nevertheless, The inhabitants of the said town of Rowe, which were before the passing of this Act inhabitants of any other town or place, shall pay their proportionable part of all such town, county and State taxes, as are already assessed or levied on them by the town or place where they usually were taxed.

“Sect. 4. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the whole and every part of the said town of Rowe be hereafter included within the county of Hampshire; and that the west bound thereof shall be the boundary line, between the counties of Hampshire and Berkshire.”

Both petitions called for the name,—Exeter; yet the act established the name,—Rowe. No written evidence has ever been found to account for this change. Tradition says that it was made in honor of John Rowe, a well-known Boston merchant and man-of-affairs, and that he promised to give the town a bell. This promise was never carried out, perhaps because at that time there was no suitable place in which to hang the bell, and John Rowe died two years later. The bell is still in existence and is in the possession of one of his brother's descendants, who is living in Boston.

The first town meeting was held March 30, 1785, at which town officers were chosen, including Capt. William Taylor, Isaac Langdon and Moses Streeter as Selectmen; Nathan Foster, Town Clerk; Archibald Thomas, Constable; William Hartwell, Tax Collector; and Deacon Jonas Gleason, Town Treasurer.

Shays' Insurrection.

In common with other towns, Rowe felt the pressure of the times immediately following the Revolutionary War. The drafts for men and money, the scarcity of money and

its depreciation in value, the increase in debts, and the want of confidence in government, were "grievances," as they were called. On August 22, 1786, conventions were held in the counties of Hampshire, Berkshire and Middlesex to "consult on matters of public grievance." About 1500 men had actually assembled under arms at Northampton and prevented the sitting of the court.

In December, 1786, Daniel Shays, who had been a captain in a Massachusetts regiment, marched into Springfield at the head of 300 malcontents and seized the court-house. A month later state troops put down the insurrection and Shays escaped to Vermont, receiving his pardon in 1788.

There is a tradition in Rowe that one of the Steels, for whom Steele Brook was named, was a sympathizer if not an active participator in this insurrection. At any rate the town on October 2, 1786, chose a Committee of Safety having five members, Deacon Jonas Gleason, Nathan Foster, Eldad Corbet, Joseph Nash and Nathaniel Morrill, "to inspect any Disorders that may arise in this Town in this Juncture of time in which civil law is so much Disturbed and to suppress Criminality as much as possible." At the same meeting the town voted "that Joseph Steel and James Trask criminals, be kept Prisoners in and on the cost of this Town untill the said Committee can consult with some other Town or Towns to know what further measures may be taken with them." The records reveal nothing further, but Pressey describes an old yellowed paper bearing the signature of William.

Roads.

The earliest road in Rowe was without any doubt, a rough cart-path or bridle-way over the mountain from Charlemont to Fort Pelham, which later bore the name of King's Highway, and today is called Norton's Trail. The second road was probably the road to Heath, following in general the trail between Pelham and Shirley. The north road to Readsborough, Pressey calls the Bennington, as he contends that the soldiers took this route in 1777 to join the American forces in the Bennington Campaign.

The earliest road map of Rowe is that furnished the State in 1793 by the selectmen. Two ruled parallel lines are drawn due north and south which bisect the parallelogram of Rowe. They cross Pelham Brook between the sawmill and "corn mill" of Moses Rogers. The lower section of this road is called the "south road to Readsborough." Leaving the southern road just north of Rogers mills and drawn with free hand parallel with the brook is the "southwest road to Zoar." In the exact center on the west side of this main artery of travel is the meeting-house. The "east road to Heath" is placed approximately where it is now. Curiously, the west road is omitted (although it had been accepted seven years before), probably because it led to no town. The history of the other roads is too complicated for this short paper.

Churches of Rowe.

It is believed that Rev. Cornelius Jones built his house near the old Wells-Ford house, three-quarters of a mile east of the subsequent center of the town, and that the dwelling was made of planks split from white ash timber, floor of the same material, and the roof covered with long split shingles. In this house Mr. Jones preached to the people every Sabbath until 1770 when a small church edifice was built on land given by himself near the southwest corner of the cross roads at the old center. Deacon Thomas in 1845 states that it was "about the size of the Orthodox house," with a door in the center of the south side, and "instead of glass windows to defend the inmates from the sweeping blast, it was surrounded by a dense forest of evergreen."

The early records were destroyed in the parsonage fire, and we find little that is authentic before 1785, when the town voted to build a pound near "the meetinghouse." We do know, however, that the Church of Christ in Myrifiel with nine signatures to the covenant was organized at a much earlier date, and that by 1776 the number had materially increased. April 4, 1785, the town voted "to hire preaching two months the year ensuing." It will be remembered that two tything-men were chosen the previous week. The fol-

lowing year, March 13, 1786, the town voted to choose a committee "to take cognizance of the old rate bill respecting building the meetinghouse which is now standing in this Town." Three years later, March 9, 1789, Asa Foster was granted £3-2 "for making 168 squares of sash fixing windows and setting glass for the meetinghouse." Apparently extensive repairs were made in the fall of 1787, as many small items appear in the old records.

Plans for a new and larger meeting-house began to be discussed and in April, 1791, the town voted to build "a Meetinghouse fifty feet long and forty feet wide." Nothing came of it because the voters could not agree upon the location. The trouble was over the question of the center of the town. Some thought that the land west of the Deerfield would never be settled, or if it were there would be no communication with the main town. Through the rest of that year, and for a good part of the next, the controversy increased. There were votes and counter votes. An article in the warrant called for a petition to the General Court at Boston to appoint a committee to determine upon the location, but happily there were enough with either a sense of humor or local pride to vote down this proposal.

Finally, it was decided to build the new meeting-house on the lot on which the old one stood; and a new structure was erected in the summer and fall of 1793. According to Deacon Thomas the frame was prepared under the leadership of Asa Foster and was ready for raising about July first. The men were assisted by the contents of a barrel of rum, and all hands had a bountiful meal prepared by the mothers, wives and daughters. The top timbers were put in place the following day under charge of Jesse Howard. Then a board floor was laid, a work-bench placed under the pulpit window with steps to ascend it, and some boards nailed up in front for a pulpit. The seats were of boards. If the town's vote was carried out, the new building was painted a cream color with red roof and green doors. It was not entirely completed for several years, as we find a number of warrants containing articles "for further finishing the meetinghouse"; but at length, at a meeting December 24, 1801, the town was im-

bued with the Christmas spirit and took definite action to finish the structure. A porch was added the following year.

Rev. Preserved Smith was ordained as the first regular pastor November 21, 1787, although Rev. Abisha Colton had done some preaching the previous year. Mr. Smith was dismissed May 30, 1804. After his dismissal, the town invited Rev. Freeman Sears of Natick, but Mr. Sears declined. The town made him a second offer with an increase in salary from \$333.33 to \$500, but Mr. Sears remained obdurate.

Rev. Jonathan Gilmore next received a call to settle, which he accepted. However, the council, when called to install him, found only a small majority in his favor, and they declined to install him.

Rev. Jonathan Keith became the second settled pastor, Jan. 6, 1808. He was a native of Bridgewater and a graduate of Brown in the Class of 1805. At his own request he was dismissed from the Rowe church June 10, 1812, after the town in 1811 had refused to pay his "debt at Deerfield," amounting to \$100. Again Rev. Preserved Smith settled as the pastor, December 2, 1812, and remained over nineteen years until his resignation March 10, 1832. His successors were Rev. William L. Stearns, 1833-1849; Rev. Stillman Barber, 1850-1852; Rev. Increase Sumner Lincoln, 1853-1860; Rev. Hiram Norton, 1861-1864; Rev. Levi Woodbury Ham, 1864-1866; Rev. William M. Bicknell, 1867-1889; Rev. John Mason W. Pratt, 1886-1888; Rev. Herman Hangerud, 1893-1895; Rev. Samuel Thomson, 1895-1896; Rev. Edward P. Pressey, 1896-1899; Rev. Walter Knight 1900-1902; Rev. Margaret B. Barnard, 1902-1916; Rev. Robert M. L. Holt, 1916-1920; Rev. Mary L. Leggett, 1920; Rev. Thomas H. Weston of Greenfield supplied the pulpit between 1885 and 1886, and Rev. Daniel H. Rogan of Athol and Mrs. Lyche of Warwick between 1888 and 1893.

In 1800 a Methodist class was formed. By 1828 the number had increased to 60, when a meeting-house was erected on the knoll east of the bridge by which the road to Heath crosses Pelham Brook. The following were preachers: Rev. Messrs. Elijah Ward, Timothy Carpenter, Samuel

Carpenter, Shachach Bostwick, Peter Van Nest, Michael Coate, Joseph Mitchell, Joseph Crawford, Freeman Bishop, Elijah R. Sabin, Daniel Ostrander, Daniel Brumley, C. Hammond, J. W. Lewis, Wm. Brodwell, Edward A. Manning and L. B. Clarke. The church did not flourish for many years and Holland, writing in 1855, stated that the society was not then prosperous. The writer, a few years ago, found the Bible in place on the pulpit opened at Lamentations, mute evidence of the Society's decline. Samuel Woffender wrote in his diary, "The last preaching service held in the old Methodist Church was in 1889, the Pastor was Rev. Emmanuel Charlton a Swede; he also preached in Charlemont." But in 1870 notices of town meetings were posted at the East Schoolhouse instead of at the "East Church."

In November, 1797, the town voted to "discharge a number of Baptists from the sallery tax," including Isaac Slatter, Job Stafford, Nathan Holton, Jacob Bliss and Cornelius Barr. Services were held in private houses and in the West Schoolhouse, and July 15, 1810, the Baptist church was organized with 27 members. The first meeting-house was built in 1835 near the West schoolhouse, close to the site of the Miller-Ayers house. Mrs. Peck describes it as follows:—"The house was painted white when built, with three windows on each side and two in the rear. The inside walls were white with an arched ceiling. The pulpit was between the two doors and the window back of it had a parted white curtain trimmed with fringe. The other windows had white curtains in later years. There was one aisle with pews or slips, six on each side that would seat about eight grown persons, and two shorter slips across each end of the open space in front. There were two rows of seats across the rear end, which were the singers' seats, each row rising a step higher. A stove in front of the north row of slips with pipe passing over the aisle, a red bookcase at the end of one of the shorter pews, a red table, and two elm seated chairs completed the furniture. . . . The house was lighted in the evening by candles or lamps on the pulpit, and table below, and by candles in little candlesticks in front of tin reflectors on the walls between the windows. Soon after the meeting-

house was built the singing was accompanied by a violin, and after that by a bass viol, but for several years a melodeon or cottage organ was carried in on Sunday."

In May, 1876, the parsonage was sold for \$250 and the meeting-house for \$40 and the money applied toward building the present Baptist meeting-house below the village school. This was dedicated December 6, 1876. The bell was acquired in 1885. The house and lot above the school-house were purchased for a Parsonage in April, 1890. The old meeting-house was moved southwest to the Kiley place, where it now forms the ell of the Kiley-Truesdell house.

Elder Samuel Carpenter became the first pastor of the Baptist Society in 1810 and continued until 1821. His successors were Rev. Arad Hall, 1824-1833; Rev. Edward Davenport, 1835; Rev. Nathaniel Ripley, 1840-1845; Rev. B. F. Remington, 1845-1847; Rev. James Parket, 1847-1850; Rev. George Carpenter, 1850-1854; Rev. Erasmus D. Fish, 1854-1865; Rev. Charles Brooks, 1865-1868; Rev. I. M. Willinarth, 1868-1870; Rev. A. A. Millard, 1870-1871; Rev. George Carpenter, 1871-1873; Rev. Rufus Smith, 1874-1875; Rev. H. C. Coombs, 1875-1877; Rev. Jacob Davis, 1877-1889; Rev. Charles G. Simmons, 1890-1892; Rev. Alfred D. Barter, 1893-1897; Rev. C. J. Harding, 1897-1898; Rev. H. C. Buffum, 1899-1901; Rev. Otis Darby, 1901-1904; Rev. J. E. Dinsmore, 1904-1907; Rev. Rolla Hunt, 1908-1910; Rev. Luther Holmes, 1910.

Rev. Samuel P. Everett was for some years a member of the church and preached at various times from 1869 until his death in 1907. He also filled the pulpit of the Baptist church in Whitingham, Vt. (six miles north of Rowe), at various times, and was the regularly settled pastor there from June 1, 1870, to January 1, 1872.

To return to the old meeting-house at the center of the town. In May, 1814, the following ambitious vote was passed,—To raise \$1,000 to repair and paint the meeting-house. "Voted to paint the body of the house a French yellow the roof a Chocolate Colour & the inside a Light Blue." But this action was rescinded shortly after and \$15 was appropriated instead. During the next few years we

find considerable discontent over the seating. The proper solution was found in 1845, when the pews, or slips, as they were called, were auctioned off to the highest bidders, and the proceeds used to defray the cost of the new edifice.

Rev. Preserved Smith changed his theological views and became a Unitarian in 1821, and his church soon accepted this denomination. March 10, 1832, he made his last prayer in Rowe at a meeting when he resigned. The following December the church extended a call to Rev. William L. Stearns, who settled the following month. In the meantime the Second Congregational Church (Orthodox) was organized April 10, 1833, with only three members, who worshipped in a barn. In 1834 they built a meeting-house near the old Unitarian meeting-house, which they used until 1856, when it was made over into a public hall. A decade later it was moved three-quarters of a mile down the hill and acquired the name of Union Hall, perhaps because Orthodox, Unitarians and Baptists have each held services in it in the hard winter months.

In 1845 the "Church of Christ in Rowe," as the old society, now Unitarian, was called, built the third meeting-house, a few rods east of the intersection of the roads. It was modeled on the plans of the churches at Greenfield and Charlemont and cost \$1673.07. The writer well remembers attending services in it twenty-two years ago. The present stone-and-wood structure was built in 1907, at what is now the center of Rowe three-quarters of a mile south of the old center, and is erected on the site of the Union Hall, which latter was sold to Arthur Fisk and removed across Pelham Brook. The new meeting-house cost \$5916.36, of which \$5000 was given by Frederic E. Smith as a memorial to his grandfather, Preserved Smith. The society was incorporated in 1911.

The Orthodox society by 1853 included 28 members. The first pastor was Rev. John C. Thomson, who was ordained in 1835. He was dismissed in June, 1837, and his successor, Rev. Andrew Govan, was settled from September, 1838, to 1842. Rev. Benjamin F. Clarke was settled from 1843 to 1850 and was succeeded by Rev. J. Pomeroy. When their

meeting-house was moved down the hill, the society had diminished to such an extent that it became advisable to discontinue services.

Preserved Smith in Rowe.

At the spring town meeting, March 19, 1787, the voters appropriated the sum of fifteen pounds "for the use of the gospel in this Town," and chose Deacon Jonas Gleason and Henry Wilson "a Committee to provid Preaching." At the same meeting Nathan Foster was allowed 18 shillings "for his horse and spending Money after a candidate" and Nathan Foster, Jr., 16 shillings "for his services after a candidate." In the summer of 1787 Rev. Preserved Smith, a young divine one year out of college, and a native of the neighboring town of Ashfield, came to Rowe as a candidate. He had joined the Revolutionary army at the age of sixteen and had served in five campaigns in the 5th Hampshire County Regiment commanded by Col. David Wells of Shelburne (whose daughter he was later to marry in 1788) and had been present at the surrender of Burgoyne. He had taught school winters, worked summers, and fitted himself for college with the aid of Rev. Mr. Hubbard of Shelburne. In 1786 he had been graduated from Brown University. The new candidate boarded two months at the house of Benjamin Shumway, for which the latter was allowed two pounds and eleven shillings, while Nathan Foster was granted 6/5 for "dineing Mr. Smith while a candidate."

A town meeting was called October 22, 1787, to see if the town would retain Mr. Smith. The records show,—“After solemn prayer to Almighty God performed by Mr. Preserved Smith the Pastor elect for direction of the Inhabitants Voted unanimously to concur with the churches choice of Mr. Preserved Smith to be the Pastor of this church and People.” His salary was fixed at 150 pounds; namely 50 pounds “at or before the first February next, and Fifty pounds the First of November 1788, and fifty pounds the first of November 1789, the whole to be paid in neat cattle as incouragement to settle.” This vote seemed comprising so they voted to pay him 50 pounds for the first year’s

salary with an annual increase of 3 pounds until the sum reached 65 pounds. Again, lest there be a misunderstanding, another vote was passed that the salary be paid in the following articles,—“beef fed by grass at 16/8 per C. porke well fatted at 6/0 per score wheat at 4/0 and rie at 3/0 per bushel and indian corn at 2/5 per bushel the above articles to be of good quality Bulls and Stags excepted.”

November 31st was set for the ordination ceremony and the previous Wednesday was set aside as a “day of solemn fasting and prayer to God for a Blessing on their endeavours.” The great day came and the dignitaries arrived. Lieut. John Wells entertained the ordaining council and Mr. Smith’s friends, for which he was later allowed five pounds and nine shillings—We quote from the records:—

“Convened at Rowe Nov^r 20th 1787

An Ecclesiastical Council consisting of Churches in Greenfield Conway Shelburn Leveret & Deerfield by their Elders and Messengers

<i>Elders</i>		<i>Messengers</i>	
Rev ^d Messrs.			
Roger Newton	<i>with</i>	Mr. Joseph Wells	Greenfield
John Emerson		D ⁿ Jon ^a Root	Conway
Robert Hubbard		Col David Wells	Shelburne
Henry Williams		D ⁿ Jon ^a Field	Leverit
John Taylor		D ⁿ Asabel Wright	Deerfield

The Rev^d Roger Newton was chosen Moderator and John Emerson Scribe. This Council was convened by letters missives from the Chh of Christ in Rowe for the purpose of ordaining Mr. Preserved Smith to the work of the Gospel Ministry the council being opened by prayer to God by the Moderator for his presence and Direction on this important occasion; a Committee of the Chh and Town laid before the Council their Votes and proceedings Relative to their Call, to Mr. Smith to Settle among them likewise Mr. Smith Produced a Testimonial of his Chh Relation & his approbation to preach the Gospel the Council then proceeded to a particular and full Examination of the said Mr.

Smith Relative to his knowledge in Divinity his inward acquaintance with experimental Religion his principal views in devoting himself to the Ministry with his abilities and qualifications to that important work whereupon the Question being put whether this Council are satisfied with Mr. Smith Respecting the Qualifications Above Mentioned passed in the affirmative it was then put to the Council whether the way is open to procede to the Ordination of Mr. Preserved Smith to the work of the Ministry in this Town. Voted in the affirmative unanimously Voted also that the several parts of ordination should be performed in the order following (viz) That the Rev^d Henry Williams open the solemnity by prayer the Rev^d Robert Hubbard preach the Sermon the Rev^d John Emerson Making the ordaining Prayer the Rev^d Roger Newton give the Charge the Rev^d John Taylor give the Right hand of fellowship the Rev^d Roger Newton make the concluding Prayer.

“Nov^r 21st the Council agreeable to their Votes yesterday proceeded to the ordination of the Rev^d Preserved Smith to the work of the Ministry over the Chh & congregation in Rowe and the several parts of the ordination were performed Publicly in the Meetinghouse in said Town according to the order appointed by the Council expressed in the above mentioned Votes.

A true copy

Attest John Emerson Scribe.”

All went well for nearly ten years. In 1797, however, friction arose and Mr. Smith allowed it to be known that he desired a dismissal. The town called a meeting November 30th and voted not to dismiss him, when he came forward and made a formal request for dismissal. A committee was then appointed which on December 17th recommended “that our Rev^d Pastor continue as a Pastor of this Chh and People for one year from the nineteenth day of Novr last in order to see if the difficulties which are on his Mind may be removed, and if not removed in that time then the Chh: and Town is to join with Mr. Smith in calling an ecclesiastical council to advise in his dismissal.” The

story is told how Preserved Smith and his wife were riding to church one Sunday morning. Their home was a mile north of the old center where Sibleys, Pikes and Wheelers later were to live; and the road was then open over the hill past the "old stone house." A glance backward showed their house on fire; help must have been slow in arriving, and all the early church records, including the hell-fire covenant, were consumed. This ancient Calvinism was never renewed and for a while the Bible became the creed of the church. Perhaps Deacon Foster, hard Puritan that he was, remembered the old creed, and in this way was inspired to lead his small band of followers until they had driven their minister from the town.

Mr. Smith was now receiving 65 pounds yearly, but it was not always paid over when due. In March, 1800, the town voted not to pay 6% interest on the balance then due him. Here was one of the reasons for the "difficulties on his mind." In 1801 the salary became \$216.67 and again no interest was granted on the "delinquent balance." The following article in the warrant in April, 1801, shows a further widening of the breach:—"To see if the Town and the individuals who are unwilling to pay their proportion of the Rev. Mr. Smith's salary can agree and adopt measures to acomodate the misunderstanding respecting the same." Each side chose three men who in turn chose a committee of three, "to settle matters of difficulty with regard to their paying their proportion." Apparently nothing was effected. for an article along the same lines, the following January, again was voted down. In March, 1802, Mr. Smith's salary was increased to \$250. Matters again reached a crisis in the fall of 1803. The town on September 21, 1803, voted unanimously against dismissing him. Three weeks later at a second meeting the town voted to "join the Rev^d Preserved Smith to Call a Council to assist in effecting a reconciliation if practicable and if not to dismiss him." A month later a third meeting was called and his salary was raised from \$250 to \$300. This apparently settled matters, for "Mr. Smith then came into the meeting and so far settled the difficulty between him and this town that he agreed

to return to his Ministerial labors." An idea of the value of the dollar in 1803 can be gained from the fact that 83 cents per day was allowed a citizen in working off his highway taxes.

By next spring the discontented minority under the leadership of Deacon Foster, were able to make themselves heard again, and through their efforts the breach was irreparably widened. In May, 1804, the town voted to retain Mr. Smith if he "relinquish the pay for those eight Sabbaths in which he neglected to supply the Pulpit last fall." Mr. Smith then appeared at the meeting and made these proposals in writing,—

"At a Legal Town meeting the Rev^d Mr. Smith appeared and after exhibiting the causes of uneasiness between him and some people in this Town relative to his support gave it as his opinion that his ministerial labors can be no longer useful to the church and people in this place under existing circumstances— . . . He then proposed that,

1. Rowe give a regular dismissal and act in concert with him in convoking an ecclesiastical council.
2. Mr. Smith relinquish \$38.50 for suspending eight weeks in the previous September and October.
3. The town give him notes, one payable in three months, the other March 1st next for salary now due."

These proposals the town promptly voted to accept. The Council was held in Rowe, May 29, 1804, and was composed of the ministers from Heath, Colrain, Buckland, Hawley, Charlemont and Shelburne, together with seven delegates from the same towns. A long opinion was handed down which we quote in part—"it appeared that difficulties had arisen respecting his support, and Mr. Smith's feelings and those of the Town as expressed to us, relative to his continuing in the ministry among them, afforded no prospect, that any permanent reconciliation could be effected, and consequently that his influence and usefulness seemed much diminished." Accordingly they recommended his dismissal and went on to say,—“We heartily condole with him in his present troubles, and wish him Divine Support, and cheerfully recommend him as a Christian and a minister to the

improvement of the Churches of Christ. . . . We further recommend it to the Church and People to strive for peace, and the things whereby they may edify one another that the God of love and Peace may dwell among them." There is a volume expressed in these closing lines. It is said that his last discourse was based on the text from Proverbs 15, 17—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The Church of Christ in Whitingham, Vt., was organized October 25, 1804, and four weeks later voted to invite Rev. Preserved Smith to settle. The town then voted to concur and offered a salary of \$300. It seems that Mr. Smith had been preaching in Whitingham, but he declined the invitation to remain. In his last sermon in December, 1804, he hinted at the reason, by stating that he thought it unwise for the town to settle a pastor before finishing the meeting-house. We cannot avoid the suspicion that the reverend gentleman had a bit of Yankee shrewdness among his other good qualities.

In 1805 Mr. Smith removed to Mendon and his son Preserved, a lad of sixteen, drove the 4-ox team, laden with the household goods, a journey of 100 miles requiring six days. Here he became interested in Arminianism, although he did not reject the Divinity. While preaching at Mendon one of his old enemies in Rowe circulated a slanderous pamphlet among his new parishioners, but happily with no ill effects.

We have seen that the town of Rowe, after Mr. Smith's dismissal, May 30, 1804, tried in vain to obtain the services of Rev. Freeman Sears. Then they invited Rev. Jonathan Gilmore, but the Council was far-sighted and refused to install him because of the smallness of the majority of the townspeople who favored him. After this, Rev. Jonathan Keith became the settled pastor in January, 1808. Mr. Keith asked for his dismissal in May, 1812, which was granted a month later and the causes given were the state of his health and "dissensions among the people." The record of recent years surely proves that "history repeats itself."

The citizens then assembled (September 4, 1812) and

voted to extend another call to Rev. Preserved Smith and to offer him \$300, the same salary he had received when dismissed eight years before. Truly this could hardly be said to have been very tempting, and it must have been his old love for Rowe and its people that prompted him to accept. The old records reveal nothing further as to Mr. Smith's second settlement in Rowe, and we can picture a fruitful and contented pastorate for many years. His salary of \$300 was appropriated annually from 1812 to 1831, inclusive. March 5, 1832, the town voted "to dispense with raising Mr. Smith's Salary at this time," which is the last recorded item relating to him. He was now seventy-three years old and felt compelled to give up his charge. Here he had spent the best part of his life; he had had three children born, Preserved, Jr., in 1789, Royal in 1799, and had buried two, Royal in 1820 aged 21, and an infant in 1791. From Rowe he went to Warwick to live with his son, where he died two years later, August 19, 1834. The inscription on his gravestone reads as follows:

Rev. Preserved Smith
died

August 19, 1834

Graduated at Providence 1786

Settled at Rowe 1787

Then at Mendon 1805

Again at Rowe 1812

Where he lived with an

Affectionate People till 1832

When he retired from the ministry.

Remember them who have spoken unto you the word of God.
Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.

—Heb. 13.7.

Pressey in later years thus picturesquely writes, "He was a great student, and talked face to face with the citizens of Rowe one and a half hours' discourses, twice a Sunday for 36 years, which with weekly lectures and other public discourses, makes it that his voice must have vibrated on this

Rowe air some eight to ten thousand hours. And judging from this, together with the way his memory was revered, there must have been a great deal of Preserved Smith left in Rowe."

Schools, Library, Burying-grounds, Stages.

The early history of the Rowe schools is based in large part on tradition. It is believed that the first school was prior to 1775 in a log cabin which stood on the site occupied later by the Wells-Ford-Goldthwaite homestead, and that the teacher was Miss Marah Jones, daughter of Cornelius Jones. The scholars were compelled to travel a considerable distance in many cases. The only books were the Bible, the Psalter, Dilworth's spelling book and an arithmetic called Young Man's Best Companion. Subsequently, several schools were held in private houses in winter and in barns in warmer weather until the incorporation of the town.

At the first town meeting, the citizens voted "to hire preaching," but made no appropriation for schools. At the second meeting, September 15, 1785, the town voted "to make but three school Divisions." The first appropriation was 30 pounds for "use of Schooling" made at the meeting in March, 1787. Two and a half years later, October 30, 1789, the town voted to divide the town into two school divisions only, the "East Division to take all East of the Road leading from John Adams to Capt. Goodspeads and the west division to take all West of said road. Voted to hire a schoolmaster to keep school two Months in Each division." A committee of two was then appointed "to hire a School Master." Apparently the committee's efforts were successful, for in the following January the town voted "that the present School Master is to keep three Months for the East part of the Town," and also voted "to hire another School Master three months to keep in the West part of the Town." In 1790 John Wells was allowed £3-3 "for Bording School Master 14 weeks"; Isaac Langdon 13 shillings "for Bording School Master and his Horse two weeks"; and Gideon Chapin £1-8 for "keeping the School Masters horse fourteen weeks."

Considerable agitation arose over the matter of building schoolhouses, but no constructive action was taken at the meeting in May, 1795. Nevertheless a "west school-house" is mentioned in the description of a road in March, 1796. In April, 1797, the town set up three school divisions, North, Center and West,—and voted to build three schoolhouses. Later, the south division was added to take care of the families living east and south of Adams Mountain. In 1798 the sum of \$205 was appropriated for "Building School-houses."

In April, 1817, the town granted \$50 for a teacher "to instruct in singing sacred music." In recent years the school-houses have been as follows:—

Village School at the foot of the hill, one half mile below present center. Central School, one quarter mile west of the old center. East School, a few rods east of the east burying ground, North School, on the road to Readsboro, at the junction of the Deacon Thomas cross-road. West School, north of Miller-Ayers house one mile south of the end of the "four-rods west road." Davis Mine School, one-half mile west of the Davis Mine. Peck-Cressy School, one-quarter mile west of Allen Peck's homestead on the road through the Cressy Neighborhood to Hoosac Tunnel. In 1920, the sum of \$2,286.37 was paid in salaries to teachers at the Village, West, Center, and Davis schools and \$55 to the teacher at the North school. No services have been held at the Peck-Cressy school for about twenty years.

The town has never maintained any school above the grammar grades, but provides tuition for those desiring to attend high schools in Charlemont and North Adams, and also the old Academy in Whitingham, which flourished from 1842 to 1861. The school report for June, 1840, shows 204 scholars between the ages of 4 and 16. At the center were 50, West 26, North 18, South 9, East 35, Mill 36, Southwest 26, and River 4. The school system used to include "pru-dential committees" who were chosen in each school district, and who were authorized to "contract with teachers." In earliest times the school was held in houses and moved about in order "best to accommodate the whole."

Rowe's Social Library was organized as early as 1797, probably as the result of the efforts of Preserved Smith. By 1806 it owned 130 volumes, dealing chiefly with history, philosophy, theology and travels. In March, 1869, the town assumed charge and agreed to pay annually the sum of \$25 and to provide a librarian. The library is now housed in one room of the town hall (built 1895). Various proposals have been made for extensions or for a new building, and several public-spirited people have offered to make contributions towards the cost of a new building to house the 3500 or more volumes now owned.

In 1894 a school district was formed comprising the towns of Charlemont, Hawley, Florida and Monroe for centralized school supervision, and in April, 1897, the town of Rowe joined. All contributed to the superintendent's salary and a substantial portion was advanced by the State.

The first store was at the old center, probably as early as 1790. In 1832 we find S. and S. H. Reed assessed \$800 in their "Store-Potash & Barn," \$75 on two acres of land and \$2,500 on "stock in trade," which latter figure indicates a substantial quantity of merchandise. In 1836 Samuel Reed alone is assessed, and the following year the firm becomes Reed & Drury. John Ballou was the last to keep a store there, probably as late as 1863. Cyrus Ballou opened a store at the present center, but soon sold out in 1852 to E. E. Amidon. Benj. T. Henry succeeded the latter in 1882, and in turn sold out to G. A. Rice in 1919. The last town meeting at the old center was held in August, 1873; the Pond Road was built the same year; and the road to Mrs. Nancy Brown's in 1874; so that the old center became a memory of the past. The new center now boasted a general store, a saw and grist mill, and a blacksmith shop at which a thriving business was handled. Farmers drove in from Florida, Monroe, Readsboro, Whitingham and Heath; and with three forges active, it was not unusual to shoe in a single day 16 horses and 8, 10 and even 12 yokes of oxen, besides turning the shoes and nails. The last blacksmith left town in 1910, and that brings me to the matter of growth.

The rise of the tide to Rowe hill-tops seems to have

reached the full between 1830 and 1845. In 1816 there were 135 ballots cast and this figure had increased to 162 in 1844. The total population in 1830 was 716. In 1837 there were 2296 sheep in the town and in 1920 but 110. Western migration has seriously affected the agricultural districts of the East, and the increase in mills and factories in the valley towns has drawn from Rowe's younger generations.

One hundred years ago, Rowe was largely self-supporting and economically independent. There were produced practically all the necessary food, wool for clothing, leather for shoes, and lumber for building. Sugar was extracted from the maple and salt and iron implements were purchased with the surplus produce.

THE LITTLE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

A schoolhouse in the middle of the road! What a ridiculous idea! I hear you say. And yet I think the same motive that agitates us when we look for a sufficiently retired back lot in which to locate our new school edifice, moved our grandfathers when choosing the center of the Hatfield highway—Safety first—the motto then as now.

Of course there may have been also some idea of economy. The house lots on either side of the highway were allotted—literally drawn by lot—and they were all desirable. But the highway, eight rods wide, was for town use of any sort. Hadley set the example by laying out a common in the middle of the town plot sufficient for any number of public buildings as well as for the pasturing of all their cattle if need be. But Hatfield, probably on account of the lay of the land, considered eight rods sufficient for her community needs, and so it proved to be for more than a century and a half.

When the old brick schoolhouse of which I am writing was built in 1783, the fear of Indian attacks had not wholly

faded from the mind; so church and school were carefully placed, as they had been for a hundred years, in the middle of the broad main street, surrounded and guarded by dwelling houses and stockade. Safety first! The children could take care of themselves when it came to a drove of cattle or a swiftly trotting horse, but a savage tomahawk was quite another matter. A hundred years from now, who knows?—we may be constructing schoolhouses under ground to avoid danger from reckless joy riders in the air above us!

Hatfield, in common with all of the early New England settlements, believed in education, in accordance with its lights. Witness the fact that in 1671 the town gave 14£ 2s to Harvard, being one of the 44 towns that contributed toward the founding of this institution. Not that they had much thought of sending their sons there. Colleges were for the training of ministers, and possibly, doctors. (I may here remark, incidentally, that the first class at Harvard had three graduate members, all ministers, one of whom, William Williams, was settled over the Hatfield church and his cousin, John Williams, became pastor at Deerfield.)

The limit of intellectual attainments in 1680 appeared to be reading and writing. Dogberry says, "To be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." But our forefathers did not take this point of view. Reading was a necessary thing, as a law passed in 1642 by the General Court made instruction in it obligatory—a thing to be acquired with much difficulty withal. Writing was not so necessary, an added accomplishment to be paid for extra if one must have it. Arithmetic was negligible; doubtless father and mother, by the aid of thumb and fingers, could give all the needful instruction as to the relative values of pounds, shillings and pence. The text books first in use were the Horn Book, Primer, Psalter, Testament and Bible. The Catechism, usually printed in the Primer, formed part of the regular course of instruction. The Horn Books contained the alphabet and a few easy sentences, printed on only one side of the page and covered with transparent horn to keep them from being soiled.

Schoolhouses were, for nearly 200 years of the town's

life, of the simplest form of construction, and not expensive, inasmuch as every man had to do his part. If a voter came not to the town meeting where public works were to be planned he was fined a shilling for every such defect, or sixpence if he was half an hour late. If he failed to be on hand when the framework was raised he was taxed for his proportion. There was no worry whatever about architects' plans, arrangement of class rooms, play rooms, supply rooms, assembly halls. To heating and sanitary problems never a moment's thought was given. Let the town but decide the length and breadth required, and a one-room structure was quickly provided. An entry with nails in the wall for the hanging of hats and coats, a chimney with a fireplace or a box stove, some rude desks and benches, a shelf for the water pail—and the thing was done. But it was not so easy to get a teacher in those days at 20 or 30 pounds a year, payable in "wheat, pease, indian corn and pok at prise current in the town." Neither was it easy to collect the rates.

On March 7, 1681, it was voted "that all the boys that are in the Town above six years old and under twelve that are improved in onlie reading their parents or masters &c shall allow twelve shillings per head per year whether they send them to school or no and all such of the age abovesaid as are improved in writing their parents shall allow sixteen shillings per head per year and for all other children of what age or sex soever that shall be sent or taught, they shall allow like proportion for the time they shall attend the said employ of learning."

Either the selectmen or the minister were appointed to "see out for a schoolmaster suitable to be discharged and maintained." It is probable that someone going down into the Bay, as they called going to Boston, was impowered to bring up some divinity student for this purpose.

Peter Buckley, who was hired in 1685, did not seem to give entire satisfaction. At any rate, on Dec. 7, 1685, "The Town hath declared by a major voat that they will not hire peter Bukly to keep the school any longer—farther the Town hath ordered that their voat shall be suspended till the Selectmen

have discoursed with Mr. Bukly and in case he do forthwith leave the school and desighn to goo away presently, then to have his rate presently made and his pay delivered to him." He was finally hired for a quarter of a year longer, but the next winter when the question was put whether the Town would hire a schoolmaster for the winter it was voted in the negative, the only break in the continuity of our school system for more than two centuries.

At first the primitive method prevailed of making the parents and masters furnish the wood needful for the fires and it therefore became necessary to rule that "Such Boys be kept from the fire at school whose parents or Masters Neglect or Refuse to bring Wood." But difficulties attended on this method and resulted later, after the question had been "largely considered & Debated," in the decision that the wood should henceforward be provided at Town Charge.

The idea of keeping down the taxes by spending the smallest amount possible on the schools is an inherited one and therefore not easy for us to combat. In 1696 the town's notion of a "living wage" did not agree, evidently, with that of the candidate and so this entry:—

Dec. 22, 1696, "Whereas the schoolmaster's rate is but 25£ allowed by the Town the Selectmen that engaged to pay 5£ more are to pay said sum." Dr. Thomas Hastings was one of the early instructors. He also practised surgery and medicine in four towns, Deerfield, Hatfield, Hadley and Northampton, and taught between times. In 1698, only two years after the town had been reluctantly obliged to pay 30£ instead of 25£, we find the rate again raised, by Dr. Hastings this time, to 35£ "except only the Selectmen are to get as much abated of said 35£ as they can persuade the Doctor to abate, and his son Thos. to keep in his absence."

It is apparent that at first girls were allowed to attend school, if they wished to, but there was nothing compulsory about it. An old town book gives a list of pupils for each year from 1699 to 1716. The first girls mentioned were in 1701, when four attended. The boys during these years numbered from 30 to 50, the girls from 3 to 17. Tobe and Hampshire, Negroes, were also named in this list. There

had been a few negro slaves in Hatfield ever since the early days, as England approved of the servitude. After the Revolution they were all freed.

From 1700 until after the Revolution little is said about schools except when the necessity arose of building a new schoolhouse or providing a new school in one of the outlying districts. The location of these new buildings aroused more interest than what was taught in them or what was paid for salaries. In 1740, for some unknown reason, the schoolhouse became suddenly peripatetic. On the 6th of April of that year the town decided to remove the schoolhouse from the place where it now stands to "Some Suitable Place." For that purpose a committee was appointed "to measure the Length of the Town Street from Joseph Warner's Front Door to Widow Mehitable Bardwell's Front Door and find where the middle or Center of the Street is." The committee reported the next day that the central point was "about Ten feet North of Joseph Billings House." They then decided that it should be placed north of this point and near the east side of the Street, opposite to Mrs. Dwight's house lot. The question was presently reconsidered and this time the schoolhouse was to be removed "from the place where it now stands and Set in the middle of the Street one Rod South of the Pond called Graves's Pond." (This indicates the swampy condition of the highway at this period.)

One might think that this institution of learning had reached its final destination, but no! About a month later, on the 15th of May, it was voted that the schoolhouse be moved "Half the length Southward & Half the Breadth Westward"; after which it was repaired and nothing more said about it. But the pity of it is, these old records leave so much to the imagination. I wish I knew why the street had to be measured from Joseph Warner's Front Door to the Widow Mehitable Bardwell's Front Door. I would particularly like to know, because neither of these dwellings marks the end of the street. The Warner homestead, in fact, was on the road running westerly from the south end of Main Street, whilst the original Bardwell lot was the third above the corner where Smith Academy now stands.

And of course it is quite evident that the final location (which was somewhere between the site of the present meeting-house and the old Sophia Smith house) was nowhere near the center of the main street if measured from north to south as then laid out. However, they surely had their reasons for this sudden flurry and it is probable that their grievance, whatever it was, was settled by these perigrinations and the little old schoolhouse sat there in peace for some forty years more.

I am sorry that it had to be torn down when its days of usefulness were over for it should have been kept in a museum as a cradle of liberty. From 1774 to 1781 its walls were constantly ringing with fiery debate, amateur but genuine declarations of independence and solemn promises of support for the Continental Congress. Up to 1774 the meeting-house had always been the town meeting-house as well as the Sabbath Day meeting-house but from the day of the first mutterings of the Revolutionary storm the schoolhouse became the scene of all public gatherings. But in 1783 it came to its end and now I have arrived at the old Brick schoolhouse which is the subject of my paper.

The town was barely recovering from the hard times occasioned by the Revolution when it was voted to build a new schoolhouse of brick 25 feet long and 20 feet broad, and as to location, the north end was to be ten feet from the south end of the old schoolhouse. So you can picture it for yourselves plump in the middle of the highway of Hatfield main street a few feet northwest of the Sophia Smith house. Even the people I have talked with who remembered it and saw it in the glamour of their youthful days could not call it beautiful or attractive. It was two stories in height—or perhaps I should say a story and a half—with windows in the gambrel roof, two on the east, one on the west, one on the south. The entrance to this upper room was on the north, with an outside stairway. The room below had one more window to its credit on the south, but both were low-ceiled, insufficiently lighted, gloomy and uninviting, according to all accounts. Here boys went to school from four to six months in the year. The big boys cut the wood for

the fireplace and the small boys carried it in. Then they would stand in a semi-circle round the blazing chimney and warm their numb fingers. No longer any punitive measures required the keeping of those from the fire whose fathers had not come to time with a load of hickory. Perhaps not even squabbling amongst the lads as to who had shirked his share of the labor, for sometimes a boy or two would do the whole work for the sake of having the ashes as compensation, wood ashes being the best fertilizer then obtainable.

The lower room was devoted to the a b c scholars; the upper one to the higher grades, as it should be. The day's exercises always began with the reading of the Bible by the oldest class, and once a week Dr. Lyman came to hear them say their catechism. The curriculum at that time was rather more extended than a century earlier; more cyphering, perhaps a little geography, Colburn's mental arithmetic and Lindley Murray's Grammar. Parsing Milton's *Paradise Lost* was an important part of the latter study, and truly English Grammar was no joke in those days. If our ancestors didn't know how to write good English a hundred years ago it was not the fault of Lindley Murray—nor yet of Milton!

Those looking to a higher education must prepare for college at a private school or study Greek and Latin with the minister. My grandmother, who probably began her studies in a dame school, finished them at Hopkins Academy in Hadley, walking daily two miles across the meadows and crossing the Connecticut in a row boat. A number attended Deerfield Academy. There were six the year that this Academy opened in 1799 and more later. There were also private schools from time to time but these were of a more fleeting character. In 1787 permission was kindly given by the town to Colonel Chapin and others to build a schoolhouse at their own expense and the place where it might stand was indicated by a committee appointed for the purpose. It may have been in this building that Isaac Curson conducted for a short time a private school where French and the classics were taught. He came from Dumfries, Scotland, to Philadelphia in 1784, and was a teacher in a

private school in Northampton for several years before he came to Hatfield. But he was a gay gentleman, evidently, and somewhat indiscreet; also given to gallivanting about the countryside. How else could he have met Miss Abigail Barnard of Deerfield? And having met her, what indiscretion was his that he should propose to marry her, having already a wife on the other side of the ocean! But by some untoward accident the latter fact was discovered, the school came abruptly to an end and this high-flying professor departed for that indefinite region known as "the West."

By 1800 the dame schools for girls had become an established thing, supported by the town. These were kept for three or four months in the summer, usually in private houses. Reading, writing and needlework were the chief subjects taught. The old samplers that we cherish were some of the products of these schools.

Just when the idea of co-education began to be agitated I have not been able to determine. Perhaps it was in 1806 when the town voted "not to make any Alteration in the method of Schooling hitherto practised in this town according to an application from some of its inhabitants." But at any rate it all began with a blacksmith. All of the old people in Hatfield in my youth knew that story. This blacksmith had a lot of daughters and no sons. He thought that his "gals" should have just as good an opportunity as anybody else. So he began to talk about it, and finally the subject was brought up in town meeting. "School shees—NEVER," roared an irate taxpayer. So the matter hung fire and was wrangled over; but, as is the way with such ideas, once having been voiced it would not down. So it came to pass that my mother and her girl playmates learned their letters in the sacred precincts that had once been dedicated to the masculine lords of creation.

Little could my mother remember of her teachers or the instruction she received in those first years. What stayed by her was the stagecoach whirling up with a flourish to the door of Wite's tavern a few rods away, the little girls all hastening to stand in line to "drop a curtsey." Sometimes a shower of pennies would be the reward for their manners

and once,—oh memorable day!—a strange lady gave to the little Mary Esther a “silver penny” because of a fancied resemblance to a little girl who had died. The coin, to be sure, was lost in the dust on the way home but the memory of it never dimmed.

Once the old stage coach came with a flourish of trumpets and flags a-flying, and that was to celebrate the election of John Quincy Adams.

A traveller in writing of the town as he found it in the first part of the last century, said that it was a reserved and reticent place—“no one ever seen on the street besides those who are employed about their daily business.” Very likely not, but who was that man on horseback who used to come at a gallop past the schoolhouse scattering the contents of a bag of butternuts as he went?

And was there really a crazy woman who periodically, during the noon hour, threatened the safety of their young lives? My mother never could vouch for the reality of this danger, for the moment the alarm was sounded, “Quick, now, into the house! Close the windows! No, that isn’t enough! Fasten the shutters!”, the heavy board shutters were hastily drawn together and barred and there the children would sit in the darkness, hearing their hearts thump and enjoying creepy little chills of terror until some one braver than the rest peeped out and decided that the danger was past.

The rigors of the upstairs room where a conflict of brute forces was constantly being waged seemed to have made no impression upon my mother’s mind. She may have attended one of the select schools established soon after 1820 where the higher branches were taught by Amherst students. Later, I know, she and her sister prepared for Mary Lyon’s school at South Hadley by studying with the minister, entering the first class at that institution.

Those who did attend the school in the upper room did not seem to find the methods employed there inspiring. Instead of a class of earnest adolescents eager for instruction, there seemed to be, on the one hand, a band of young savages, fiercely resentful of any effort to pound anything

into their heads; on the other hand, a tyrant who would "larn 'em" or know the reason why. If the teacher who arrived to open the winter term was small and physically below par he was promptly carried out and dumped into a snow-drift and that was the end of him as far as the boys were concerned. But if he had a dominant will and a strong right arm, every disobedience, every trick of the bad boy was repaid in kind by some torturous form of punishment. The thick and heavy ruler was the kindest, perhaps, of all. Human ingenuity invented many other methods, such as tying a boy's thumbs together and fastening them to a beam in the ceiling in such a way that the poor victim had to stand on tiptoe until such time as the master saw fit to relieve him. Little wonder that the love of learning was not strongly developed in the community. However, I suppose every one got just as much education as he desired or could absorb. Some who were born and reared in the town have gone forth to become distinguished; notably, two college presidents. Elisha Williams became third president of Yale and Jonathan Dickinson was the first president of the New Jersey institution that later became Princeton College.

There have been many others, doctors, ministers, lawyers, of lesser note; and from these, down to the sons of the soil who retired from their scholastic labors to till their farms and exist for mental pabulum on the county weekly paper and the almanac, to the end of their days. Some there were, I must admit, who, although satisfied with the smallest modicum of education, yet achieved a considerable amount of financial success. I refer especially to the Smith family.

Austin Smith, brother of Sophia, was one of these. He was firmly convinced that a smattering of the "three Rs" was all that was needed to take a man successfully through life. Of course he was judging entirely from his own experience. His father, in partnership with his brother Oliver, amassed what was considered a comfortable fortune in those days. This was divided amongst his children; \$10,000 apiece I think they inherited. Austin's share he increased by clever investments, also adding to it by inheriting from his sisters as they died off. He firmly intended to be the

last leaf on the tree and do great things with his money, but no one knew what that great thing would be, as he had no use for higher education, and as for religion, he often asserted, "The Lord would never get a cent of his money." And no one ever will know what disposition this old bachelor, the last but one of his family, would have made of his thousands. For the Lord took him prematurely, and sister Sophia, who all her life had realized sadly her lack of intellectual attainments, devoted her money—and his—to providing an opportunity for the hitherto neglected females of New England.

Austin may have been influenced in his ideas on education by Uncle Oliver, whose standard of valuation was always dollars and cents. He would argue that a liberal education was an obstacle in a man's career, and carried statistics in his pocket to show that learning seldom helped a man to wealth and was often a hindrance. He always opposed any movement for the betterment of the schools, voting always for the smallest amount possible for educational purposes. Many an hour did he spend tinkering on the old brick schoolhouse with his own hands to keep it in repair and save the town a bill, he said.

The condition of the schoolhouse, even after Uncle Oliver's ministrations, was not very good, as is shown in this letter I have received from Mr. Charles K. Morton of Hatfield, in which he says:—

"No one except Daniel Wells and myself is living who attended school there. There were two stories both had fire places for large logs. The windows in the upper story were in the roof and were broken out at that time. Only one school had been kept in the building for a long time. Only two terms of school were held in Hatfield at that time. The summer term beginning May first and continuing three or four months. The winter term began the Monday after Thanksgiving. May first 1846 was the time I began to go to school. I was four years old May ninth, Daniel Wells a little older. The infant class was composed of six boys and two girls, none of them, I think, over four years old. I remember that the seats were much out of repair and we sat on a board which rested on bricks set up edgeways. Miss

Mary Stebbins of Deerfield was the teacher. She was for a long time a very successful teacher and afterwards married a Mr. Allen of Deerfield and lived there the rest of her life. Before the summer term closed two schoolhouses were built on Main street and the old Brick Fort, as it was called, was torn down."

A strange mixture of meanness and generosity was Oliver Smith. All that he had accumulated by a life of hard labor and careful saving he gave to a most worthy charity designed to help poor boys and girls to get a start in life. But it was a trade, and not book learning, that he looked to as the best means of launching a youth on a successful career.

Uncle Oliver was always considered strictly honest by his fellow townsmen and yet—well, I suppose none of us would consider this very strange—the inventory of his estate taken after his death in 1845 revealed the fact that his property amounted to over \$391,000, whereas barely half that sum had ever been reported to the assessors. As a result the town hastened to build several new schoolhouses in different parts of the town before the estate was settled and the fortune scattered.

So that is why the shabby old brick schoolhouse was taken down in 1846. Its successor was not built in the middle of the road!

HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF EUNICE WILLIAMS AND HER DESCENDANTS.

BY MISS E. M. SADOQUES, KEENE, N. H.

Children love stories, and the children of the forests who inhabited this country before the coming of the White-man, loved their stories which told of hunting, traveling and warfare. Later they told of the advent of the White-man and of the various great events that occurred in Colonial days. These stories were handed down from father to son, their only means of preserving these great deeds and events.

As a child, I heard the same stories of hunting the great bear and moose; of travels down long streams; over thundering rapids or through peaceful valleys and blue mountains. Among these stories, one stands out more conspicuous which told that many years ago, when there existed a great many wars between the French and the English, a number of captives were brought to Canada from the land of the "Bostoniac," the name given to the English settlers, among which were two small children, a boy and a girl, who were brought to the camp-fires of the Abenekis. The boy was given up but the little girl was kept and brought up as an Indian child, who later married an Indian brave. This child came from a long way down the Qwanitigook (Connecticut) river, from a town where lived a number of Williamses, "Williamsecook," and her name was called Eunice Williams as was also her granddaughter, who was my mother's great-great-grandmother.

This granddaughter of Eunice Williams lived to a great age and with her grandson, John Wajoo or "Mountain" (so called because he came from the mountains of the south) lived in the village of St. Francis, the old Indian village of the Abeneki tribe.

The Abenekis, during the warm summer months, left their gardens, and with a few provisions, as corn and beans, took their children for a holiday. Several families would go together in parties and travel down streams, camping where they so desired and resting when so inclined.

It was on such a joyful expedition that Eunice of the "Williamsecook" traveled with her son, grandson and wife with their small children, together with other families from St. Francis, in an attempt to find the place where her grandmother was captured during that great battle many years before. She remembered her grandmother very distinctly, and heard her say that it was a town where a great many Williamses lived—several days' journey down the Qwanitigook (Connecticut.) This party finally located Williamsecook, and there camped, giving Eunice of Williamsecook an opportunity to find some of her relatives, who received and entertained her. She was treated nicely, and was shown the

door full of nails, and was told that the deep marks were made by an Indian's hatchet, on that memorable night of the battle, when Eunice Williams was taken captive to Canada.

At that time Eunice of Williamsecook was old, and now was content to return to St. Francis, having accomplished the same journey her grandmother Eunice had traveled many years before. While camping at Williamsecook, the various families made small baskets of ash and many of these were sold to the people there. They also served corn to visitors who so desired it.

On their return journey a son was born to Eunice's grandson, John Wajoo, and wife in 1837, hence he was called William. Later, when Eunice of Williamsecook was very old and blind, a daughter was born to John Wajoo at St. Francis, and Eunice, holding this child in her arms said, "This child will be called Eunice, as I was called by my grandmother, Eunice Williams, the first, the White-man's child."

This story and other New England stories were vital to me, since the territory now occupied by the New England States, together with the St. Lawrence river valley, was the country of the Algonquin Indian of which the Abeneki (meaning the land of dawn) is a small division. This great family of allied tribes were from the same stock, spoke the same language, of which there are many dialects. At the present time, the old Indian names throughout New England are readily translated through the Abeneki language, even your neighbor Wachusett and your Connecticut, as also your Pocumtuck.

These were the people who greeted the Pilgrims in 1620 and who after many wars and cruel massacres on the frontiers were finally conquered and the remaining tribes fled to Canada, finding protection with the French of New France.

The French, incited with missionary spirit, found in these people a possibility to do them some good by teaching them Christianity, and, incidentally, so controlling their savage minds that they would do their bidding, as was the custom of the Jesuit priests of that day. The French knew these

Indians had a sore grievance against the English for the taking of their lands, and grasped the opportunity to use them for their own purposes. Thus being encouraged by the French to regain their lands, they made many raids and cruel massacres in New England.

Amongst these various tribes was a band of Indians who were gathered together from various places, for the purpose of a more minute control of their religious lives. This was the Saint Louis Mission at Caughnawaga. These Indians represented a great many tribes of the Algonquin people, among which the Abenekis were numerous. Strange as it may seem a great many Indians from the Five Nations were numbered at the Caughnawaga Mission, namely the Iroquois and the Oneidas, who were the enemies of the Algonquins for many years, even before the advent of the French and English. This shows the great influence the Jesuits had on all their Indians as exemplified by the Algonquin toleration of these their age-old enemies living with them in their territory.

So it was to Caughnawaga that Eunice Williams was brought by her captor, and when the captives were distributed among the various Indians at divers places along the St. Lawrence, Eunice Williams was placed with the Abenekis at St. Francis and eventually married there, instead of remaining with her Mohawk captor as described in history. The St. Francis Mission is situated about 60 miles from Caughnawaga, which was measured as a day's journey by the Indians. This may account for the absence of the records at Caughnawaga of Eunice's baptism and also her marriage.

The Rev. James Dean, a missionary to the Indians at Caughnawaga and St. Francis in 1773-74, knew Eunice well. Why could not the missionary have seen Eunice at St. Francis, the little village of my ancestors, and have spoken to her and her children on his visit there!

Another reason for supposing her to have been connected with the Algonquins and not the Iroquois, is the name of her husband, Amrusus, a name which is strictly Algonquin in construction and accent. Nehemiah Howe, according to

history, says that he saw at Crown Point the husband of Eunice Williams, this Indian Amrusus by name, which is pronounced Ambruss, according to the Abeneki language, meaning Ambrose. This name is common at St. Francis and the same name, only pronounced differently, was given by the Jesuits to various other tribes.

Last summer I visited the old village of St. Francis, the home of my forefathers, but the circumstance of my visit did not permit me to look into any records, as I am of the Anglican faith and the high wall between the Roman and Anglican divisions which now exist, made it very difficult. However, I discovered an old copy of *L'Histoire de L'Abeneki*, written by one of the priests there by the name of Maurauet. In this volume I found the story of the captives who were brought there in 1704, among whom was mentioned Eunice Williams who, it was stated, married into the tribe. If this be true, there are quite a number of descendants that are to be found at St. Francis, now called Odanak, in Canada and there are several descendants that are living in the New England states at present including the Eunice mentioned previously, and her sister Mary, who is my mother.

I will state in closing that they, too, in response to the voice of their ancestors, have traversed the same course down the Qwanitigook and have settled not far from its shores and here have reared their children, near the great river of their forefathers.

A DEERFIELD DISCOVERY.

BY MARGARET C. WHITING.

Among the romantic words that still sound their alluring meaning in grown-up ears, too often dulled to childish love of high phrases and bold sounding names, is the greatest word of all—Discovery! It echoes all along the ages with its magic power to waken strange hope and vague anticipation, and he who no longer answers to its call must be reckoned with the Seven Sleepers! When we are young we live on

our discoveries; as we grow older we still look for them to come our way,—when we are old;—even then, they sometimes happen. We vary in their pursuit only in degree. A few go forth to dig among dry sands to lay bare the secrets of buried cities; one or two in every decade charter a ship and sail away to find pirate gold; more of us do our seeking vicariously among books written by the more adventurous; and lazy folk, like myself, just sit tight in little old Deerfield, and wait to see what will come to light,—and I do not wait in vain.

Last summer Discovery knocked on my door and summoned me forth to see what had just been found, and this was the third time in 15 years. In the old dwelling at the south end of the Street, called the Ware house, though not built by one of that family, and now belonging to the Arms estate, another decorated wall had been uncovered by the present occupant, Mr. Winthrop Arms, who was making ready for a fresh spread of paper upon his south front room. This is the third painted wall to be so disclosed, and in general character not unlike that found by Mrs. Lamb in her house a few years ago, but altogether dissimilar to the remarkable paintings discovered by Mrs. Robert Childs somewhat earlier. It makes one long to sally forth with no greater instrument than a wet sponge to attack every wall yet covered with old paper, for there's no telling what wonderful embellishments may not be lurking under its layers. The pity is that the very act of finding these interesting relics completes their destruction. Paste and glue, and their removal, work havoc with the patterns, and their colors, made of crude pigment, are so often changed or obliterated by damp and mildew, that what is left is a melancholy ruin. And so this new find bore but a dim resemblance to its once gay and lightsome features. It was pure luck which had kept one section on the inner wall sufficiently unhurt to make it possible to first trace and later to restore the pattern, while the remainder of the wall, with its broken and discolored fragments of color, has been covered with the new paper. Better so—what may not be decently restored, should be decently buried.

From what is now preserved, its breaks repaired and its pattern renovated by the skill of Miss Elizabeth Fuller, and because of our curator's generous respect for the departed life of New England, we may get a pleasant glimpse of the love for adornment which was as much a part of that existence as was the thirst for righteousness it is now the fashion to deride. Frugal saving and careful planning must have gone into this wall, for this is not one of the handsome houses, but probably belonged, at the time of decoration, to those who "laid dollar to dollar" to pay for it—the greater testimony to the owner's desire for prettiness in the best parlor. And very pretty the room must have looked, with a border around the top of garlands about two and a half inches deep, looped up in shallow scallops by slender tassels between every two curves. Around the doors and windows and along the wainscot is a narrow border, like a rope, made of twisted lines. The main surface of the wall, which was evidently tinted a flat pinkish tone, is covered with a diaper pattern of squares set on the diagonal outlined by a lightly drawn ribbon, quite frivolously curly and twisty in line, and there is a nice daisy-like rosette at each corner of the squares. In the middle of these squares is a sprig, bearing three life-size cherries, realistic enough to be classed as "early ox-hearts."

Where the wall space, as between the two front windows, is too narrow for this diaper pattern, little sprays of a more nondescript style are placed in a single line one above another. The colors used were the usual combination of black, dull blue, green and red,—the latter keeping its early brightness far better than the others. To see how the cherries surrounded by their ghostly leaves and supported on their faded stems, maintained a semblance of their pristine brilliance was a testimony to the integrity of this particular pigment. A room so gaily decked may have seemed too fanciful, or perhaps the family longed for a bit of reality, or maybe they had personal connections with the Bay Colony,—or, what is more likely,—they just wanted to follow the fashion; any or all of these reasons must have found satisfaction in the solidly painted "View of Boston Harbor" that was in-

roduced, as a final emphasis to the whole scheme, over the mantel. In an irregular oblong, and executed in dark, thick pigment was wrought the usual arrangement of funny little houses, huddled atop of one another to represent the slope of Copp's Hill, I suppose, with a few unseaworthy ships in the foreground, which reason tells us must have been meant to simulate the sea. Quite the usual picture; and there was a recipe, which was copied upon all the over-mantels and fire-boards whose owners desired to behold the scene of the Tea Party, still, at that date, a delightful fact to be kept constantly before the eye. If we might only place the hour when this sort of picture became old-fashioned and therefore to be covered with "boughten" paper and forgotten, we might also date the loss of the beginning of our sense of immediate, and personal pride in the capital of our Commonwealth. The farmer who paid in his hard labor for a picture of Boston, would have thought shame of his descendants who now comfortably see the old city ranked with "the worst boss-ridden municipalities of the country." Thus this curious relic, now repainted where it was marred, brightened with varnish, and safe for another lease of life, preserves more than a quaint specimen of the domestic taste of a century ago, for it testifies, in its humble way, to a feeling of civic responsibility that was an essential part of the common thought when its paint was fresh. Why should we not also renovate our mental picture of what Boston should stand for to-day? Under the artificial coverings laid on by alien hands the old design, with its colorings still strong, may be discovered—if only we will look for it.

ANNUAL MEETING—1923

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held yesterday afternoon and evening, Feb. 27, at Deerfield. For the first time in many years Mrs. George Sheldon, widow of the founder and its moving spirit, was not present, as she is spending the winter in Washington in research work. The program was one of the best that has been presented, with papers of rare interest. John Sheldon presided. A pleasing feature was the singing of the quartet, Miss Irene Goddard of Greenfield, Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, alto, George R. Bliss of Greenfield, tenor, and Jonathan P. Ashley, bass. The women of Deerfield served an excellent supper in the town hall. The business meeting was held in the council room of Memorial Hall in the afternoon. At the meeting of the council following the business meeting the president and Mrs. Sheldon, curator, were made a committee with full powers to arrange for a suitable celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town, probably in the form of a field meeting.

At the afternoon session memorial tributes to three members who died during the year were read, the first to Dr. Henry H. Barber of Meadville, Pa., written by his daughters and read by Miss Jane Pratt. The tribute to Frederick L. Greene by Charles A. Hall of Ashfield was read by A. L. Wing. Miss N. Theresa Mellen read the tribute to Dr. Alfred H. Childs of Dublin, N. H. During the meeting it was voted to send a telegram of greeting and regret at her absence to Mrs. Sheldon in Washington.

The evening program in the town hall opened with selections by the quartet. Mrs. Jennie Williams Thacher of Greenfield, attired in colonial costume, read a delightful paper on "A trip to Boston 75 years ago."

The second paper, written by Mrs. Sheldon and read by

Samuel M. Holden, entitled "The evolutionary history of a New England homestead, or the Joseph Stebbins homestead in Deerfield," centered round the home of Mrs. Sheldon and epitomized the history of the town. At the close Mr. Holden showed stereopticon views bringing out in clear relief some of the architectural features of the house.

The last paper, "Three noted Franklin county artists," prepared by Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller, daughter-in-law of George Fuller, was read by Miss Minnie E. Hawks of the Academy faculty.

These officers were elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Judge Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward W. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Asahel W. Root, Helen C. Boyden, Margaret Miller, L. Emerine Henry, Judge John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Judge Francis N. Thompson, Albert L. Wing, Arthur H. Tucker, Charles W. Hazelton.

Another annual meeting has become a matter of history. The past year has seen thousands of visitors to the Deerfield shrine of antiquity, coming from all parts of the globe. It is conceded that the various collections at Memorial Hall are without equal for illustrating early New England life. The tributes to men and women whose memory is and for years to come will be revered throughout this locality, together with many historical papers read at these meetings are put on perpetual record in the *Proceedings* published from time to time. Valuable as these records now are they will become exceedingly more so as the years go by. Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon, John Sheldon and others who are carrying forward the great life work of the late Historian Sheldon, and also to those who delve into the past and prepare at no little expense of time and energy the interesting papers which are read at the annual meetings. The association has a fine plant at Deerfield and its finances, in fine shape at present, are steadily improving, so that the institution has a firm foundation and is in a position not

only to continue but to enlarge upon the good work of past years. To the unobservant, unthinking person the work of the association does not mean much, but to the student of history it is invaluable.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

Mr. Sheldon once said at an annual meeting, "I have to make report of a pleasant yearly voyage by our association, with no storms or sunken rocks." This may be said of the year 1922; we have voyaged serenely and happily.

Memorial Hall has been enjoyed by 7,897 persons, registering from 43 States of the Union, and from Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Brazil, Chile, England, Wales, Scotland, France, Albania, Italy, Greece, Sweden, Korea, Siam, China, Ceylon, and Australia. This number of visitors, with the exception of one year, is the largest in the history of the association.

It would be interesting to repeat the many original remarks of these visitors on leaving, because no one who hears them can doubt their genuineness, but only a few may be given:—"I've traveled the wide world over and seen nothing like it; it's the most complete record of early New England life to be found anywhere." "Mr. Sheldon did a monumental work." "What a big collection, I haven't seen half of it, I'm coming again to stay days." "The homey rooms are charming." "I am most impressed by the excellent classification of the material." "How in the world do you keep things so clean?" "Memorial Hall must represent years and years of solid work." These remarks, repeated essentially over and over again, are gratifying, because they tend to prove that the public is appreciative of historical research, of which Memorial Hall is the visible and tangible expression.

In spite of a cold, rainy June, the following schools and classes have visited the hall during the season: Two classes from Deerfield grammar school; two classes from Deerfield

Academy; six classes from Greenfield grammar schools; Northfield Seminary; Wilbraham Academy; Smith Agricultural School; Amherst summer school; Mr. Holyoke College; Smith College; Massachusetts Agricultural College; Camp Marquette and Camp Netawa, Spofford Lake, N. H.

Various organizations have come to us. These are the Friday Club, Barre, Mass.; the Woman's club, Hinsdale, N. H.; the Monday Club, Deerfield; the librarians of Massachusetts; Holy Trinity Sunday school, Greenfield; and the Good Cheer Girls, Colrain.

We have received 148 contributions, consisting of 93 books and pamphlets and 55 miscellaneous articles. This number does not, by any means, represent all the contributions offered. For instance, one gentleman wished to send us the "hand machinery for making cloth," consisting of spinning wheel, hatchels, loom, etc., but these we already had; others have offered books which were either too youthful or were duplicates.

We have added a large exhibition case, the gift of the Misses Whiting and Miller, to the Room of Domestic Productions. In this case is a truly unique bedspread, made by Mr. Sheldon's aunts, Mary, Persis and Polly Sheldon, and consisting of 4,705 pieces. Here, too, is a beautifully embroidered cap and collar, gifts of Mrs. Catherine A. Cowing of Palo Alto, California, formerly of Deerfield.

We have received from the Connecticut Historical Society its "Collections," Vol. XIX, containing the "Pitkin Papers," 1766-1769, and from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts "Acts and Resolves of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay," Vol. XXI, 1779-1780.

We are hoping to receive more contributions for the Civil War room, autographs for our autograph album, books for the Deerfield authors' alcove, and "pitted stones" from all over New England. Among other things we would like a genuine old lug pole, a candle mould for 48 candles, "steps to climb into bed," a sofa of the 18th century and a "chair-table."

The Indian room has claimed most of the curator's time. The large collection of Pitted Stones has been studied and

found to consist of granite, greenstone, lava, mica schist, slate and sandstone groups.

Faded labels and numbers have been renewed, using Higgins' waterproof ink. This collection of prehistoric and historic remains of early man arouses a keen and growing interest in the student.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, continues her work of cataloguing the gifts to the library so that each book and pamphlet is represented by a typewritten card. Her constant care of Memorial Hall deserves the hearty praise of the association.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON,

Curator.

Deerfield, Feb. 27, 1922.

NECROLOGY.

HENRY HERVEY BARBER, D. D.

BY HIS DAUGHTERS, ANNIE BARBER CLARKE

ALICE BARBER COLEMAN.

Deerfield first knew Henry Hervey Barber as a student entering eagerly upon a course of study within these storied walls. Born in the little hill town of Warwick in 1835, he learned his early lessons on the farm and in the little red schoolhouse at the foot of the hill.

"Under the anxious convoy of my elder sister," Henry once wrote, "I was taken to this primitive academy of literature when I was hardly three years old; for I distinctly remember going to three school-mistresses and a master before I was six.

"When, after promotion, I acquired Pierpont's 'Young Reader' and hunted it through for its supreme ballad of 'Honestus Woodman and Mr. Cheathem' (which I had long before rejoiced in as it was read and re-read by my six-year old elders) my cup of literary joy was full, and school be-

came thenceforward an ever opening vista of new interest and progress."

With the rudiments well mastered Henry left home and started work in an Athol shoe shop. This ended abruptly when Deacon Barber, wisely and sympathetically discerning the boy's bent and yearning, drove down to tell his son of the educational opportunities of Deerfield Academy. Together they drove to Deerfield and turned into the Street. The boy had entered the classic shades and henceforth his love of learning never ceased. Not long ago he wrote of that summer noontide:

When first I trod this since familiar street,
Its picturesque and antique style
Unlike to all that I had known erewhile
And to my youthful fancy passing fair and sweet.

It was not only in the class-room that the academy boys and girls came together. A number of them took part in a play about which some of us have heard a great deal. The title was "The Podunk Sewing Circle," and the heroine was Henrietta, the Flirt. This rôle was filled by Eliza Pratt, and her dancing brown eyes completely bewitched Henry Barber, who was acting the part of a bashful young minister.

Ah! little Elise and Henry dear, "The play's the thing!"
It has revealed to you two your destiny, your happy, happy destiny!

Little Elise and Henry dear
Stand on the stage of the past;
Both are so young, both are so brave!
Why can't their brave youngness last?
Henry dear clasps little Elise
Close to the great white throne,
Beings of light, lost to our sight,
Never so sweetly our own.

We all know the charms of Deerfield when spring creeps on, then bursts into bloom. From the first pussy-willow to the last hazel twig these two young things watched the green things growing. Perhaps it may have been a day when they were on their knees gathering mayflowers—for that is the

right way to gather mayflowers—that their hands feeling for the blossoms first met.

More than a half century later when their 80th birthdays were passed and their May days together were over, my father wrote this poem:

MAYING.

Dead leaves and withered grasses oft conceal
Rich tangles of the shy arbutus flowers,
Half guessed at till we reach to make them ours
When groping fingers suddenly reveal
What we not see but presciently forefeel;
Then wealth of pearly bloom our vision dowers
And all our sense with sweetest fragrance showers,
As fresh delight the fairer clusters deal.
O hands that plucked with mine the grace of life
(Though folded now) through all the changing years;
Waiting unchilled through winter's storms and strife,
Each Maytime still they yearly quest endears,
As Memory's fingers draw from 'neath the tangled Past
Joy clusters, each more fragrant, fairer, than the last.

After they were graduated from the academy there were many terms of school-teaching for both the young people. The period of waiting passed and one June evening the church bells rang merrily; the 14 bridesmaids, all in white, fluttered down the aisle. Before the old high pulpit the young pair were made one and a new home was started.

It was hard to leave Deerfield and many were the returns through all the years till this very last summer.

Again the well-remembered scene,
The quiet street, elm-arched and maple-bowered.

During one of the early visits to Deerfield, Annie Leland was born in the old house next to Aunt Martha's postoffice. Later for many summers Annie and Harry Blanchard, born in Harvard, Mass., and Martha Alice and Margaret Brown-ing, born in Somerville, came to play with the wonderful cousins who lived in the "street where the sun always shines," as it seemed to these little summer visitors.

One sad August day the baby, Mary Ellen, born in

Somerville seven short months before, was brought to Laurel Hill. That was the only break in the family till the mother came home 47 years later in 1916.

One of the happy Deerfield visits Mrs. Sheldon writes of in a recent letter. She says: "I recall so vividly your father's helpful spirit during 'Old Home Week' in 1901. Your father and mother stayed with us, and your father helped Mr. Sheldon in every possible way, not only in the Field Day exercises, but in the Sunday service and through the whole week."

What pleasure my father must have felt in entering for these few summer days into the plans and work of Deerfield's honored historian and antiquarian, George Sheldon, the founder and sustainer of this Memorial hall.

Later my father wrote of him as the sage:

Who set the pious fashion of memorial days
To keep the children in remembrance of their father's ways.

These lines occurred in the poem on Ensign Sheldon, delivered at the dedication of the Old Indian House Homestead in 1911.

One Sunday last August Henry Barber stood and looked once more on

The great church, many windowed, lofty towered,
With sad and happy memories richly dowered,
Lifting its shaft of white
Above the leafy green
Into the ampler light.

He regretted that it was vacation and there was no service. We went in, just five of us, and he mounted the lofty pulpit. He heard the rustle of bridal draperies and angels' wings. His radiant smile included us and little Elise. He opened the Bible and read the scriptures in his deep, strong, tender, happy tones. And that was his farewell to the Deerfield church.

He had deep satisfaction last summer, also, in attending the Old Home Day celebration at Warwick. He enjoyed seeing the house where he was born in good repair and

meeting the present progressive occupant. It seemed to him pleasant going so much more easily over the road in auto instead of in the ancient stage coach. He was one of the most sought after, at the reunion of friends. His nieces, familiar with the scenes of their Warwick past, and their husbands, all felt honored to have dear Uncle Henry, so well, so eager to enter into all the memories and the fellowship, at another Warwick Old Home Day. The dinner together was a delight, the pictures of Warwick's well known men, among them Deacon Barber, in the town hall called forth many happy reminiscences, as also the old houses about the square. How natural it was for him to lead his daughter and her family, who accompanied him, down the right aisle of the church to the ancestral Barber pew at right angle to the aisle. The anniversary exercises were graced by his benignant words of fond backward look and hopeful forward vision.

Warwick was honored that day by the presence of one of her best beloved sons and gave to him to carry away once more another blessed sheaf of memories, which added much to the cheer of his last few months.

On his 87th birthday he wrote:

Though Expectation's virgin shields no longer gleam before
And high achievement's visioned fields salute my eyes no more
Yet thought serene of workful days and joys of heart and home,
And calls to gratitude and praise in sunlit memories come.

We go back to the career of the newly wedded pair.

Another Deerfield Academy student, Walter Stevens, had gone with his wife to Newark, Ohio, to teach and on their invitation our young couple went to join the teaching force in that distant town. But Henry was thinking of his life work and he knew that must be the ministry of religion.

Encouraged by the word and example of his uncle, Stillman Barber, who was an honored minister of the Unitarian faith, Henry entered the Meadville Theological School in 1858.

Walter Stevens also entered the Meadville school and while the husbands studied the young wives helped out with

sewing, teaching and music. Among the students were Robert Moore, Edwin Browne, John B. Green, George Batchelor and William Chaffin. Mr. Chaffin recently wrote to a friend as follows: "I think you know Mr. Barber well enough to say with me that the attempt to find any better man than he on the planet would probably be a failure."

The first pastorate of our newly ordained minister was at Harvard, Mass. There he preached for five years and made ties for life through his friendship for one of his parishioners, Mrs. Margaret Bromfield Blanchard. Her property went for the founding of the Bromfield school and by her request Mr. Barber was a trustee and of late years the president of the trustees of this school.

He was often able to attend the graduation exercises and to present the diplomas. On the 60th anniversary of his ordination the school and the church united to do him honor. The following tribute prepared by the committee of the Harvard church appeared in the church calendar:

"In meeting assembled this Sunday, the 21st of January, 1923, we, the members of the Unitarian Church of Harvard, in which Mr. Barber was ordained, and installed as Pastor, more than sixty years ago, resolve to place on record the loving joy and pride we cherish in the long life of devoted and blessed service whose public ministry thus began with us, and which only ended, in such true peace, a few days since.

"We recall with tender appreciation, that warm-hearted interest of his in our Church, our School, and our Homes, an interest that never failed, and we love to remember that occasion less than two years ago when he spoke so helpfully to our young people and they joined with us to do him honor.

"He leaves to us an unmeasured influence for good, but nowhere, we fondly think, more surely and beneficently than here in this little community of ours."

Before he left this friendly and beloved little community he saw the flag fly at half mast for the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Our father was profoundly patriotic. Born into a new

world of democracy—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had been gone but nine years,—a new world where the voices of the Signers of the Declaration still vibrated in the memory of the young American Commonwealth, he based his life on the great virtues and the grand simplicities.

He wrote of the large humanity of Washington. And at the period when he left Harvard just after the Civil War, he was aglow with the warm humanity of Lincoln.

Strong and eager for public service, our father went to Somerville, Mass., a young city just swinging into a wonderful current of growth. Unitarianism, too, near Boston was spreading, new little churches springing up all about. There was much to do and he did much.

His church was absorbing, and his family of young children engrossing, yet he found time for all public causes, work for the freedmen, charity organizations, temperance,—always temperance. He was a trustee of the library, a member of the school committee, editor for nine years of the *Unitarian Review*. He attended lectures on language, literature and philosophy in Cambridge. He heard the great geniuses who came to Boston, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Ole Bull, Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth.

Sunday afternoons he often preached to help the new societies at Melrose, Malden and elsewhere. Sometimes when his afternoon was free he went into Boston to hear other ministers, especially Phillips Brooks.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago our father made a call in Somerville shortly after the birth of his only grandson, Henry Leland Clarke. His one time Sunday school scholar refers to this call as follows: "He was always my ideal man. And what a Christ-like face! In the ministry perhaps others might be found with as great a heart, as keen an intellect, as spiritual a nature. But in him these were united with a practical sagacity making a truly wonderful combination.

"How radiant he looked," she continues, "when on my mother's opening the door he greeted her, 'I suppose you don't know I am a grandfather!'"

One other expression of the regard still felt for him in

Somerville I quote. These beautiful lines were written by our loved teacher and friend, Mary Haley:

Poet and teacher, counselor and friend,—
Titles he bore with dignity and grace,
And yet, withal, true humbleness had place.
The stately figure that no storm could bend,
The saintly face where grave and gay thoughts blend,
Proclaim his kinship to a hallowed race.
Whose words and deeds in Holy Writ we trace,
And on whose faith and precepts we depend.
In his dear presence we were always blessed,
He smoothed the path in which our feet should go,
Gave hope to those afflicted or distressed,
Infinite tenderness to those in woe,
Revealed the beauty of self-sacrifice,
And knew each loving heart held Paradise.

In 1884 he was called to the Meadville Theological School, where he was professor till 1904 and professor emeritus through life.

To this work he brought, as his colleague writes: "A remarkable knowledge of literature and history. To him was due the beginning here of comparative religion as an integral element in the organism of studies—also the beginning of sociology as necessary to the preparation for the minister's life.

"To inform minds with the lore of human time is a worthy work—yet he renders the highest gift who makes human associations glad with the sweetness of great sympathies, giving us to feel that our poor life is hallowed by the embracing divine life. Such a man in our midst was our venerated, gentle friend."

One of his students at Meadville writes: "Your noble father was ever my loyal friend. He took a keen personal interest in his pupils. He never failed us."

His sweetness and understanding, "his beautiful physical presence through which seemed to radiate his lovely spiritual nature," "the happiness and patience of his spirit," "the inspiration of seeing him walk or work in his garden," "one who helped men to see the better side of life," are phrases which show what he meant to people.

A literary man writes: "To have left the place he has in the hearts of all the army he knew is a splendid, a glorious, and a very much worth while thing."

Dr. Earl Wilbur of the Pacific Theological School says: "He always seemed to me the very embodiment of all that was rich, generous, patient, understanding, and kind in Christian character."

A man of consecration, reverential toward life, those nearest him held him as their center of reference and as their own special evidence of eternal verity.

His son writes: To the Grand Old Man of Meadville.

Simple in manner
Benignant and mild
The wisdom of sages
With the heart of a child.

His daughter Margaret describes,

THE POET

From out the words we all can write
He brings new loveliness to light
With stones we builders set at naught,
He rears a radiant dome of thought.

As he wrote of another, "The truth concerning him is his sufficient eulogy—a helper of men to the light and strength of divine realities."

With the indomitable spirit of Browning—the poet whom he revered and whose words he read so as to make an epoch in the life of the listener—he sings:

No highest hope of man falls ever dead
But rises up again since God is good.

It was, I think, one night in 1871 up in Aunt Martha's pleasant room in the old Pratt house that the thought that my father might die first came to me and overwhelmed me. There had been some news of a train wreck and I knew that he was traveling. A child of four or five cannot communicate such a new woe, just as a few years later she could not seek comfort for her feelings of guilt on recognizing that she was

loving her father more than she loved God. She made a sort of easement for herself by acknowledging to herself that if her father should die the world would go on; but that if God should cease to be the world would stop. So seeking escape in according Omnipotence to God she relieved her conscience.

Now her father has died, and she still concedes Omnipotence, and with it and because of it she knows that her father lives; here in the lives of those who loved him, and there, as God wills. She recalls that once her father said to her, in his perfect trust of the Power that had led him on thus far, that if the future is not to be as we hope and plan, we may be confident that it will be something better.

So we leave it; and he goes with us as he always went with us, though sometimes absent, through all our ways. So inseparable a part of their children's thought and lives our parents were, and so instinctively we in youth and age turned to them for sympathy, counsel, and companionship that whether present or absent they were the habit—the best habit—of our lives.

Whether we go through pathways of sunshine or shadow and wherever we meet strength, beauty and goodness they will be there.

They sleep to wake, and the tender grace of days that are dead will come back, and abide with their children, their heritage forevermore.

And their children rise up and call them blessed.

DR. ALFRED H. CHILDS.

BY MISS JENNIE L. CHILDS.

Alfred Henry Childs, son of Henry S. and Lucy E. (Grout) Childs, was born in Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1876. That happened to be the day of the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association for that year. Naturally, then, the first birthday of the "Centennial Memorial Leap Year Baby," as he was called, was linked with the meeting of the society in 1877.

Little Alfred was dressed in a christening robe and cap 100 years old, belonging to Miss Abby Barnard, and taken up to the afternoon meeting. That meeting was held in the old Grange Hall, over Miss Ray's store. The baby is said to have behaved very well, contentedly lying in the arms of Dea. Phinehas Field, and pulling the venerable whiskers, as the deacon sang him an Indian baby song. Many of you will recall the kindly face of Dea. Field. Little Alfred was voted into the society at that time, Dr. Robert Crawford advancing the first \$25 towards the life membership fee.

As the child grew into boyhood he lived the natural life of a New England country lad, fond of outdoor things. Spring meant marbles, mayflowers and kites; summer, swimming, baseball and fishing; autumn, corn-roasts and chest-nutting; winter, skating and sliding. Modest and retiring, he nevertheless made many friends, one of whom remembers him as "the boy who always played fair."

Alfred had a keen mind, aided by a real desire to know things, and was an apt student in school. He was graduated from Dickinson high school under Mr. Latham.

At the age of 17 he entered Harvard University. Although he partly earned the money for his college expenses during those four fruitful years, he was graduated magna cum laude, with special honors in music. He seriously considered the taking up of music as a profession, but later decided to study medicine. He was graduated from Harvard Medical School, and took two years' training at the Boston City Hospital.

In the spring of 1903 Dr. Childs settled in Dublin, N. H., a small town whose population was augmented in the summer by 1000 or more people who loved the beautiful lake and Mt. Monadnock, as he did.

In October, 1903, Dr. Childs married Lucy Anna Eastman of Deerfield, establishing their home in one of the comfortable old farm-houses. From this house, the doctor and his wife dispensed most delightful hospitality. As time went on, the old house was modernized, much of the actual work being done by the doctor and his wife for sheer love of it.

Dr. Childs entered at once into the life of the town, working unceasingly for its good in every way. His townspeople loved him and felt confidence in him, both as man and as physician. At various times he was made a member of the board of selectmen; of the school board; trustee of church and of library; chief of the fire department, which he organized; fire warden, etc. He greatly appreciated the value of the work of this society. At his suggestion the Dublin Historical Society was formed. It now numbers 47 members.

Dr. Childs keenly felt his inability to enter active service in the World War. He decided to spend a winter in East Jaffrey, taking on the practice of a physician there in addition to his own work, and thus releasing one more man for service. That was the winter of the influenza scourge, and a doctor covering the needs of two towns, seven miles apart, was a busy man. Driven to exhaustion like all doctors that terrible winter, he became so worn that when he, himself, fell victim to the disease, he was seriously ill, never fully regaining strength.

Like most country doctors, this man's patients were not mere "cases." Each was an individual problem, seriously considered, and treated with such sympathy, that the patient often brought his other cares and trials to the doctor for help and comfort. A keen sense of humor, a tender heart, and a high courage all helped in his work, while his skill as a physician and his untiring faithfulness were well known.

Dr. Childs kept abreast of the best in modern methods in medicine, reading much, and making frequent visits to the Boston hospitals. These visits were often made at the invitation of some doctor who wished him to see a special operation, or a new treatment of a difficult case.

His love for music showed itself very early in life, and grew with his years. He was an accomplished pianist, playing the works of ancient and modern composers with a very delicate touch, and with great sympathy. He improvised delightfully, and his greatest relaxation at the end of a tiring day, was to drop down at his piano and lose his fatigue in the making of delicious melody.

Dr. Childs had a great love for out-of-doors. He never

failed to thrill to the wonders of Monadnock Mountain and Dublin Lake, with each fresh vision. His garden, his woodlot, his mowing, all were dear to him—each tree, shrub or vine that he planted became a veritable member of his family. His fondness for animals was so great that it was a family joke. In the house, a kitten was usually peering from his pocket, or above the top button of his coat. His journeys to the mowing with a scythe, or to the garden with a hoe were marked by a trail of household pets, who got in the way as much as possible.

Dr. Childs's last years were shadowed by much suffering, nobly borne. His busy, fruitful life here came to a close on April 29, 1922. At that time a young artist friend said of him, "Dr Childs had the divine spark of genius that would have made him a success in art, music, literature or business, but he chose medicine."

Perhaps the following lines, read at his funeral services, best show the place he quietly held in the village life:

"We are all at one today in our admiration and respect, when we think of the life and character of Dr. Childs. We are at one in the consciousness of a common loss. We are at one when we think of the large place he held in this community during his active years. In the practice of his profession the very best in medical training was combined with a keen mind, a wonderful intuition, and a broad human sympathy. All this equipment was made radiant by the finest elements of character and a life without reproach. In the church, the civic, the educational, the social, and recreational life of Dublin, he could always be counted upon for encouragement, wise counsel and tireless effort.

"All this is but another way of saying that with unusual powers of heart and head and hand, he gave himself to a life of service.

"We will best honor his memory by a new and high resolve to carry forward in the community and in the world the spirit and the ideals that inspired his life."

FREDERICK L. GREENE.

BY CHARLES A. HALL OF ASHFIELD.

Frederick L. Greene came from New England ancestry. His grandfather, Benjamin Greene, was a native of Rhode Island, one of the family to which belonged Gen. Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. Benjamin Greene was a cotton manufacturer and was the first apprentice to Samuel Slater, who introduced cotton manufacturing into America. His son, Lewis, the father of Frederick, was born in Hartford (White River Village), Vt., Nov. 20, 1818. When Lewis Greene was 13 years old his father and mother, Mary Sabin May Greene, removed to Lowell, Mass., where Benjamin Greene was a communicant and strong supporter of St. Anne's Episcopal Church. It was said of him that "men resorted to him for information in arguments or to try conclusions with him and he bore himself in a way to command their respect for the depth and extent of his knowledge, the strength of his intellect and the consistency and uprightness of his character."—(From Rev. George P. Huntington's historical address at St. John's church, Ashfield.)

Lewis Greene attended Lowell high school, fitted for college at Pembroke Academy, N. H., entered Amherst College in 1840, and in 1844 was graduated at the head of his class. After attending the Theological Seminary at Andover, spending a year at Amherst as tutor, and a year at the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., he was in March, 1848, admitted to deacon's orders and called to take charge of Trinity church, Van Deusenville (Great Barrington), where he was admitted to priest's orders. In 1851 he married Clara C. Bartlett in the church at Lowell. His three children were born at Van Deusenville, the eldest, a daughter, dying there.

In 1864 he was invited to the rectorship of St. John's church, Ashfield, which he assumed in October of that year. He remained in charge of the parish for 19 years, where he was greatly respected and beloved. He was a gentleman, a scholar and a faithful parish priest. He was many years a

member of the school committee, a trustee of Sanderson Academy, and the president of the library association. He was a regular attendant at town meetings, being greatly interested in town affairs.

I have written thus fully of Benjamin and Lewis Greene to show where Frederick got those traits which caused the *Recorder* to say of him after his death: "Mr. Greene will be remembered for the brilliant mental qualities which made him a great trial lawyer, but even more for the part which he took during the greater part of his life in seeking to direct aright the destinies of the town. No town meeting was ever held without him present unless ill-health made his attendance impossible, and on the floor of the town hall his ability to cut through a mass of irrelevant argument and misinformation and present the real issue to the voters kept them straight on many propositions when they were near to going astray. Mr. Greene's public service came to a climax in his chairmanship of the committee which carried through the change in our town government."

Frederick was born June 20, 1855, and came to Ashfield in 1864; so that I have known him since he was nine years old and I was seven. I remember perfectly the first time I ever saw him. The new minister's family sat in the pew joining ours to the right. I looked out of the corner of my eye past my mother to see them—Frederick, his younger brother, William B., and their mother. I was very much impressed by the extreme smoothness with which their hair was brushed. It seemed very remarkable to me and I have often been reminded of it when I have seen Mr. Greene since. The boys were very good fellows, both very fond of fishing and both good ball players. They attended Sanderson Academy and belonged to a ball nine called the "Phil Sheridans," which I think was a good nine. Will Greene was the pitcher and was famous for his great speed; curves, I think, were not invented at that time.

A. D. Flower, who was the son of a rector of our church, was also a member of this nine. As the boys grew older Fred went away to St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., and then to Harvard and to Harvard Law School, from which he was

graduated in June, 1880. He had studied law at Greenfield in the office of Judge Chester C. Conant since December, 1876, and was admitted to the bar in Greenfield in August, 1879, and began the practice of law in Greenfield in 1880. The *Gazette and Courier* of November 12, 1877, says: "F. L. Greene, Esq., with Judge Conant, tried his maiden case last week before L. Brown, Esq., of Vernon. It was a suit brought by Dr. D. M. Elliot against Robert Smith for medical services. Mr. Greene was for the plaintiff and, though the opposing counsel was a veteran at the bar, he gained his case."

Mr. Greene was a trial justice from 1882 until the establishment of the District Court in 1896; assessor of Greenfield from 1886 to 1892 and for several years at the end of his life. He held the position at the time of his death. He was town clerk of Greenfield from 1887 to 1895. One of the Franklin county bar examiners from 1887 till the establishment of the State Board of Bar Examiners in 1897; one of the members of the first Board of State Bar Examiners appointed by the Supreme Judicial court in October, 1897; secretary of the board from April, 1900, to October, 1913, when after 16 years of service he asked not to be considered for reappointment. He was clerk of the parish of St. James's Episcopal Church in Greenfield from 1881 to 1901. At the time of his death and for several years he was town counsel of the town of Greenfield.

He was a trustee of Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, from 1880, and was president of the board at the time of his death. He did very valuable work with Prof. Norton, George William Curtis, H. S. Ranney, F. G. Howes and others in putting the finances of the academy on a sound foundation.

Mr. Greene was a very learned and able lawyer. A prominent county official at Greenfield told me that "Mr. Greene undoubtedly had the best legal mind which this section has ever produced." Other lawyers went to him for help and advice. The fact that he was one of the bar examiners of the State for 16 years shows that the legal profession had a high regard for his knowledge. We were good friends for nearly 50 years and towards the end of his life he spent two or three days at our house almost every year. He often

talked of his profession and always seemed to take more pleasure in thinking of the law suits which he had prevented than of those which he had fought and won. I know he kept me out of one suit which I was very anxious to get into. When I got over being quite so mad, I was glad he kept me out of it. Through his kindly advice many people who came to get divorces thought better of it, went home and tried again with better results. He took great pains to prevent misunderstandings between people and thought a good lawyer should try to prevent trouble rather than to make it for the sake of getting business. The better any one knew him the more he respected him for his honesty, uprightness and kindness of heart.

He seemed to have few interests outside his profession, though he liked to go fishing as long as he was able and liked to take long drives with horses over the hills. He cared nothing for fine clothing or jewelry. I cannot think of him as owning a fine watch or a diamond ring. In politics he was a Democrat who sometimes voted independently. Like his father and grandfather he was a communicant of the Episcopal Church. He made few enemies during his long professional career and always possessed the good-will of the community in which he lived. He was always very fond of Ashfield and knew much about its early history, where the first settlers lived in the village, where old roads and boundary lines ran, and many other things which no one knows now that he is gone.

Mr. Greene was married in 1888 to Jessie Allen Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eben A. Hall of Greenfield, who, with their three children, Donald, Elizabeth and Lydian H., survives him.

A TRIP TO BOSTON SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY MRS. JENNIE WILLIAMS THACHER.

It is on a cold morning, the first of December more than 75 years ago, that my story begins. Though long before daybreak, there is much life already stirring in the old Wil-

liams homestead. Grandmother is hurrying to and fro between kitchen and pantry, intent on preparing a hot breakfast for the young people about to start for their home in Boston; and grandfather has taken his lantern and gone to the barn to feed old Cooper and harness him for his early trip to Cheapside. The young schoolmaster and his wife had come up from the city a week before, bringing their baby daughter not yet six months old for her first visit to her grandparents. It has been a time of great happiness and rejoicing, reaching their height on Thanksgiving Day, when after the service in the brick church, the aunts and uncles and cousins had gathered in the old home for the feast, and the hours flew by only too fast in the joyous family reunion. Now the parting was near at hand. The schoolmaster must be back at his post, without fail, in the great city schoolroom, crowded with 200 boys and girls, on Monday morning and a long, fatiguing journey must be taken to accomplish this.

The hurried breakfast was quickly dispatched, and soon the travellers, well protected with wraps and shawls, are tucked into the wagon under warm buffalo robes, now, alas, no longer to be found. The farewells are said and grandfather and old Cooper take them quickly over to Abercrombie's tavern at Cheapside. The ground is frozen hard. There is no snow, but a heavy white frost covers everything. At the river tavern the young people join the group of travellers waiting before the great fireplace in the office with its blazing logs, until the driver in his heavy long blue coat, yellow gloves and shining brass buttons, comes bustling in to tell them that the coach is at the door. Then one after another 22 passengers (and the baby in arms!) are stowed away inside or outside of the stage, and with them—no Saratoga nor wardrobe trunks, to be sure—but all manner of bandboxes, bundles, carpet bags and queer little leather trunks. It is not easy to imagine it, but at last all are provided for. The driver cracks his whip and the four great strong horses start on their way as the tall clock in the tavern strikes four and all quickly disappear beyond Abercrombie's Point, headed towards Montague. In earlier days

the stage left at midnight or at one or two o'clock in the morning. When the schoolmaster took his bride from her home in Deerfield after the sightless but ever venerated Dr. Willard had pronounced his solemn benediction over them, they had taken a stage that left Cheapside at three o'clock in the morning, going down through Amherst and all the way to Boston, where it was due at seven o'clock in the evening of the same day. But now they were bound through Athol, Barre and other towns to Worcester, there to take the new railroad train to the city.

While the stage coach goes clattering on its way, let us picture to ourselves Cheapside as it was in its palmy days, nearly a hundred years ago. To us who hurry through it on our way to Greenfield or beyond it is difficult to realize that it had become an important port of entry to the country around us—such a thriving business center that it aspired to be the county seat. Navigation on the Connecticut was opened in 1827; a steamboat, the *Barnet*, built in Hartford, left there in November and reached Cheapside on December 2, where it was welcomed by hundreds of people with cheers and salutes from the old Deerfield cannon. The highway near the three bridges of the present day was lined with stores, warehouses and the homes of David R. Wait, the Abercrombies and others. At the Point of Rocks, somewhat to the east, were steamer and boat landings. It was the day also of canals and boats, and between these and the steamers on the Connecticut there was great rivalry and competition. Barges, sloops and steamers plied up and down between Hartford and Cheapside, the head of navigation, with almost the importance of a small seaport town. The "*Flying Fish*," "*Free-trade*," "*Voyager*" and others made their trips through the season, slowly but with more or less regularity. Coming up they were laden with flour and with what were known as "*East or West Ingy*" goods, sugar, salt and molasses. Returning, the cargoes were even more varied: lumber, wool, leather, hats, axe handles, cranberries from the Fuller farm, brooms, etc., etc. Let us hope that the brooms made in Deerfield swept cleaner and lasted longer than those of the present day from Kalamazoo!

These busy river boats had their rivals in freight wagons and canal boats which brought up city merchandise and carried away many country commodities. Greenfield was then a small place, but a center for stage lines. One of these went over Hoosac Mountain and there were about half a dozen routes to Albany and Boston. By starting at midnight a traveller could reach Albany by noon of the second day. One Richard Field of Greenfield was noted for the fine stage coaches which he built; and somewhere in Cheapside was the establishment of two famous cabinet makers who made much of the fine old mahogany furniture still to be seen among us. So these were very busy and prosperous times. Already, however, there was something in the air which threatened and finally put an end to this commercial prosperity at Cheapside. In the town records of Greenfield one may read such items as these:

"Nov. 1835, a great railroad meeting held in Greenfield by its citizens; speeches made by George Grinnell, James C. Alvord, Richard Newcomb and others."

"Nov. 21, 1835. Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg delivered an address upon the advantage of building a railroad from Boston through Fitchburg to Greenfield."

'It was coming—nearer and more near—the inevitable railroad. We cannot, if we would, go back to the stage coach days. But I wish that just for once I could take the old road from the north end of Deerfield street, drive over the meadows, close under the east bank of Pine Hill, wait for the ferry boat at the Deerfield river, and climb the long, grassy hillside under its tall walnut trees, into Greenfield. But the tracks and railroad buildings, with their smoke and grime and noise, which now cover that ground, will not vanish—we should not ask it if they could, though we could well spare some of the smoke and soot!

To return to the travellers. The sun has risen, hours have passed and the landscape is a marvel of glittering beauty. Every twig and weed and grass blade has its coating of hoar-frost, sparkling in the sunshine. The youngest passenger sleeps quietly in her mother's arms, while the mother forgets the fatigue and discomforts of the long ride

in the beauty of the scene around her, while she recalls with a grateful heart the happy days of Thanksgiving week just spent in her old home. All is going well; only six miles now to Worcester! Suddenly there is a lurch. The poor, old, overladen coach settles down on one side, its spring having entirely given out. The well-trained horses stop, without further accident, while the startled passengers clamber down and out into the cold, and seek refuge in the nearest farm house. The mother sits quietly in her corner, thankful that the baby sleeps, and only at the very last lifts up her voice in screaming protest at the delay. A rail from a fence near by repairs the damage for the time being and after a tedious hour the passengers with some misgivings lest there be further trouble crowd into their places again. They reach Worcester safely, after the last train has started for Boston, but find a hot supper and a warm shelter for the night. Taking the earliest train the next morning they reach home a little while before noon, the trip of ninety-five miles having taken somewhat more than thirty hours.

Here the story ends, and I should properly end with it, but a thousand memories come crowding upon me and I will take the two or three minutes left me to touch upon several of them. The long, cold trip had no ill effect upon the baby girl and before she could talk plainly she would beg her mother to take her "up-a-Deerfield," almost as soon as she had returned to brick walls from there, and the annual May visit was the great event of the year. There were long spring days among the dandelions and blue violets, or if it rained, happy hours in the old garret where spinning wheels and old chairs were watched over by the wig block of great-great-grandfather Dr. Thomas Williams, its rude features modelled after those engaging faces to be seen on the stones in the burying ground on the Albany road.

A little later there was the ball in the tavern, noted for its spring floor. This was to celebrate the Cheapside victory, as it was called. The question of the boundary between Deerfield and Greenfield had been coming up again and again for at least a hundred years; now it had been successfully opposed and defeated for the last time, shortly before

the shot fired at Fort Sumter. She was bidden to watch carefully the remarkable steps of Miss Clarissa Dickinson in Money Musk and Hull's Victory, and indeed, they were worth watching. Later, in the summer of that same year, old and young, matrons and maids, would gather in the south dooryard of the Willard house to make flannel shirts and scrape lint for the soldiers under Mrs. Lincoln's direction. Word would often come that a regiment of Vermont soldiers was on its way down the river and that would send the young people in search of food and flowers, and then hurrying breathlessly up the academy lane to welcome and cheer them in their brief pause at the station.

And oh! The excitement and enthusiasm, when after the long months of anxiety and suspense, the brave old 52d Regiment, with its broken ranks, was on its way home to be mustered out and was known to have reached Springfield.

Most beautiful of all these crowding memories is that of the old home under the maple trees, opposite the Williams homestead, which had passed into other hands. Most generous in its hospitality, it was always a center of the very best and most beneficent influences for the whole neighborhood and its host and hostess will always be held in honored and affectionate remembrance—their children and grandchildren rise up and call them blessed.

THE EVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF A NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD, OR THE COLONEL JOSEPH STEBBINS HOMESTEAD IN DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.¹

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Standing on the Joseph Stebbins homestead of today, thought travels swiftly backward, and the mind's eye scans the horizon of a remote past to discover what it may of the

¹ See *The Evolutionary History of a New England Homestead, or The Colonel Joseph Stebbins Homestead in Deerfield, Massachusetts*, by J. M. Arms Sheldon, Ill., 1925. E. L. Hildreth & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

early history of this place and its occupants. Slowly but clearly four pictures appear in strong relief, each one holding us absolutely because of the light it throws on the evolutionary development of the homestead. The first picture represents a period when untamed nature reigned supreme. The second tells of the advent of the Red Man, and the mighty changes which followed the introduction of human life. The third portrays the stern realities of frontier life and the mightier changes wrought by the White Pioneer. The fourth presents a view of man struggling not only for his own life and freedom, but for the life, the freedom and the preservation of a nation.

Not many centuries ago all this region was the home of primeval nature. Vast forests existed, dark, damp, with a thick growth of underbrush. Huge trees there must have been that lived, died, and in falling made the earth tremble. There were meadows, but the flat lands, not drained, were swampy. Brooks ran tumbling down the mountains in foamy cascades, while the cold, clear waters of many a spring were wasted on the steep hillsides. Ferns, fungi and mosses grew in rank luxuriance. On the ledges and exposed places wild flowers blossomed, berries and wild fruits ripened, while through the green and russet woods little nuts fell pattering upon the ground. But the sound of the falling giants, and the patter of the dropping nuts were heard only by the fur- or feather-clad denizens of the pathless forests.

The gaunt and savage wolf, the growling bear, the fierce wildcat lived here and fought their bloody battles, unmolested by the deadly arrow or the deadlier bullet. In the light of modern thought the ending of the life of most wild animals is a tragedy, and, therefore, we cannot picture a scene of undisturbed peace and beauty. The hunger of the untamed beast was satisfied by preying upon animals weaker than itself, even though these were sometimes its own kindred. It was a time when the law of the survival of the strongest held undisputed sway.

But while the poison-fanged serpent glided through the deep wood, and the fierce-eyed eagle screamed from above the tree-tops, the wild bees hummed a song of content over

their store of honey in the big tree-trunks; the nimble squirrels gathered their rich harvest of "walnuts, chestnuts, and other nut things," and the graceful deer bounded through the forest, reveling while yet it might in its own inborn love of freedom.

In yonder river silver-scaled fish darted hither and thither, apparently unconscious that on the dead limbs of the overhanging trees the greedy fish hawks watched for their prey. Careless and indifferent the salmon swam on and up the rocky gorge into the white, foaming water of the falls.

Many a beaver built its dam in the quiet brooks; many an ingenious muskrat made its house on the river's bank, burrowing and feasting on the unsuspecting clam, and leaving its kitchen-middens of rainbow-tinted shells.

Every height, every stream was nameless, but the river that went swinging from side to side at the foot of the western hills had already cut a deep channel for itself through the hard trap rock of the eastern range, finding, thereby, its way to a larger stream where the mingled waters could flow onward to the sea.

The land which was destined in a later century to become the Joseph Stebbins homestead, was a part of this great whole. It was a portion of the plateau which spread out westerly from the eastern range of hills. This plateau may have been wooded, but if so, it was cleared on the advent of the Red Man for when the White Man appeared it was essentially the same as today—a tableland encircled on the north, west and south by meadows, and guarded on the east by hills.

A new era dawned when the Red Man, erect and speaking a language of his own, looked for the first time upon these hills and streams. When this was, no one can tell. It is probable that he held possession of the land long before 1600, but if so, little of his history has survived. We know, however, that in 1637 a tribe bearing the name of the Pocumtuck Indians dominated this valley. Now another and very different picture is before us. Instead of nameless heights and rivers the Sunsick hills rise on the west, and through these down to the quiet valley below runs the

Pocumtuck river of many windings. On the east Pemawa-chuatuck with Pocumtuck Mountain and Wequamps in the van, stand as bulwarks, and beyond them flows the Qvinetticot. At the junction of the Pocumtuck and Qvinetticot rivers is Mantehelant, whose rare and picturesque beauty did not escape the keen eye of the Indian. Farther to the eastward Kunckquadchu rose skyward more than a thousand feet.

Here is savage man, the offspring of savage nature, dealing consciously or unconsciously with the problem of his environment. Here are rocks, deer, birch, pine and walnut trees; a fertile soil, clay, hemp and "sweet grass." How shall the savage use them? Without doubt the Pocumtuck Indians of our valley brought to the solution of this problem an inherited skill received from a long line of savage ancestors. This inheritance was a light along his path. By it he converted the shapeless rock into comely arrowheads to be used for his own protection, and for conquest over animals and men weaker than himself. The freedom-loving deer that has escaped the prowling wolf lies slain by his sharp, swift missile. Its skin helps to cover his nakedness and to make a wigwam home for his squaw and little papooses. The bark of the birch, the pitch of the pine, with the tough sinews of the deer, are transformed into water-tight canoes that bid defiance to the floods.

The Joseph Stebbins homestead of a future day is in the very midst of this industrial life of the Pocumtuck Indians. Their dwellings on the bluff at the west end of the home lot, overlooking the Pocumtuck river, command an extended view of the North Meadows and the hills beyond. Their light canoes are moored to the elms and maples that fringe the river's bank.

The squaws by inherited instinct and by slavish custom are grappling with the hard physical conditions of their surroundings. They are farmers and craftsmen. With hoes made of stone, or the shoulder blade of the bear or moose, fastened to a helve or handle they cultivate the rich alluvial soil. A plentiful harvest of shammonon or Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes and tobacco sometimes rewards

their efforts. In 1637-38 there was an abundant harvest of corn, some of which the English bought and paid for in wampum or in merchantable beaver. In the spring of this year William Pynchon of Springfield came up the valley to buy 500 bushels of corn, bringing with him 12,000 strings of wampum. "This large store of surplus grain, at that time of the year," says our historian, "tends to show that the Pocumtucks were an agricultural people, industrious and provident."

Among the pebbles on the river's bank corn mills are found, and the corn is broken and more or less ground by rubbing it between the two well-fitting stones. Water-worn pebbles are also collected and made into "pitted stones," for what use or uses we cannot say.

Moulding clay is discovered, and shaped into earthen pots of various sizes,¹ with simple ornamentation; these are baked, for the Indians have long since discovered the uses of fire.

A plant—the Indian hemp—with a tough skin or bark is gathered, and with rare patience the fibers are made into "strings,"² lines, and nets, the first for ensnaring deer, the last two for catching fish. The hemp is also dyed of different colors, and probably made into garments, for when Hudson, in 1639, explored the river that bears his name, the Indian men wore mantles of feathers, or robes of fur, and the women were clothed in hemp with red copper tobacco pipes and other copper things about their necks.³

A hunt is made by the squaws for knobs of wood that extend out into a handle. These are the tomahawks of the Indian, a name which in after years was often applied by the English to stone and iron hatchets.

Here and there a group of squaws may be seen, sitting in the sunshine, making baskets of willow twigs and "sweet grass," while others are vigorously tying birch brooms.

¹ *New England's Memorial* by Nathaniel Morton, 6th Ed., Boston, 1855, p. 371.

² "Stockbridge, Past and Present, or Records of an Old Mission Station by Miss Eleeta F. Jones, Springfield, 1854, p. 15.

³ *History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson's River* by E. M. Rutterber, Albany, N. Y., 1872, p. 8.

Surely, it may be said of our Indians as Gov. Winslow¹ said of the Plymouth Indians in 1664, "The people are very ingenious and observative."

While the squaws are engaged in their various arts and crafts their braves are hunting, fishing or fighting. Once a year by fire they free the forests of underwood, thereby enabling them to hunt more successfully. The sachems of the tribe, on the other hand, with their leading warriors are spending much time in carrying on negotiations with the United Colonies concerning quarrels between the Pocumtucks and other tribes, and in framing diplomatic terms of peace.

Thus we find in savage man the crude beginnings of that industrial, social and political life which broadens out, in the course of centuries, by the process of evolution. Neither is the historic instinct wholly wanting, for according to Morton² the Indians of the Bay (and it may be those of our valley) marked their historic places by making a "hole in the ground about a foot deep, and as much over, which when others passing by behold, they inquire the cause and occasion of the same, which being once known, they are careful to acquaint all men as occasion serveth therewith; and lest such holes should be filled or grown up by any accident, as men pass by, they will oft renew the same; by which means many things of great antiquity are fresh in memory. So that as a man travelleth, if he can understand his guide, his journey will be less tedious, by reason of many historical discourses which will be related to him." Are not these the first memorials in our land?—the precursors of those Waystones whose tales of heroic deeds inspire the passerby to better and braver living.

Years follow one another, and the picture of savage and semi-civilized life remains clearly defined; then suddenly it fades and disappears forever. It is the old story—the struggle between the strong and the weak. Just northeast of the Joseph Stebbins homestead on Fort Hill, tradition says, the Pocumtuck Indians met their doom. Here, in 1664,

¹ Morton's *New England's Memorial*, p. 492.

² *New England's Memorial*, p. 492.

their fort was stormed and taken and its inmates slaughtered. Here the power of the Pocumtucks was broken by the more powerful Mohawks and their allies. Turning westward the victors left the valley; again, it was silent and alone, yet now it teemed with the unwritten records of a vanished race.

In silence and yet in marvelous beauty the valley waited for a new life to be born. Think you not it felt the influence of the on-flowing tide of fresh life which, starting on the shores of Plymouth Bay, spread westward—ever westward!

The new impulse roused into action the men of Dedham, a settlement ten miles from Boston. One day in early spring, in 1665, four Dedham men journeyed on horseback toward this silent Pocumtuck valley. The way had been prepared for the coming of the White Man by the unwitting Indian when he cleared the forests of entangling underbrush. Probably this was the first time that White Men viewed this valley with the purpose of founding here a settlement, and as such it was an epoch in the history of New England frontier life.

Pause for a moment and try to make real the experiences of that spring day when Lieut. Fisher, Edward Richards, Anthony Fisher, Jr., and Timothy Dwight or Sergt. Richard Ellis (we know not which) first looked upon these hills and streams. Two hundred and fifty-eight years lie between them and us, but two hundred and fifty-eight years are naught in the geologic history of our earth, so that the hills, the meadows and the rivers they saw were essentially the same as we see to-day. It was the season of the Miracle Play. Every artery of sod and tree pulsated with new, mysterious life currents, until even the sombre pines on the hill-tops responded to the feathery greens and the brilliant reds of the lowlands. Fish swarmed in the waters, birds and squirrels made vocal the woods, while footprints on the river's brink told of the haunts of the deer. The four men of Dedham caught the inspiration of the broad, living landscape and pronounced it good.

Is it strange that very soon the "8,000-acre grant" was laid out which the General Court had given to the town of Dedham in place of the 2000 acres at Natick it had taken

from her? Any other result of this exploring trip would indeed have been amazing.

On Feb. 24, 1666-67, these 8000 acres passed by purchase from the Red Man to the White Man, the former reserving, however, liberty to fish in the streams, and to hunt and gather nuts in the forest.

After much deliberation Dedham in 1670 sent a committee, one of whom was an "Artiste" or surveyor, to lay out the Street and home-lots at Pocumtuck. The following summer this committee reported that the work had been done.

The Street of 1671 was essentially like the Street of 1923. The lots were laid out first on the west side, beginning at the north end, and the Joseph Stebbins homestead of today was lot No. 10. Most of the homesteads were held by the Dedham proprietors, although few if any of them came to view their land in this remote region; nevertheless, their energetic action in creating the settlement was, and has remained, a bond of union between the Bay and the Valley.

The lot whose history in full I am seeking to learn was drawn by Peter Woodward, Jr., May 14, 1671. He was son of Peter, the immigrant, who came to Dedham in 1643, and who probably died there in 1685. So far as known, Peter, Jr., never saw his possessions. He must have had a glowing vision of the possibilities of this plantation, since he held not only lot No. 10, but also lots No. 16 and No. 29. It was probably about 1674 that Peter Woodward, Jr., sold lot No. 10 to William Bartholomew, who was the first White pioneer to settle on this homestead.

The picture of pioneer life has a lurid background, but in the foreground are certain features unlike anything we have yet seen, and which are significant of some great change. All about us is nature, essentially the same to the eye, some of her heights and rivers still bearing Indian names, though Pocumtuck has given way to Deerfield and We-quamps to Sugar Loaf. But in place of the Indian tepee that was put up and taken down at the whim of a nomadic people, there is now a house built, doubtless, of sturdy tree trunks. Is not a log cabin more abiding than a wigwam? Within this cabin are two people, a man and a woman,

bound together by a tie so strong and so sacred that it, too, is abiding, and the log cabin becomes, therefore, a home. In this home are little boys and girls, who are brought up to work and to think, because upon working and thinking their future life will depend. These are the features—more constant and rational home life, and more intelligent child life—one sees in the foreground of our picture.

William Bartholomew was hardy and fearless, as a pioneer should be, and not less fearless, methinks, was Mary Johnson, his wife. It is not true as some would have us believe, that heroines live only in books; that Polly Ann McClesney, for instance, lives only in the brain of Winston Churchill. Many a Polly Ann, I venture to say, has gone to the borderland, and stood by the man she loved through all the fierce struggle. Unlearned in book knowledge, unable to write the words she spoke, Polly Ann was, nevertheless, master of the art of brave living. And so was the untaught Mary Johnson, for how could she be otherwise, since in her veins ran the blood of Isaac Johnson, her father and the intrepid leader at the "Great Swamp Fight" where savagery and civilization met face to face.

I would fain learn the details of the lives of William and Mary Bartholomew during the months they labored together in their Deerfield home, but, alas! history is sadly at fault. It is only by focusing the side lights that we come into some slight knowledge of the thoughts and actions of these pioneers. To understand better the motives of their actions, and to grasp in some measure the real significance of their lives, we must consider the influences of heredity and environment.

The Bartholomew family in England in the early part of the 17th century was one of high social position. Its head, William Bartholomew, merchant, accepted, so far as known, the political views of his times, and acquiesced in the tenets of the established church, so that, moving with the current, he lived a comfortable sort of life. Not so with his son, the probable father of our William. He dissented from the doctrines of the Church, and became a Separatist or Independent. Leaving home (the year is unknown) he went to Lon-

don, and there married Anna Lord. It is held as probable by the author of *The Bartholomew Family* that he was a disowned son, since he is not mentioned in his father's will, dated April 20, 1634, but we do not find sufficient evidence for this belief. It may be he received his portion when he became a London merchant. It was probably after his father's death on May 6, 1634, that William sailed for America, as he reached Boston the fourteenth of the following September. While in London he was drawn into the congenial atmosphere of Rev. John Lothrop, pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city; of Zechary Symmes and Mrs. Ann Hutchinson. With these friends he set out for New England in the ship "Griffin." He became at once a leading citizen and merchant of the town of Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It would seem that though young he was a man of means, for in less than a year he was sent as representative from Ipswich to the General Court, and this honor was conferred seven times after 1635. He was trustee of the public schools and was firmly attached to the Puritan church. He had some of the weaknesses as well as the virtues of his kind. In the *History of Ipswich* Thomas Franklin Waters says: "Now and then some of the most eminent citizens were brought to court for over-charging in mercantile transactions. Mr. Jonathan Wade for expensive prices in selling grindstones and other things had to pay a fine of £5 and witness fees in 1658. Mr. Robert Payne, the Elder of the Church and the Patron of the Grammar School, and the Town Clerk, William Bartholomew, were similarly fined." Another weakness was shown when this Independent, untrue to the light he had received, appeared in court and testified against Mrs. Ann Hutchinson. Too often it happens that the persecuted become, in time, persecutors.

In 1660 William Bartholomew moved from Ipswich to Boston, where he died in 1680-81, leaving two sons. Joseph, evidently inheriting the conservative tendencies of his grandfather, left the New World with its progressive ideas, and went back to Old England, while William, the other son, possessing the radical tendencies of his father, remained in

America. What part did this William play in the drama of early New England life? ¹

From the year of his birth, 1640-41 to his wedding day, Dec. 17, 1663, William Bartholomew, Jr., must have felt a strong impelling force; this force in early manhood drove him from Roxbury, where he had lived a few years working as a carpenter and millwright, to the frontier town of Deerfield far away in the valley of the Pocumtuck. The same spirit that brought the father from the luxury of the homeland to the barrenness of a foreign shore, brought the son into the dangers of pioneer life on our western extreme. Did I say "the same spirit"? Was it not rather that Law of Freedom which is an integral part of this mysterious, complex thing we call Life?—a law which is ever seeking an environment favorable for its operations. Here we find William and Mary with their children in the spring of 1675. The scene has its own peculiar interest and we linger till we ourselves become a part of it.

Deerfield Street rises and falls after nature's own fashion. Log cabins are scattered throughout nearly its whole length. On the highest elevation is a meeting-house and a palisaded house or fort. This little community numbers about 125 persons with only 25 or 30 men.

William Bartholomew in the strength of his manhood is planting his acres, sanguine of an abundant harvest. Why should he not be sanguine? He is a pioneer, and as the pioneer, like the poet, is born not made, he is obeying the law of his nature when he subdues the waste places, breaks new roads, blazes new paths in which others less sanguine are glad to walk. He is not afraid of Indians, not he! They are an inferior race, and are, in truth, despised. So William plants his corn and pumpkins, sows his wheat and oats, whistling all the while as only a contented farmer knows how to whistle. Now and then he glances toward his cabin home, and with a thrill of joy and pride thinks of his Mary

¹ It must be stated here that absolute proof that the son of William of Ipswich was William of Roxbury cannot be obtained. But all the evidence tends toward this conclusion, so that we shall accept this view, until, at least, contrary testimony is forthcoming.

and their brood of little ones. There is Isaac, named, doubtless, after his grandfather, Isaac Johnson, born Nov. 1, 1664; William, the father's namesake, born Oct. 16, 1666; Mary, named for the mother, born Oct. 26, 1668; Andrew, who was baptized Oct. 10, 1670; Abigail, baptized Oct. 8, 1672, and Elizabeth, born Mar. 15, 1674-75, the oldest ten and the youngest only two months.

We love to be a part of this simple, natural life, as sunny as the May day. Shall we not, therefore, be pardoned for allowing the imagination, just for a moment, to have its own sweet way? The hum of the flax wheel blends with the happy heart-song of the mother as she spins the thread which is to be woven into garments for her loved ones. Isaac and William with pail in hand are fetching water from the spring at the foot of Meeting-house Hill. Mary, perched on a home-made stool, is washing dishes, while Andrew is rocking the baby. All are busy when the little Abigail runs in, as rosy as an apple blossom, holding something tightly in both hands.

"I've tot somethin', guess what 'tis."

"What can it be!" exclaims the mother. Then the child opens one chubby hand and there on the soft little palm lies a dark arrowhead—an Indian arrowhead. "Where did you get that?" asks the mother. "Down where daddy is," and the child looks wonderingly and unconsciously at the queer thing.

"Daddy says Injuns made it. What is Injuns?"

Why did the cheery hum of the flax wheel cease? and why did the heart-song of the mother die away? A cloud drifts across the sky, and the sunny cabin is left in shadow.

As the spring ripened into summer the air became murky with rumors of an Indian war. At first the hardy pioneers took little heed of the flying tales from the East, but soon the awful truth was borne home to them that here in their very midst savagery and civilization were grappling in a desperate and deadly struggle. When the sun set on Aug. 25, 1675, old Wequamps had witnessed a scene which, so far as known, had never before been enacted in this fair valley. The Red Man and the White Man had fought, and

the blood of both had reddened the innocent earth. Seven days later the quiet September morning was transformed by the blood-curdling war whoop into a day of gloom. A company of sixty Indians had rushed upon the little settlement on Deerfield Street. Men, women and children—among them William and Mary Bartholomew with their six little ones—fled to Quentin Stockwell's palisaded house on Meeting-house Hill. But alas! the spectrum of their lives had changed in a brief space of time from rainbow tints to somber purple.

Outside the fort the Indians were burning such buildings and crops as they could. We do not know whether the cabin of William Bartholomew was destroyed, but it probably was since it was the first house north of Meeting-house Hill. Eleven days later on Sunday, Sept. 12, the little community was again attacked by Indians, more houses and crops were burned, and six days afterward, on the 18th, occurred the final act in the Deerfield tragedy of 1675, the Bloody Brook massacre.

William and Mary gathering their little ones about them left desolate Deerfield never to return. The homestead of which I write was silent and deserted, but now the mute, appealing chimney and the lonely hearthstone told to the sympathetic ear the pathetic story of the White Man's struggle for a free home on the advanced borderland of civilization.

The Joseph Stebbins homestead was honored by a man like William Bartholomew—a sturdy, energetic, thinking man who was not only willing but eager to assume the heavy responsibilities of the stern century in which he lived. That he loved Deerfield and wished to return is shown by the petition sent to the General Court in 1677, signed by himself and several others, and pleading for help to resettle the Plantation. While waiting for help he was in Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677, when Ashpelon attacked the town and captured among others his daughter, Abigail. As the little girl dragged herself along east of Pocumtuck Mountain did she think of her happy Deerfield home and that bright May day when first she saw an Indian arrowhead and asked "What is Injuns?" Little do we know a child's thoughts!

The desired help not being given the Pocumtuck Plantation, William Bartholomew went to Blandford, Mass., and afterward to Woodstock, Ct., where he built saw and grist mills, represented Woodstock in the Great and General Court; in brief, helped to prove that the difficult problems in the settlement of a country could be solved by the White race of young New England.

In 1685 William Bartholomew sold his homestead to Daniel Belding, who came here with his wife and children in 1686, when he was thirty-eight years old. Of the ancestry of Daniel Belding little is known with certainty. He was the son of William, who was in Wethersfield, Ct., in 1646. Possessing a brave, adventurous spirit Daniel pushed up the valley, reaching Deerfield in 1686, four years after the Permanent Settlement. His life the next quarter of a century might well be chosen by the historical student to illustrate in blood-red hues, the life of the hardy pioneer, not only of New England, but of every country where civilization contends with barbarism.

The tragic story of Daniel Belding may be found in the *History of Deerfield*, and other publications. I shall try to focus the rays of light only on the dramatic scenes connected with the evolutionary development of the homestead we are studying.

The period from 1686 to 1697 tried the souls of the settlers. The intrigues of Governor Andros kept shrewd Deerfield men ever on the alert. The visit of fifteen Indians, some of whom had orders to take no prisoners but with a promise "of ten beavers for each scalp taken" was surely not quieting in its effects upon the community. The frequent nearby Indian alarms and the horrible massacre at Schenectady must have given Daniel Belding and the men of the town a constant mental attitude of standing to their arms. A malignant epidemic, poverty and shortage of food had to be combatted. Then followed, in 1693, the attack on the Wells and Broughton families, a short distance from Daniel Belding's home; the attempted sacking of the town by Castreen and his Indian allies in 1694, and the killing of Daniel Belding's near neighbor, Joseph Barnard, in 1695.

On the night of Sept. 15, 1696, we may picture Daniel Belding and his wife, Elizabeth, with eight of their twelve children enjoying their evening meal. I say "enjoying" because youth is light-hearted, and around this supper table children were in the majority, eight to two, so, of course, there was jollity. Nathaniel was twenty-one years old, then came David, Sarah, Esther, Samuel, Abigail, John and Thankful, the eight months' old baby. Glad and proud of heart I doubt not were Daniel and Elizabeth Belding. When the shades of night prevailed we may believe all slept soundly save the father and mother. Too well we ourselves know the storm and stress and strain of war-time to think their slumbers were undisturbed. The clear morning dawned, the father and older boys went to their work; the noonday meal was eaten. Night came, the father was late from his work, but finally he drove into the yard with his cart full of corn. Leaving some of the children with the cart he went into the house. Then the war whoop sounded. In less than fifteen minutes, Elizabeth, the wife and mother, with Daniel, John, and baby Thankful were dead, a hatchet had pierced the brain of Samuel, a bullet had struck the arm of Abigail while she was flying to the fort, "some tobacco in y^e chamber" had furnished a hiding place for Sarah, while the husband and father with his son, Nathaniel, and daughter, Esther, were captives in the hands of the enemy. This quarter of an hour was an epitome of the long years of struggle between the French and Indians on the one hand and the English and Indians on the other, and the result was always and ever the wreckage of homes and hearts; in this respect all wars are alike.

An appalling silence fell on the home of Daniel Belding. In vain we search for some knowledge concerning the homestead between Sept. 16, 1696, and July, 1698. While the father was with the Indians, and a servant to the Jesuits of the seminary in Canada, did his oldest son, William, gather the remnants of the family together, and carry on his father's farm? We know not. In the summer of 1698 the father with Nathaniel and Esther returned to Deerfield. The next year Daniel Belding married Hepzibah Buell, daughter of William

Buell of Windsor, Ct., and widow of Lieut. Thomas Wells, the military commander of Deerfield to his death in 1691. Five years of anxious peace and distressing war followed, when in February, 1704, the direst blow of all fell upon this hamlet which numbered about 300 souls. The record reads 49 killed, 111 captured, and most of the houses north of the fort burned. When the sun set on that fateful 29th of February, Daniel Belding's wife was in the hands of the Indians, soon to be killed; his daughter Sarah with her husband, Benjamin Burt, were captives, his house was in ashes, and his homestead given back to desolate nature.

But the spirit of the pioneer could not be crushed. In course of time another house was built, and again Daniel Belding made a home for himself and his wife, Sarah Hawks, the widow of Philip Mattoon.

In 1723 Daniel Belding added homestead No. 11, the one on which the Old Deerfield Inn now stands, to his homestead, No. 10, and henceforth the two were held as one by the Belding family.

In 1729 Daniel gave the homestead to his son, Samuel, the boy whose brain was pierced by an Indian hatchet. The next year, on Dec. 14, 1730, Daniel made his will, and eight months later, on Aug. 14, 1731, he died.

The will of Daniel Belding, which may be examined in the Probate records of Old Hampshire county at Northampton, gives Sarah, his wife, one-third of his personal estate, and the use of one-third part of his land, also "if she shall see cause to live with my children she shall have the use of one of the rooms of my Dwelling house, and so much of the Chamber, Cellar and Well as she needeth."

All crops, hay, flax, etc., on land or in barn or house "to be spent for the Maintenance of my wife and my son Samuel's family until it is spent." He then tries to provide for his four daughters so that they will have a nearly equal amount.

If any of the children tried to break the will they would be cut off from their portion, and their share divided among the rest of the daughters.

It is somewhat perplexing to those who insist upon the right spelling of a name to find that in Daniel Belding's will

Belden occurs twice, Belding four times, while in the Probate copy Beldin appears.

In 1750 Samuel Belding died, and the homestead was held by his heirs till Nov. 20, 1761, when it was sold by Samuel Belding (son of Samuel and grandson of Daniel), Seth Hawks, Elizabeth Belding (wife of Samuel, son of Daniel) and Elizabeth Hawks (wife of Seth Hawks and granddaughter of Daniel) to Joseph Stebbins, Sr. This deed of the homestead is in my possession.

Now the scene changes. The war whoop is silenced. The settlers no longer fear French bullets or Indian scalping knives while seeking their own protection. But scarcely had the echoes of the French and English wars died away before the American colonists beheld a vision—a vision of a larger freedom, of a deeper, broader, vaster life for humanity. Evolution has been defined as “a ceaseless urge.” It was this “urge” that filled the souls of the men and women of New England as the Revolutionary days drew on apace.

About 1772 the large, gambrel-roofed house now standing, was built on the Joseph Stebbins homestead which the father gave to his son, Joseph Stebbins, Jr. January 25, 1774, Joseph Stebbins, Jr., and Lucy Frary were married in Hinsdale, N. H., by Rev. Bunker Gay, the Whig parson, because they wouldn't be married by the Tory parson of Deerfield.

Here you will pardon me if I digress. In the autumn of 1915 I had the pleasure of riding with friends on the old road between Hinsdale and Brattleboro. We soon came upon an ancient burying ground, and the thought occurred to me that possibly I might find here the grave of Rev. Bunker Gay. Up to this time he had been a myth, the very queerness of his name adding to the mystery surrounding him; to me he existed only on paper. Much to my delight the second stone my eye fell upon bore the name of Rev. Bunker Gay. Not far from the burying ground “an old man of eighty” appeared. One of our party said, “There's Mr. Hooker, he knows everything.” That was enough; Mr. Hooker was a man to get acquainted with. After speaking of the fine location of his home, overlooking the Connecticut, I remarked,

"You have a grand old tree in front of your house, Mr. Hooker." "Yes," he replied, "that tree was set out by my grandfather, Bunker Gay."

"Do you mean to say you are the grandson of Rev. Bunker Gay?" "I certainly am," he responded. "Why! my great-grandfather and grandmother came up to Hinsdale, and were married by Rev. Bunker Gay." "Yes, he married a good many couples." "Where did he live?" I persisted. "Right here," and Mr. Hooker pointed to his home. "Are you willing to show me the room where my great-grandfather was married?" "Certainly, come right in."

There I stood in the very room where Joseph Stebbins and Lucy Frary pledged themselves each to the other for life. It was a thrilling experience, and from that moment Bunker Gay was a real man.

Two months later I read with sorrow of the death of our newly discovered friend, Anson C. Hooker.

The home of Joseph and Lucy Stebbins was a fine specimen of colonial, or, if you prefer, provincial, architecture, and it remains essentially the same today as in 1774. It measures 42 ft. 4 in. x 38 ft. 2 in., and has two large chimneys. There are four good-sized rooms with a hall on the first and second floors, and a garret big enough to finish off another story with an attic above. The cellar is 8 ft. 10 in. high. The chimneys, which take up considerable space, are made of bricks and stones with clay mortar. Stout wooden beams are placed between the bricks as "binders"; from these beef quarters, hams and the like could be hung. The south chimney has on one side a fireplace, 6 ft. 3 in. wide and 4 ft. 8 in. high, with a brick oven, and on the other side a closet in which ten or twelve persons can stand.

This spacious house has beautiful paneled walls, handsome cornices and deep window seats.

Probably the Belding house formed the ell of the Stebbins house. Sometime in the sixties or early seventies I remember visiting my aunt who lived in the north part of the Stebbins house. In going from her northwest room to the back door I passed through a large room with a big fireplace on the west side. The floor was rickety, and I was afraid I

should tumble into the cellar (not knowing there was no cellar under the ell). I distinctly recall my feeling of relief when I planted my feet on the solid earth outside. This part was torn down afterward, and a new ell built. I love to think that old ell was Daniel Belding's house, and I wish I could prove it.

Joseph Stebbins was one of that body of determined patriots who fought not only for their own independence, but for the creation and the preservation of a nation based upon the fundamental law of liberty. The stirring part he played has been told by his grandson, George Sheldon, in the paper entitled, "Joseph Stebbins: A Pioneer at the Outbreak of the Revolution." This paper, written in Mr. Sheldon's ninety-eighth year, is a thrilling revelation of the Spirit of '76. As one reads, the very walls of the Joseph Stebbins Revolutionary home echo and re-echo the deeds of its Master. They tell how the trained lieutenant marched on the Lexington Alarm, leaving his young wife and baby Tirzah to wave a conscious and an unconscious good-bye; how he fought desperately as Captain in Colonel Brewer's regiment at the Battle of Bunker Hill; how he responded to the call from Bennington; how he rendered valuable service at Saratoga on the surrender of General Burgoyne; how he served through the Revolution, being commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in 1781, and Colonel of the Second Massachusetts regiment in 1788. It is a record a man has a right to be proud of!

On the death of Colonel Stebbins in 1816 his homestead passed to his son Baxter (who sold homestead No. 11), to his grandson, James, and his granddaughter, Helen Stebbins Whittlesey; in 1898 it became the home of his grandson, George Sheldon, and his great-granddaughter, the writer.

We have traced the evolutionary history of the Joseph Stebbins homestead through the period when Nature, the Red Man, the White Pioneer, and the Revolutionist for country's sake held supreme control. It surely follows as a logical conclusion that this homestead must forever be associated with the tireless efforts of the Patriot who helped to bring into existence the justest government the world has known.

THREE EARLY ARTISTS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

BY MARY W. FULLER.

The earliest settlers of Franklin county were most of them descendants of those English Puritans who came to Boston, Salem and Dorchester in the busy years of emigration between 1629 and 1640.

A little later, in order to enjoy greater liberty of speech and thought, many of them sought the less rigid Connecticut settlements of Saybrook, Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor. From these places they gradually made their way up the great river to Springfield, Hadley, Hatfield and Deerfield.

We wonder whether any household treasures survived these various removals and whether in their first rude homes any portraits of their English ancestors looked down upon the humble beginnings of American life. We hear now and then of a few rare bits of English furniture which were carried, carefully cherished, through many vicissitudes; and we have seen many cleverly cut silhouettes of those early days which tell us of the beauty of the young and the nobility of the old.

Very early in the 19th century portrait painting seems to have become much sought for and much esteemed. Itinerant portrait painters went from place to place, satisfied apparently to paint signs when portraits could not be secured. Many were the taverns along the way and many and varied the signs that swung from wrought iron brackets before their doors. Inns were of surprising frequency along the difficult roadways when stages and post horses were the only means of transportation.

Unfortunately most of these early painters did not sign their names on their pictures so that there are many really fine old portraits, wonderful likenesses some of them, whose author must ever remain unknown. Herein lies an almost unexplored field, tempting to research.

In 1776 one Samuel Harding came up the river from Woodstock, Conn., and settled in Deerfield near the Whately line.

He brought with him twin sons, Abiel and Abijah, then 16 years old. Abijah's daughter Esther, born in 1790, became the wife of Consider Dickinson and with their closely saved earnings founded our Dickinson high school and library. Abiel's son, Chester Harding, born in 1792, became an artist famous on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is of Chester Harding as the oldest of these Franklin county artists that I write. He was born in Conway but spent his boyhood in Bernardston and Whately. His family were very poor and he was given scarcely any education. At the age of 14 the whole family migrated to New York State, where he was employed as a chair maker, a drum maker, wood chopper and for a while as a soldier in the War of 1812, although he saw no active service. At times he even played the clarinet for dancing, to keep the wolf from the door. He was a very large, fine-looking young man and soon won the affections of a very lovely girl, who became his wife and followed his varying fortunes with devoted patience.

Shortly after their marriage he had to leave her and flee through the forest to escape imprisonment for debt, coming back at night to lead her away and not returning to this place for many years, when with punctilious honesty all those old debts were paid.

We have glimpses of great hardship, even of hunger, before Chester Harding tried his hand at sign painting and soon after at painting portraits, going from place to place in search of work, and scarcely believing he had succeeded in getting a likeness and pleasing his sitters.

A long picturesque journey on a flat boat down the Ohio river to Paris, Ky., finally opened the gates to fortune, and a few months later he was able, by painting portraits at what seemed to him a fabulous sum, \$25 a head, to go to Philadelphia for two months' instruction in drawing. Ever a constant student, this was almost his only time of serious study under masters. He next went to St. Louis, where he found plenty to do and met with good success. From there he took a 200-mile journey into the wilderness to find Daniel Boone and paint his head. While there he painted some Indian chiefs whose curiosity was greatly aroused. They

felt of the pictures, peered behind them, rubbed them with their fingers and believed Harding to be a wizard.

On his return to his old home in New York State his father took him to task for asking such large sums for his work!

Fortune and favor awaited him in Boston, where he painted a great many of the most prominent people and from where he sailed in 1823, at the age of 31, for England, almost unheralded and unknown. He soon became a very much sought-for painter, followed and fêted by dukes and duchesses, spending much time on their largest estates while painting portraits of the family. His own comments upon getting accustomed to the ways of the fashionable world are most amusing. By observation and by reading he made up the defects of his education and became a man of culture and of power. He sent for his wife and four children to come over and for a while settled in Glasgow, but as his children grew older he decided that he preferred to bring them up in America and they returned to Boston. In 1827 he purchased a house on Beacon Street and became a rival in portrait painting of Gilbert Stuart. In 1830 Harding removed to Springfield, Mass., where he established a permanent home in a large house and lovely grounds. Later in life he went again to England and again met with great success.

He wrote for his children an account of his life, which he humorously called his "Egotistography." After his death his daughter, Mrs. Margaret White, published it, with some of his letters. His granddaughter, Eliza Orne White, is one of our New England authors, and one of her most charming children's books, *A Little Girl of Long Ago*, tells of her mother's childhood, and the journey home from Glasgow. In this little book is a reproduction of one of Chester Harding's pictures of his four children, and the lovely little Margaret retained as an old lady the same beauty and expression of this picture; a face full of charm and of poetry.

In Mr. Sheldon's *History of Deerfield* two of Chester Harding's brothers are set down as "artists," but no more is known of them. It seems probable that some unheard-of strain of artistic inheritance must account for the almost phenomenal attainments of this young artist who rivalled

the portrait painters even of Europe, equipped with but a few months of study. His work is scattered over a wide field. It would be interesting to trace those old portraits. Good likenesses they must have been, however different in manner from the present appreciation. It would be difficult to say how greatly he influenced the art of his day. Henry Kirke Brown of Leyden became his pupil and in his turn became the teacher of George Fuller, thus linking together these three Franklin county artists.

Henry K. Brown was born about 1813 in Leyden. A paper about him, written by Mrs. Catharine Brooks Yale, has come into my hands and I give it in full. It is full of Mrs. Yale's charming and characteristic personality:

"I first met Henry Kirke Brown, one of the earliest and most distinguished American sculptors, in Northfield, Mass., where we were pupils in an academy. This was in 1831-32. He was my senior and we were not in any classes together. But I recollect him distinctly as a very handsome, rather tall young man, with dark impressive eyes, and a modest manner, united with a buoyant humor quite rare and charming in those prosaic New England school days. He played the flute and also often entertained those about him in school with likenesses of the scholars or teachers cut in profile with scissors and a bit of white paper. I think he also drew and composed pictures, for it was predicted by a fellow student that he would sometime go to Italy and study art; and Mr. Brown told me in after years when he was accounted the foremost sculptor in America that this prediction in his humble youth filled him with unspeakable ecstasy of ambition and hope.

"We must remember here that Mr. Brown was born in Leyden, Mass., a hill town of shrewd, intelligent, independent, hard-working farmers among whom art in any form was utterly unknown. And it remains a psychological problem, yet unsolved, what impelled this young man, alone without any aid or suggestion whatever from external sources, to study and paint the head of a blind man to whom he was in the habit of reading. His canvas was a piece of a sheet, and his colors the common paint of house painters. Until some-

thing higher than the laws of 'environment,' something more potent than those of 'natural selection' are found to account for such an extraordinary departure from the thoughts and purposes of those about him, we are forced to call it inspiration, a divine insight and purpose which called him and led him through untold hardships from poverty and obscurity to the honors of a national name and fame.

"A long period elapsed after I left school in Northfield before I met Mr. Brown again, and in this short desultory collection of a few personal reminiscences of this artist whose complete life would embrace much history, of politics, literature, and distinguished men, I can only give a very few hints and glances at his career.

"Under almost every conceivable obstacle Mr. Brown studied in Boston with Chester Harding. While in his studio he painted a picture of such excellence that it was shown to Allston with a request for advice. Mr. Allston looked at the picture a long time with much interest, and then said: 'The young man who painted this is the best judge of what he can do.' And so, although extremely fond of color, the love of form overruled and sculpture became his final choice. This decision led Mr. Brown to attend lectures on anatomy in Pittsfield; he also studied in Cincinnati and modelled some busts there, but he found in Albany his first decided encouragement and success, and it was there I met him for the first time since our school days.

"He had a large studio in the old Stannix Hale building, long ago torn down, and here he was modelling busts and statues of the celebrities of that region. His studio was the resort of the educated people of that city and of strangers passing through who had an interest in art, in the direction of sculpture, for at this time there was not another sculptor in America; Powers was working in Italy, Greenough and Crawford had not yet become known, although they were students at that time, I believe, in Italy, and also during Mr. Brown's studies there in later years. I called with some friends one morning at this now famous studio, and there I found the youth I had known at school, developed into a very earnest, noble looking man, working on one of the de-

signs of 'The Four Seasons,' allegorically treated in four life-size statues. This commission, given him by a rich merchant of the city, enabled Mr. Brown to go to Europe. He sailed soon after and staid four years.

"This second meeting with Mr. Brown was a remarkable one. He stood in the dawn of a great career, and at an easel in one part of the large room a young man was painting, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Brown, and the name of the artist, now so illustrious, was George Fuller. One may be pardoned for displaying such a treasure of memory with some pride. These two artists had the most profound reverence for their art. They worked reverently and always in solitude. They never discussed their subjects or methods with others in a free or light way, and I well remember in Mr. Brown's studios in Brooklyn, in Washington, in Newburgh, the hushed air of the places was like a sanctuary.

"After Mr. Brown's return from Europe I visited his home in Brooklyn, which was the center of the rarest literary, artistic and inventive faculty and accomplishment. I there met again George Fuller. Mr. Brown was then modelling his equestrian statue of Washington for Union Square, New York. He afterwards moved to Newburgh and there for years I had the honor of being a guest, often spending weeks at a time. The conversations held in this home are worthy material for the ablest chronicler. I feel entirely inadequate to describe this life, for Mrs. Brown was a woman of such rare and intuitive genius, enlarged and enriched by education and travel and she sympathized in, and contributed so much to, Mr. Brown's work and success, to write of one is to write of the other and the home life and public life commingle in a way that both charms and baffles the historian of it.

"In the mornings Mr. Brown was often found sitting in the sunny vestibule reading the Bible, before or after an early walk in the garden or the stables, for he was very fond of his graperies and fruit orchards, his trees, lawns and fish pond and of his horses. At table the tone of conversation was always high in thought and refined even to a rather severe conventionalism, although often enlivened by wit and gayest

repartee, yet a philosophical tendency characterized the thought and speech of this home. Shakespeare, Plato, Emerson, were read aloud evenings in the parlor, but when laid down the 'high thinking' went on, and there were sentences dropped in the studio, in walks and drives, never surpassed in wisdom, in profound feeling, in spiritual insight in any society I have known. I greatly regret I did not write those living words as they were spoken by the saint and seer I had the happiness to know in those charmed days.

"Mr. O. B. Frothingham, himself a master in force and grace of intellectual speech, said of Mr. Brown, that he was the best conversationalist he ever met. There were some peculiarities in Mr. Brown's thinking worthy of record. A sublime strain touched with pathos, seemed to link him with seers and prophets, and made his words strangely persuasive. This I have heard spoken of many times by his friends, and his family. I once said to him he made me think of the Psalmist David. He answered, 'That is a singular remark of yours, my old pupils and acquaintances used to call me "The Patriarch."' "

"Mr. Brown has seemed to live two lives, one in spiritual convictions mingled with profound love of and purpose in art, and the other in social pleasures in companionship with fellow artists, in clubs, and dinners with literary or political celebrities. This wide, social intercourse was undoubtedly in great part the result of the state and national commissions that almost exclusively employed the later years of his life.

"As nearly as I can recall these public works they are somewhere near the following order: In 1865 a full-length statue of the Rev. Dr. Bethune for Brooklyn; and a statue of Gen. Greene for the National Capitol. In 1866, the two Lincolns, one for Brooklyn, the other for New York. In 1868, the equestrian statue of Gen. Scott for Washington. In 1872 or 3, the Clinton for the Capitol from the State of New York. From 1873 to 1877, Gen. Stockton for New Jersey, and an equestrian statue of Gen. Greene. I do not remember whether this last statue was for Washington or Rhode Island.

"Ah, how faintly I have touched upon the life of this

great man! The inspiring qualities of his mind I have missed in my hasty sketch, they have eluded me, they are too subtle for my words, but this I can say: Both Mr. Brown and Mr. Fuller differed from any of the schools of art and from the late artists individually that I read or hear of, or know. They seemed to go to some deep well-spring within, some hidden, sacred fountain for their conscience, their motive, their laws. They did not talk of these in any formulas or hunt for subjects, or pose or arrange for hints, they did not see things in bits and fragments, in a costume or color. They saw life! They were in love with life and in awe of it.

"Mr. Brown coming out of a gallery of French pictures on exhibition in New York exclaimed: 'Oh, how these painters cheapen life!' The solemn silence of their studios came from this touch of ethereal fire, and their works live because they lived in them."

Here Mrs. Yale's paper ends. It is interesting to Deerfield people to know that in 1837 H. K. Brown, then at Cincinnati, joined a party of Franklin county engineers led by Arthur Hoyt of Deerfield and went with them into the wilds of Illinois, where they were surveying for a railroad near Vandalia.

Among these engineers were Richard Arms of Deerfield, my father, Alfred R. Field of Northfield, and George Fuller, then a boy of 15.

Mr. Brown painted a very fine head of Richard Arms which is a much cherished possession of his descendants. Perhaps he gave some stimulus to the young George Fuller, who had, about this time, given up his desire to draw, at his mother's request. Fanny Negus, George Fuller's mother, came from an unusually gifted, artistic family and she had rather recently lost a remarkably talented young brother after many struggles and vicissitudes in art, so that she dreaded to see her first-born turn toward it.

George Fuller was therefore placed in a store in Boston, then went out West; later given more schooling; and at last allowed to seriously devote himself to art. He studied with Henry K. Brown for whom he had ever the greatest admira-

tion and attachment. After Mr. Brown went to Europe, George Fuller shared a studio in Boston with Thomas Bale, another of America's finest sculptors. Later he painted in New York and in the South, and until 1859 was a part of the art life in New York, being made a member of the Academy in 1853.

On the death of his father in 1859 he came home to "The Bars" to carry on the farm. Before settling down, however, he went on a brief tour to Europe, where he saw most of the best galleries and most of the famous pictures of the old world. He was married in 1861 and undertook to carry on the farm, giving only his spare hours to painting. For fifteen years he made no attempt to exhibit his work and only a few friends knew how greatly he was advancing in his art. In 1876 he was persuaded to take some of his pictures to Boston, where they were received with great interest and enthusiasm. From that time until his death in 1884 he painted constantly and during those eight years most of his finest work was done.

Of Mr. Fuller as a man I scarcely need speak. The strong, cordial personality, the humorous, many-sided appreciation of people and of books, the intense love of nature, and all that is best in life are known to most of us.

Many are the anecdotes of his wit, many are the letters full of wisdom and keen insight, best of all are the pictures that give us his conception of the beauty he saw and loved. From boyhood to old age his love for Deerfield and his home was very strong; this valley, with its glowing sunsets, its ethereal October mists, its wonderful elms and splendid pines, live again in his landscapes. To live with one of his portraits is to marvel at and love it better each day.

George Fuller was born in 1822 and died in 1884. Thus we see these three men, born between 1792 and 1822, all of them sons of farmers, attaining to great eminence in their chosen branch of art, a part it seems of that great wave of inspiration that manifested itself so strongly in our early writers, preachers and poets; and which was, as I like to think, the blossoming of the splendid seeds of self-sacrifice, hard work and simple living of the preceding generation.

250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
INCORPORATION OF DEERFIELD.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1923, 1 P. M.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

IN THE "OLD BRICK MEETINGHOUSE."

ORGAN VOLUNTARY	Miss Nina L. Day
ANTHEM, "The Radiant Morn"	The Deerfield Chorus
ADDRESS OF WELCOME	Rev. Charles P. Wellman
MUSIC	The Mohawk Quartet
PRAYER	Rev. Evarts W. Pond
"Summary of Deerfield's Colonial History"	
	Mr. John Sheldon
MUSIC, "How Beautiful are the Mountains"	
	Mrs. Mark Allen
REMINISCENT, Talk or Letter	Dr. James K. Hosmer
LETTER	Rev. Richard E. Birks
HISTORICAL ADDRESS—"The Puritan Commonwealth and the Future of American Democracy"	
	Dr. Vincent Ravi-Booth
ANTHEM—"He Watching Over Israel"	The Deerfield Chorus
AMERICA	Congregation
ORGAN POSTLUDE.	

After the service historic houses will be visited:—

The Willard House built 1768; ell possibly in 1694.

Frery House, north part standing 1698; built "after
1683."

Rev. John Williams House, 1707.

Bunker Hill House, 1772.

Refreshments will be served at Hitchcock Hall.

188 *250th Anniversary of the Incorporation of Deerfield.*

At the sunset hour the people will gather round the hallowed mound of "The Dead of 1704" in the old Burying Ground.

PRAYER

Rev. Ward R. Clarke

ADDRESS

Rev. Frank Wright Pratt

TAPS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutchins

FIELD DAY

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1923, 9.30 A. M.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

ON THE GROUNDS OF MEMORIAL HALL.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

CONCERT, 9.40-10.30

Greenfield Band

ADDRESS

Judge Francis Nims Thompson

MUSIC, Band. Song

Mrs. Frances Bickford Allen

"The Soul of Our Country"

Mr. Edward E. Whiting

MUSIC, Band. Song

Mrs. Frances Bickford Allen

ADDRESS

Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor

Presentation of Bronze Tablet to the Pocumtuck Valley

Memorial Association

Mr. Arthur H. Tucker

Acceptance of Tablet by the Association

Mrs. George Sheldon

Short Addresses by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith,

Dr. James C. Greenough and others

Basket Lunch. Coffee provided for all bringing cups.

Table for invited guests at Hitchcock Hall.

Memorial Hall, with special attendants, will be open to everyone throughout the afternoon.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

John Sheldon	Rev. Richard E. Birks
Mrs. George Sheldon	Miss Margaret C. Whiting
Arthur H. Tucker	

Frank L. Boyden	Albert L. Wing
Miss Ellen and Miss Margaret Miller	Eugene A. Newcomb

COMMITTEE FOR THE TOWNSPEOPLE

Charles H. Ashley	Edward P. Swan
Samuel W. Childs	Elmer E. Putnam
Edward A. Rice	

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC

Jonathan P. Ashley Mrs. Matilda S. Hyde Mrs. Fred Hunt

CHIEF MARSHAL

William L. Harris

Assistants and Attendants

REPORT.

Deerfield has been celebrating its 250th birthday anniversary. What picture does that raise? Maybe it is a picture of brave bunting and brass bands, of clustered flags and imposing pageantry, parades and pomp; dinners and lawn parties, dancing, feasting; sideshows, lunches and lunch boxes, lemonade and noise and speeches—speeches contrasting the town of 250 years ago and the town of today, the material advancement in the two centuries and a half; contrasts between candles and electric lights, ox carts and trolleys and automobiles; proud boasting of wealth piled up, of mansions erected on the sites of cottages. The picture is incorrect.

Deerfield's celebration has been chronicled in the news; but it is not easy to see the picture of the affair, not easy to

grasp its significance, from any report. Deerfield is an interesting old town, over which rests a mantle of history, round which hovers the atmosphere of romance and great deeds; but it is more than that, and there is more than the surface shows in such a celebration as the town has just been through. Deerfield is different. And in this celebration, whether by design, by instinct or by chance, it has snatched something magnificent from old memories, something from the basic spirit of New England, and held it up to view.

When the settlers founded Deerfield, when the pioneers went there and began the task of redeeming a wilderness, they found a fertile valley. There are few more fertile; few, perhaps none, more lovely. Hills border it, from base to base of which stretch level lands of rich soil. It is good farm land. Today it grows good crops. It is a wholesome and a prosperous valley. It has industries—unusual industries; or, rather, industries developed and maintained on unusual lines. It has art, drama, music. We are not to write of them; it has been done many times. The embroideries after the manner of the old colonial days, the metal work, woodwork, basketry—these are interesting and admirable; but they have had publicity. There is a material picture of Deerfield, and it is good; but it is not the theme of this column today.

Nor is Deerfield, the New England village, with its ancient houses blessed with memories, its broad street which even the interminable and raucous parade of motor cars and the hard clang of trolley cars cannot spoil, with its giant elms arching and framing beauty, the thought in mind. This also has been described often. There is something else there. Tourists pausing long enough to buy something, long enough to gaze, understandingly or otherwise, at the historic houses, long enough to eat a meal, will not see it. Maybe some might live long in the village and not see it; though this is doubtful. This week's celebration of the town's 250th anniversary has suddenly illumined it, set it forth like a beam of light—and it is worth thought.

There was no bunting. No houses were draped. There were no flags. There was not a single "sideshow" or "refreshment stand." There were no formal parties. There

were no picnics; none of the things that mark usual celebrations of the kind. There was a lunch—in an ancient house; it was not a “banquet” or a feast. There was dancing Monday evening—in the little ballroom of the old Frary house—which was an inn before the Revolution, and which was visited then by Benedict Arnold—when he seemed a great gentleman and a soldier; before he leaped to ignoble fame and blasted his name into history as a byword for all generations. A young man played the piano; and the neighbors, and a few guests, danced; the one-step, to be sure, but the Virginia reel and Paul Jones as well. There was a brass band Monday morning in front of Memorial Hall. It played for an hour before the “exercises” began.

There was singing Sunday afternoon in the brick church; Monday morning on the lawn before Memorial Hall—old-fashioned songs. There were speeches; and reviewing of the old days. But through the church exercises Sunday and the open-air meeting Monday, there was never a note of boasting of what progress had been made. There was no pointing to the material gains of these two and a half centuries. There was just this:

Thoughts lifted from the long resting-place of the past; sorrow for the anguish of the villagers of 1704 when the Indians, scaling the palisade by means of the heaped snow-drifts, slaughtered men, women and children, burned and destroyed, dragged families into the storm and over the fearful trail into Canada, killing the weak as they staggered, and leaving behind them a trail of horror, the cry of which is never to be stilled; thoughts of the courage and perseverance of those who came first, and of those who staid even after the massacre; thoughts of the essential purpose of those pioneers—the purpose to do, to live, to endure, to build, and to fear only God.

What significance had this celebration—a pageant of memory untinsel and untrumpeted; a parade of thoughts not deadened by the tramp of marching feet; a song of high courage unstained by boast; a panorama of New England unscarred by false tones?

Here, in its own way, in its own setting, where lingers the

very form of early days, was celebrated the spirit of New England; its soul that has beckoned men and women to do the day's duty, to face the future not fearing the present, and to live the present not calculating false profits. Here was the simplicity and dignity and truth that laid the foundations of America; and that, we pray, may ever help sustain it.¹

The observance of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of historic Old Deerfield began with the ringing of the bell, followed by the services at the "Old Brick Meeting-house," Sunday afternoon. Here was gathered an assemblage which filled the old church to overflowing. But it was not the numbers present which made the occasion memorable; rather was it the consciousness that the exercises were commemorating a period of endeavor which witnessed the turning point of the struggle between civilization and savagery, and during which time were laid the foundations of a nation destined to be second to none the world has ever known.

The program opened with the organ voluntary by Miss Nina L. Day followed by the anthem, "Radiant Morn," by the Deerfield chorus. Rev. Charles P. Wellman, minister of the Unitarian church, gave the address of welcome. He said in part: "The charm of Old Deerfield is something extremely difficult to define, but a definite factor which has distinguished the town from all other New England towns of colonial times. Doubtless many factors contribute to exert this charm, a charm seemingly securely linked to its past. Once its influence is felt it is impossible to resist it. In the words of another, 'without frills or thrills it exerts its irresistible appeal.' It is something good for the heart and mind, a proud past, a rich present and a promising future. With this to offer we welcome you to Old Deerfield and invite you to assist us in observing its 250th anniversary."

This was followed by a selection by the Mohawk Male Quartet of Greenfield. Prayer was offered by Rev. Evarts W. Pond of the Congregational church. President John Sheldon then read a concise history of the tragedy of Deerfield, which for its completeness and fullness in comparatively few words, is a masterpiece. Mrs. Mark Allen here sang

¹ Edward E. Whiting in the *Boston Herald* of Aug. 22, 1923.

"How Beautiful are the Mountains," and perhaps never was her beautiful voice heard to better advantage.

It was hoped that the venerable Dr. James K. Hosmer might be present but it was not possible for him to come. He sent, however, a delightful letter, which was read with dramatic force by John Mayer of Plymouth, a Deerfield Academy graduate and student at Amherst, himself a direct descendant of some of New England's pioneers.

It was also regretted that Rev. Richard E. Birks, a former beloved Deerfield pastor, was unable to be present. An interesting letter written by him at Duxbury was read by Rev. Mr. Wellman.

The address of the afternoon, by Rev. Dr. Vincent Ravi-Booth, of the Church of Christ in Bennington, Vt., was a vigorous presentation of "The Puritan Commonwealth." Dr. Ravi-Booth is of Italian-Scotch ancestry with England as the background of his early life, and his tribute to the accomplishments of the Anglo-Saxon was the more compelling on this account.

The exercises closed with the anthem, "He watcheth over Israel" by the Deerfield Chorus and "America" by the congregation, with all standing. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. R. C. Wilby, a former Deerfield pastor. The music was under the direction of Mr. Jonathan P. Ashley and Mrs. Matilda Hyde, and much credit is due them for the added pleasure the singing brought to the occasion.

A thunder shower made the outlook for visiting the famous old houses somewhat dubious but as the services ended the rain ceased, and most of the congregation under the direction of Messrs. Allen and Harris visited the Willard, Frary, John Williams and Bunker Hill houses, and viewed their wealth of ancient treasures.

Refreshments were served on the lawn at the Hitchcock house.

At the sunset hour the people gathered around the mound in the old "Burying Ground" hallowed by and sacred to the memory of those who were the victims of the onslaught of the savages. Prayer was offered by Rev. Ward Robinson Clarke of Saco, Me., connected with Deerfield traditions by

marriage. A tribute to the heroes and heroines of Old Deerfield was given in the address of Rev. Frank Wright Pratt. Then followed several cornet selections, concluding with "taps" by Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Hutchins. As the last echoes of the notes in honor of the martyred dead floated over the peaceful meadows the people dispersed. These exercises were presided over by Rev. Evarts W. Pond.

Many distinguished former residents were among those to attend today's exercises, many of them well advanced in years. Included in this list was Maj. Samuel Willard Saxton of Washington, D. C., now in his 95th year, who, in spite of advanced years, exhibited a vigor worthy of a man twenty years younger. Among others were Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor of the Amherst College faculty, who is to be one of the speakers tomorrow, Rev. Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, dean of the Church of St. John the Divine, N. Y., Mrs. Charles Goodrich Whiting of Springfield and her son, Edward E. Whiting of Boston, and many others.

LETTER OF DR. JAMES K. HOSMER OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, the distinguished historical writer, sent the following paper. It will be remembered that Dr. Hosmer was a Deerfield minister at the breaking out of the Civil War. He left the pulpit for the camp and battlefield, volunteering as color bearer in the 52d Massachusetts regiment. For many years his historical works have placed him among the foremost American authors.

Men and Women of Deerfield:

I am pleased and honored by your invitation to send a letter to be read at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this town. I had hoped to be present in person, but that proving impossible, I send you this paper, to take the place of what I wish I might say to you face to face. I am almost a son of your soil, born as I was ninety years ago, in Northfield, just outside the eight thousand acre grant, which was the original Deerfield. During six profoundly

important years, I was intimately your fellow citizen and neighbor. I feel it is my birthright to share with you in the festivities of this day. I need not go into the details of your honorable story, set forth once for all by George Sheldon in a history monumental as a work of antiquarian research, the tireless investigator, my well-beloved friend. My fate has carried me to remote regions, and absorbed me in cares and interests far removed from the Valley. I shall do better to consider matters in a general way. Standing outside, I gain perhaps a better perspective and am able to estimate the relations of your story with the great world movement more fairly than I could do if I had always been sheltered in the old nest. The mother-towns of New England! Among them Deerfield is one of the most interesting, and I desire to speak of the part which she with other mother-towns has played in bestowing upon the New World the blessing of Anglo-Saxon freedom.

In 1673 France and England were competitors for the dominion of the New World. France at the time was the type of an absolute autocracy. The great Louis at Versailles could exclaim, "*L'état c'est moi*," "I am the State," and no contradicting voice was tolerated. Louis ruled by divine right and the people were impotent. In England, on the other hand, the spell of autocracy had been broken. The Ironsides at Marston Moor and Naseby, and Sir Harry Vane and his friends in Parliament, had reasserted the ancient Anglo-Saxon liberty, that no man should be taxed or ruled unless he had a voice in the matter, that government should be of, by, and for the people. The victory was not fully won. It was, however, becoming decisive, and the multitude who were seeking homes in America were well leavened with the free spirit that had come down from the ancient days. For more than a century Gaul and Anglo-Saxon contended as rivals for North-America, the latter prevailing at last only by the narrowest margin. The methods of procedure of the two rivals in these doubtful years form an instructive contrast which we may well study for the moment.

The clutch of France for the possession of the New World was conceived in the spirit of the boldest adventure. All power and initiative was in the hand of the Great King at

Versailles, and his instruments moved not for themselves but zealously carried forward his schemes for wide empire. They possessed in an extraordinary degree the quality we call vision. At first the aim of the newcomers had been to find a path to distant Cathay. The first great natural obstacle the earlier pioneers encountered in the St. Lawrence Rapids. They named them *La Chine—China*—their hearts fired with the desire to exploit the Orient. As the vastness of the round world gradually came home to them it was the new continent they coveted, and history holds no record of striving more daring and persistent. Soon Father Allouez was on Lake Superior, La Salle had traversed the Mississippi to its mouth, the immense interior was mapped with fair accuracy from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and La Verendrye had perhaps sighted the Rocky Mountains. But meanwhile little care was taken for a sound civic establishment. A population of a few hundred clustered about Montreal and Quebec content to be governed from above, with no interest in sending down into the soil the roots upon which a stable society must be based. Plough, hoe, loom and anvil, the instruments of men bent on quiet and peaceful occupation, were tools humdrum and distasteful. The rifle could shoot far. The canoe could brave the rapids of mighty streams, cross inland oceans, thread rivulets that still are lonely. These were instruments for the pioneer, and master of them, they gave themselves to the wide and wandering life of which these were the attributes.

Looking now at the procedure of the Anglo-Saxon, who meanwhile in his way was pushing his advance, the contrast is sharp indeed. As the Frenchman had vision, the Anglo-Saxon had almost no vision. There is a tradition, based perhaps on fact, which throws a curious light on the Anglo-Saxon psychology. In the early days a party of surveyors was sent out from Boston to lay out a road to the west. They proceeded as far as Watertown, ten miles off. Thence returning, they reported that they had fully discharged their commission, going no farther because there was no likelihood that a road any farther westward would ever be required. And Boston accepted the report. Farther south the English

pioneers clung for a long period to tide-water, not crossing the Appalachians, until the French far beyond in the Mississippi valley had in their grasp every important post of vantage. For the Anglo-Saxon there was no brilliancy of achievement at the start. The advance was prosaic, sluggish, and unpromising. The purblind New Englander stuck to the coast, tilling his farm, tending his nets, meanwhile forgotten or neglected by the powers over sea, establishing his own polity, planting deep the roots of a healthy civil order, with no dreams of vast empire. "Where there is no vision the people perish," says the good Book. Shall we reverse the saying to make it read, because they have no vision the people survive? At any rate, it was because they were sluggish, undazzled by dreams, not building fine castles in the air, but modest, unpretending clusters of homesteads, out of which in the fulness of time came the Anglo-Saxon America of today.

And now as to the mother-towns of Massachusetts. The method of the slow-moving Anglo-Saxon advance from the Atlantic shore-line into the interior was in New England as follows:—As numbers pressed, nuclei of settlement were pushed forward into the wilderness, always cautiously and with care to remain in close touch with the hive behind from which they were swarming. These nuclei of settlement, which in their turn sent forth swarms, were the mother-towns, and it is of three that I desire now especially to speak, Plymouth, Concord and Deerfield; because I am bound to these three towns by especial ties, and because they are typical of their class, and have records of achievement unusually noteworthy. If you will pardon the personal reference, my mother was born in Plymouth, where my grandfather then ministered for sixty years to the First Parish, organized at Scrooby in 1606, and maintaining a continuous life to the present day. It was the first of the mother-towns, the most significant in our story as the community which put in practice and maintained the Social Compact of the Mayflower. Almost forgotten by the old world, they set down in some half dozen lines an agreement, pledging themselves to observe faithfully for their order, rules which they should

mutually frame, each freeman to have a voice in public matters, great and small. It was the first declaration formed and sustained, made on our shores of government of, by and for the people, the American idea, which is but the carrying forward of the prehistoric Anglo-Saxon freedom. The mother-town, comprehending in its earlier times the entire Old Colony, parted of its territory as numbers grew and time went on, to form promising children-towns, and to all these she gave as their birthright the principle of the Mayflower compact. Absorbed at length into the larger colony of Massachusetts Bay, to that also she transmitted the ancient polity, the town-meeting standing forth as its expression; and in even wider fields the idea prevailed, until developed and systematized to meet the needs of a great nation, it became embodied in the Constitution of the United States. One may say without irreverence that the Mayflower Compact is like the Kingdom of Heaven. It is "like a grain of mustard seed, which is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree, and the fowls of the air are lodged in the branches thereof." Not the fowls of the air but a hundred million of human souls find shelter in its beneficent shadow.

I take a reverent pride in the fact that I am, if not a son, at least a grandson of Plymouth, and I also rejoice that I stand in a similar relation with my second mother-town, Concord. When in 1636 Simon Willard and Peter Bulkeley led a band of "Men of Kent" to the Assabet twenty miles west of Boston, and took up an ample tract in what is now the heart of Middlesex, it was the first settlement beyond tide-water, and the outmost frontier post to the west and north. My first American ancestor, James Hosmer, was of the company, and I have stood in the dent in the hillside which, even in my time, has marked the site of his cabin.

Church and school were exalted. The Mayflower Compact, now developed into the town-meeting, was faithfully cherished in Concord and in the children communities which presently sprang from her, and defending it, Concord was exposed to especial sufferings and hazards. When King Philip struck a forceful blow at Sudbury in 1676, Concord

men were in the disastrous fight, the second James Hosmer, my ancestor, being among the slain. The town seemed marked for destruction, but sturdy hearts withstood that peril, as at a later time they withstood greater perils. The principle of the Mayflower Compact, government of, by and for the people, was threatened by George III. Very memorable was the part of Concord in that crisis. Again I beg that you will pardon the personal reference when I say, I rejoice that men of my line and name were among the embattled farmers who in 1775 "stood forth as minute-men," and that Hosmer blood that day stained the grass at the North Bridge.

Coming now to my third mother-town, Deerfield, it may be claimed that its part in the great Anglo-Saxon advance was hardly less important than that of its predecessors, while it was still more marked by picturesque incident. There is no fairer area in New England than the ample grant of eight thousand acres assigned to the men of Dedham in 1673, and they entered upon their domain amid especial perils and hazards. The stroke of King Philip at Bloody Brook almost wiped out the settlement at its beginning, and when this had been sturdily endured and survived, the Mohawk Trail then as now an easy path across the Hoosacs, made very real an even more terrible menace from the Iroquois. But more formidable foes than these of the woods were soon to be met, and the especial distinction of Deerfield lies in the stubborn fortitude with which the new foe was confronted. For a decade or two things went on in the usual Anglo-Saxon way. School and church were exalted, the farmers sowed and reaped, and in town-meeting the frontiersman cherished the freedom which, through the Mayflower Compact, had been transmitted from ancient days. But the great Louis sat at Versailles, at the acme of his power, and his clutch for the New World, involving the overthrow of all that the Anglo-Saxon had achieved, became more than ever close and terrible. It had taken the best part of two generations to push the advance over the hundred miles to the intervalles of the Connecticut. The French meanwhile had explored and conquered far and wide, dazzled by visions of empire almost boundless. Though their

rivals had been slow, they however had been sure, sending down always the roots of a stable civic order. To guard what had been so deliberately gained, at the outmost station stood the frontiersmen of Deerfield. A palisaded citadel enclosed their homes, and the people went armed to whatever duty called, in church or town-house or field. I shall not tell here the well-known story of 1704. One wishes that the picturesque traditions that have come down might receive corroboration. Did Hertel de Rouville, by a cunning intermittent rush over the snow-crust upon the town, contrive to counterfeit the sound of the blast in the wintry night, thus lulling the suspicions of the defenders? If so, it was a bit of camouflage worthy of the soldiers of the Argonne in 1918. Did a bell consecrated by Catholic rites, captured from the French, hang in the village church tower, and was it a pious desire to recover it that gave edge to the fierceness of the French attack? It was only for a moment that the hostile blow was effective, and presently the frontier life went on as before. The incidents which in the story of our three mother-towns seemed at the time of trifling moment were of world-wide significance. The Mayflower Compact was a mere scrap of paper with a few rough signatures attached, but it was the mustard-seed from which grew a tree that is for the healing of the nations. Not half a dozen men lay slain on the April grass after the small skirmish at the North Bridge at Concord, but the volley that laid them low was "the shot heard round the world." It was the brown arm of some one tattered savage or coureur de bois that made the hacks in the old Door you treasure in your museum, but the force that charged the blow came from a dynamo far away, the spirit of the Great Louis, the incarnation of autocracy, determined then and there to purge the earth of every obstacle to his despotism.

For nearly half a century the French peril grew less acute. What now lay for Deerfield on the knees of the Gods? The mother-town went on its way, waxing strong in its population, giving of its territory to the creation of a goodly company of children-towns in each of which was preserved the spirit of the parent nucleus. Church and school were again

exalted. In each industrious community there was stable civic order. The town-meeting ruled supreme. When war clouds again gathered as Montcalm came upon the scene, the frontier had receded, and Deerfield was no longer in the forefront. Her men however were active. Ephraim Williams, a champion of Deerfield antecedents, led the "Bloody Morning Scout" at the headwaters of the Hudson, and I suppose the old cannon cemented into the masonry of your museum, dragged into the forests with much sweat of man and ox to confront the foe, may be taken as a souvenir of the undying martial spirit maintained in the old watch-tower. The French peril passed with the fall of Quebec in 1759. Probably it was the promptness of Ethan Allen, a soldier, I believe, with a Deerfield connection, that saved the town from a trying experience with George III a little later. Had Burgoyne in his southern march possessed the commanding vantage-post of Ticonderoga, there would hardly have been a surrender at Saratoga, and Deerfield soil might have felt the tramp of the Hessians. Did the Ticonderoga cannon trailing through the snow to arm the redoubts of Washington on Dorchester Heights cross Deerfield territory? Only in some such way was it touched by the war of the Revolution, but while in comparative peace, then and afterward the town stood ready, though I believe its patriotic ardor, according to tradition, found a gay rather than a grave expression. Sitting one day with Miss Alice Baker in the rejuvenated ball room of the old Frary tavern, she showed me the nook in which the village fiddler was ensconced, and the benches along the walls where the village girls, their wraps crammed into the space beneath, awaited, wall-flower fashion, the invitations of the beaux, then vigorously footed out "The Old Thirteen," "Hull's Victory," or whatever patriotic contradance could give vent to the zeal that filled them. She told me it was said that Benedict Arnold once danced in that room in the days when he was loyal.

In the dark time of the Civil War only faint murmurs of disloyalty broke the enthusiastic public spirit of the mother-town and its children. I rejoice that I myself lived in that dark time, and that Fate decreed that I should return in

those years to the soil which my infant footsteps had trodden. I am proud to think that in the venerable brick church I championed as I could the cause of the Union, the cause of God, and that I marched out among the Deerfield soldiers to uphold the cause in fields pestilent with malaria and swept by rifle-fire. In my ears still tingles the sound of my own church-bell, with the hand of Louisa Stebbins at the rope, ringing for my comrades and me an approving welcome home. Our ranks had been decimated. The survivors were soiled and enfeebled.

We were but warriors for the working day.
Our gayness and our gilt were all besmirched
With rainy marchings in the tented field.
There was no piece of feather in our host
And time had worn us into slovenry.
But, by the Mass! our hearts were in the trim.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*

The peal of the church bell was the voice of the old mother-town saying we had done what we could to uphold her traditions, Anglo-Saxon freedom, government of, by and for the people, the Mayflower mustard-seed developing into the Constitution of the United States, the American idea—call it what you will. For this we had stood, as the town had always stood since 1673.

Men and women of Deerfield, I wish you joy in your celebration. It is my birthright as one born almost on your soil to count myself among your number. It is a noble heritage which you and I claim, to have been citizens in an old mother-town of Massachusetts. I exclaim with Wordsworth:

Dear native acres, I foretell,
Though for a time I say farewell,
That wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.
Thus, when the sun prepared for rest
Hath gained the precincts of the West,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the narrow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

REV. MR. BIRKS'S LETTER.

Duxbury, Mass., July 20, 1923.

Dear Mrs. Sheldon and the friends assembled in Deerfield:

The sons and daughters and friends of Old Deerfield do well to assemble to commemorate that memorable and historic event, the coming of the Pocumtuck pioneers with their devoted minister, Samuel Mather, and the settlement of Old Deerfield.

They came in peace and hoped to promote peace and goodwill between the original owners of the soil and the Christian colonists. They purchased the site of the township from the Indians, as the deed in our Memorial Hall shows, and did one remarkable thing which perhaps has influenced Deerfield ever since: They employed an "artiste" to lay out the Street and home lots, and so the old Street became and has never ceased to be the home of artists and lovers of art.

Two hundred and fifty years have passed since that time, and towns and great cities have arisen all over the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but Deerfield was the advance of civilization into the wilderness, the vanguard of progress, for this was but little more than fifty years after the Mayflower dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor.

Of its tragic history the world knows. For a hundred years it was subject to attacks from hostile Indians and their allies, but it heroically fought out the battle of Faith and Freedom. Its wonderful collection of Indian and Colonial relics in Memorial Hall, illustrating that long and severe struggle, is now visited by thousands from all countries, who express their admiration at the remarkable work accomplished.

Long may the old town flourish and continue to be the home of the lovers of art and human progress, and the custodian of its priceless heirlooms. All honor be to the founder of the museum and the historian of Old Deerfield, George Sheldon.

I am writing from Duxbury, which was the home of Myles Standish, William Brewster and John Alden, and where many of the old Puritans are buried.

TELLING WHAT HAPPENED TO DEERFIELD,
FEBRUARY 29, 1704¹

BY JOHN SHELDON

A grant of 8000 acres of land was given to the inhabitants of the town of Dedham by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1662 which should be located in any unsettled portion of the Province they might choose that was not included in any previous allotment. The grant was located in the valley of the Pocumtuck River and formed the nucleus of the town of Deerfield, Massachusetts. Within this tract lies the Old Deerfield Street of today along the same lines established by the surveyor in 1671. The first white settler was Samuel Hinsdale, who with his family was living here in 1669. The lure of the fertility of the soil inciting the pioneer spirit of the times brought other adventurers, and soon a thrifty and growing community had planted itself in the Connecticut Valley.

At the time of the raid of the French and Indians in 1704, Deerfield was in an isolated position. Its nearest neighbor was Hatfield, on the south. Albany was the nearest west, and half a hundred miles of pathless forest lay between the nearest settlement towards the east. North, the wilderness stretched away to Canada without the cabin of a white man between. It was the northwest outpost of civilization in New England.

Upon its main street were forty-one houses, with the barns and outbuildings common in a farming community. Surrounding the slight elevation in the middle of the street, the common lying in the center, was a stockade built of logs twelve or fourteen feet long, hewed flat on two sides, called palisades. These were set closely together on end, firmly planted in the ground, and braced by plank running across near the top, to which they were securely pinned. Opening on the road north and south were heavily barred gates on stout hinges.

¹ See *Telling What Happened to Deerfield, February 29, 1704*, by John Sheldon, Greenfield, 1924.

The street was built upon throughout its whole length. Inside the stockade were about fifteen houses, and outside on the street north were twelve and on the south fourteen. On the evening of the 28th of February these buildings sheltered two hundred and ninety-one souls, including twenty garrison soldiers and two visitors.

In 1702 Queen Anne of England declared war against France, and the English Colonies in this country and the Colony of France in Canada became involved in the struggle for supremacy. The northern Indians were under French influence and became their valuable allies. The expedition sent from Canada against Deerfield was made up of two hundred French soldiers under command of Sieur De Rouville, accompanied by one hundred and forty Indians gathered from the Macquas of Caughnawaga and the tribes of the Abenakis. Starting in the depth of winter, after an arduous march they arrived within striking distance of the village on the 28th of February, 1704. Making camp on the hills about one and a half miles northwest of the doomed town, they rested and fed in security, screened by the intervening forest. At night under protection of darkness scouts were sent out, who reported all was quiet in the town save one lone watchman on his beat. Towards morning he was not to be seen. He had fallen asleep at his post. Then across the mile-wide snow-covered plain with the palisades of the stockade full in view poured the troops of France and its savage allies, entering the town about two hours before the break of day.

There was a hard crust that allowed rapid traveling, but for fear that the rustling sound caused by the footsteps of so large a party would betray them, they made short rushes with halts between that the sound if heard might be mistaken for gusts of wind. Coming to the foot of the palisades they found the snow so deeply drifted against them that it was easy to scale the wall, and they were soon inside. The soldiers "stood to their arms" while the Indians, separating into small bands, surrounded the houses with their sleeping occupants. At signal they leaped to their errand of murder and destruction.

No chance was given to rally to meet the invaders. The enemy was upon them in a moment and the simple fastening of door or window proved little hindrance to the onrush of furious assault. The hideous painted face and the uplifted weapon met the astonished eye of the sleeper when awakened by crash of door or war cry. Houses were set on fire and without distinction of age or sex the occupants were dragged forth either to be brained or bound captive at the whim of their captor.

At one house only were they baffled. The house of Benoni Stebbins stood facing the common and in it were seven men, three or more women, and several children. The attack on this house was slightly delayed and the occupants had a few moments to prepare. When the rabble came they were met with a musket fire that drove them back and through all that horrid morning the defenders never yielded. Surrounded by a raging, bloodthirsty mob, with shot raining in from all sides, they defied the cowardly crew of fifty to one who by a sudden rush could have quickly overcome them. They could not be terrorized into accepting an offer of quarter that was tendered them and kept up their fire with fatal effect. Among those who fell before it was the Chief of the Macquias and a Lieutenant of the French, the second in command. Stebbins only was killed, and one man and one woman wounded. Seven men holding an unfortified house against an army!

Eight rods northeast stood the house of Ensign John Sheldon, widely known thereafter as the "Old Indian House." Its well-barred door and shuttered windows withstood the first onset. Unable at once to force these barriers, repeated blows of the hatchet soon made an opening through the two-inch nail-studded door large enough to admit the barrel of a gun, and the bullet sped from it at random passed through the body of the Ensign's wife and buried itself in the wall. The bullet is now on exhibition in Memorial Hall. Tradition says that a boy fleeing from the house left the back door open, through which the enemy finally gained entrance. Sheldon was away from home. Besides his wife they killed one child and captured three others and also his daughter-

in-law. In this house and the meeting-house the prisoners were collected and kept under guard till ready to be moved on. When the enemy withdrew from the fort the house was set on fire. The blaze was soon extinguished and it stood one hundred and forty-four years longer until torn down in 1848. The door with the marks made by the wielder of the axe still on it is hanging on its original door posts in Memorial Hall.

The house of the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the parish, standing next to and a few rods south of the Stebbins house, was among the first entered. Williams had barely time to seize his pistol hanging from his bed tester before the Indians were upon him in numbers. Aiming at the foremost his weapon missed fire and he was quickly overcome and bound. Two of his children were taken to the door and killed, and his negro servant, Pathena, who tried to shield them, lost her life. His wife and the remaining five children were allowed to live, but the next day Mrs. Williams, unable to keep up with the rapid retreat, her captor, so wrote her husband, "slew her with his hatchet at one stroke." A monument has been erected where her body was found, and a stone in the old Burying Ground marks her final resting place.

The slaughter and rapine went on. Houses were ransacked, plundered of their contents and set on fire. Barns with their store of hay and grain suffered the same fate. Cattle, sheep and swine were wantonly killed in the merciless desire to lay waste the settlement. Soon after sunrise De Rouville collected his captives and plunder and took them across the river to his rendezvous of the day before.

Meanwhile the alarm had reached Hatfield and a party of thirty (by some accounts forty) men mounted on horses were pushing their way in all haste to the relief of their neighbors. A considerable body of the enemy still remained to plunder, but as the rescue party came dashing through the south gate the surprised marauders fled through the other.

That part of the street south of the stockade had not been raided. Midway upon it stood the fortified house of Capt. Jonathan Wells. Here had gathered fifteen townsmen and

five soldiers. Chafing under their enforced inaction during all this carnage, they now seized their arms and promptly joined the Hatfield party. The sight of the blood-curdling horrors in the fort and the triumphant enemy loaded with plunder and scalps escaping across the meadows, so infuriated these men that, heedless of danger, intent only on punishing the spoilers and rescuing the captives, this unorganized band of heroic men dashed valiantly forth in pursuit without considering the odds. The fight was hot and furious. Warming to their work they cast aside coat and waistcoat, and with right good will sent bullet upon bullet after the retreating foe. In the heat of conflict throwing all caution to the winds, they pursued to the river without thought of ambush. De Rouville hearing the firing had sent back reinforcements. These, hiding under the bank of the river, sent a volley into the astonished pursuers that effectually stopped the advance. Met by this overpowering number, they were forced to turn back. Retreating in good order, they kept up so effective a fire that the assailants were unable to surround them before they reached the shelter of the stockade. Here the enemy gave up the chase and retired to their camp. Hastily gathering his force in order De Rouville started his command with its train of captives on their weary tramp to Canada.

In this engagement nine of our men were killed outright and others wounded. The loss of the enemy is unknown, but there is abundant evidence that our men did good execution.

Up to recent years, from father to son the story has been handed down, and writers of fiction and in most cases writers of history, have accepted it as true, that, with the exception of one or two houses, the whole town was laid in ashes.

Among the papers of Fitz John Winthrop, governor of Connecticut during this period, has been found a vivid account of this military outrage, and with it a carefully prepared table containing the names of the dead, the captured, and of those left at home. It shows the number of buildings burned and their value; the amount of personal property destroyed or stolen, and the estimated value thereof, and

has the appearance of being an official report to the Governor made out in detail. There is no reason to doubt its general accuracy. Through it we learn that seventeen houses with their barns were burned, and that there were left standing within the stockade nine houses, and without, fifteen. The loss of life and property fell almost entirely upon those who were living inside the stockade or north of it.

In the old Burying Ground on the Albany road, in one common grave lie the remains of forty-eight of the forty-nine slain on that memorable day. One hundred and eleven were made captive. The journey to Canada was long and wearisome. The majority of those captured were women and children and the route was on foot through an unbroken wilderness. Of those who started, not all reached their destination. Two starved to death on the way, and twenty, unable to endure the hardships of the march, were put to death; for, as one of the captives, Stephen Williams, writes in his diary, "their manner was if any loitered to kill them."

THE PURITAN COMMONWEALTH AND THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

*Address delivered by Rev. Vincent Ravi-Booth at the Observance
of the 250th Anniversary of the Incorporation of Deerfield,
Sunday, August 19, 1923.*

By way of introduction, let me very briefly review the outstanding events in the early history of Deerfield.

In 1651 the General Court of Massachusetts granted two thousand acres of land to the Indians in the vicinity of Boston for an Indian village at Natick, which was then a part of Dedham; and in compensation for the loss of this land the General Court on June 12, 1663, granted to the proprietors of Dedham eight thousand acres of land heretofore unappropriated in their jurisdiction, wherever the proprietors might choose to locate them. In 1663, the proprietors sent their representatives to this region and these on their return

gave a most glowing description of the land on the banks of the Deerfield River, a region called by the Indians Pocumtuck. For this land Dedham paid to the Indians the sum of 136.10.00 pounds.

In the spring of 1671 the first settlement of Deerfield began. The town plan was then a forest. In the year 1673 an additional grant by the General Court was made so as to constitute Pocumtuck, a township of seven square miles, including what is now Deerfield, Greenfield and Gill. This action of the General Court bears the date of May 7, 1673, and expressly provides that "the liberty of a towneship" be conferred on Pocumtuck. Your great historian, George Sheldon, on page 38 of the first volume of his monumental *History of Deerfield* states that in "default of any subsequent action to that end, this liberty of a towneship, may well be taken as an Act of Incorporation of the town." We are therefore celebrating today the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of Pocumtuck. The one condition imposed by this charter is that the settlers must establish in their midst "an able & orthodox minister within three yeares." However, no minister was settled in Pocumtuck until 1688, i. e., fifteen years later.

The first inhabitants lived on friendly terms with the Indians until the outbreak of the war with King Philip of Mt. Hope in 1675. On September 1 of that year James Eggleston was murdered. On Sunday, September 12, the inhabitants were attacked on their way to church, one man was killed, and another severely wounded. On September 18th, called "the blackest day in the annals of New England," Captain Thomas Lothrop and ninety of his men were slaughtered by seven or eight hundred Indians at a place called Bloody Brook, about five miles from the North Village. The immediate result was the practical abandonment of the settlement.

In 1677 a fresh attempt was made to resettle Pocumtuck. But within a very short time a number of the settlers were killed, others were taken prisoners by the Indians, and a man by the name of Plympton,—let it be recorded to his lasting honor that he met his horrible death with cheerfulness—was

burned alive. The Indians wrapped their victim in birch bark, and alternately kindled and extinguished this inflammable material until death mercifully ended his slow torture.

In 1682 the settlers returned, and for several years were unmolested by the Indians. In that same year the first town meeting was held. Four years later, in March, 1688, John Williams, a graduate of Harvard, a man whose name will never be forgotten throughout this region, was ordained the first Minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, when he was twenty-three years of age.

It has been said of him that "he must have been shielded by the whole armor of the Christian warfare to have risked his life in so hazardous an undertaking." The town fixed John Williams's salary at 60.0.0 pounds per annum, to be paid in wheat, peas, Indian corn, and pork at current prices.

With the accession of William of Orange the French and English colonies in America became involved in war, and Canadian Indians, led by Canadian French, waged war on this region.

The massacre of Schenectady in February, 1689, prompted the Deerfield settlers to surround Meeting-house Hill with a palisade of logs twelve to fourteen feet in height, an inclosure large enough to shelter all the inhabitants.

Four years of anxiety followed. Then in June, 1693, the first mutterings of the impending storm resounded. The first victims were three women. They were knocked down by the savages and scalped. Then Thomas Broughton, his wife and three children were murdered. On September 16, 1694, Pocumtuck was attacked by Monsieur Castreen and an Indian force, but with slight damage. On August 18, 1695, a party of settlers was attacked by Indians, and Joseph Barnard was killed. The oldest monument in the Deerfield Burying Ground was erected in his memory.

The danger grew steadily greater. Attack followed attack. In 1699 the town was fortified afresh. A palisade was thrown around twenty acres, but in vain. For during the night of Tuesday, the 29th of February, two hundred French, and one hundred and forty Indians, all under the

command of Hertel de Rouville, took the sleeping settlement by storm, murdering and burning without quarter and without mercy.

Resistance was vain. Twenty-five men, twenty-five women, and seventy-five children, mostly under ten, escaped the enemy. The rest were either murdered or dragged out of their warm beds, bound securely, and half clad as they were, carried over drifts of snow and the ice of many rivers into captivity across the border, three hundred miles away. As fast as any of the captives succumbed to fatigue or exposure, they were dispatched with the Indian's tomahawk, whether man, woman or child. One of the captives was John Williams, the truly great minister of the stricken community. He witnessed the murder of two of his infant children, he was compelled to abandon in the snow his dying wife, and later heard of her miserable end by the hatchet of her savage keeper. The story of that frightful exodus he has left behind in his book, *The Redeemed Captive*, a book which is an imperishable monument to the faith, courage, endurance and heroism of the wonderful men and women who conquered the wilderness in the midst of which we now live in comfort, security and peace.

Notwithstanding this frightful tragedy, the Government at Boston decreed that Pocumtuck must not be deserted. The surviving women and children were sent to safer places. Gradually the men rallied. The town meeting was held late that year. The records are in a new handwriting, for the town clerk was a prisoner in Canada. But the stuff out of which your forefathers were made is indicated by the fact that no reference whatsoever to the great disaster is made in these records.

Happily there is little history to record for the next seventy years. In 1756 the last French war broke out. It ended with the glorious triumph of Wolfe and his men on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, September 13, 1759. We find that Deerfield sent its full quota of men to help in the establishment of English civilization in North America.

By way of transition from this brief historical résumé to the subject I am expected to treat, let me ask a question

which is foremost in our thoughts. Who were these men and women, these heroes and heroines, whose faith and courage no hardship and no calamity could break? What about their origin and their antecedents?

To understand them one should go back to the days of Wycliff, the father of English prose, the translator of the Bible into the English tongue; one should dwell upon the labors of the Lollards, the disciples of Wycliff; one should trace the growth of the Protestant movement through the reign of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Bloody Mary and Elizabeth. It was during the reign of the great Elizabeth that the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were enacted, and it was these two acts which brought into existence the Puritan party in England. Out of the Puritan party in the course of time came forth the Separatists.

The program of the Puritans was the reformation of the Church of England from within. But when, under the persecutions of the High Commission during the reign of James I of Scotland, such internal reformation became impossible, large numbers of Puritans came out of the Established Church for the purpose of forming separate congregations. Hence their name Separatists. This was looked upon by the authorities as an act of treason and treated as such. There is no more thrilling story than the account of the sufferings endured by the Separatists in England, of their escape to Holland, of their sojourn for eleven years in Amsterdam and Leyden, and of their final emigration to the wilds of North America, there to establish the Puritan Commonwealth.

The people who settled New England were strictly English folk of the better class. Their leaders, such as Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, Cotton, Eliot, Harvard, Hooker, Endicott, were men of great culture and learning. In the clearings made by the early pioneers church services were conducted by a "score of clergymen, nearly all graduates of Cambridge, though one or two had their degrees from Oxford." John Fiske, in his book *The Beginnings of New England*, points out that "the most distinguished of these clergymen, John Cotton, in his younger days a Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College, had for more than twenty years

been rector of St. Botolph's, when he left the most magnificent parish church in England to hold service in the first rude meeting house of new Boston." The type of men who led the emigration from England is indicated by the fact that one of their chief concerns upon reaching the New World was to establish a center of learning, which they called Harvard, after one of their noble leaders. And to the town sheltering the infant college they gave the name of Cambridge in remembrance of their Alma Mater across the seas.

The rank and file of the immigrants were yeomen, sturdy men and women, who but for their religious and political convictions could have remained in England and kept on living prosperously and comfortably in their pleasant homes. For it must be remembered that the bulk of the settlers came over during the eleven years (1629-40) in which Charles I governed England without a Parliament. They came because they despaired of reforming the Established Church, they came because liberty to worship and serve God according to the dictates of their conscience was forbidden, they came because Charles I, who finally was beheaded by Cromwell, was engaged in destroying the liberties of England and was determined to establish the doctrine of the divine right of kings on the ruins of Parliament. And it must be borne in mind that with the opening of the Long Parliament and the triumphs of Cromwell's Ironsides, emigration ceased completely. With the restoration of representative government in England, the middle-class Englishman preferred to remain in his beloved country. Bear in mind that there was no white trash among these 26,000 immigrants. Worthless fellows were shipped back as soon as discovered. Not so in the colony of Virginia. The aristocratic settlers of that colony wanted servants and laborers. Consequently great numbers of people from the jails, the slums and the dens of English cities were either kidnapped or induced to come over to Virginia by the shipload. Their descendants constitute that almost hopeless mass of humanity in the South known as white trash. Once more heredity scores.

New England was founded by the cleanest, strongest, ablest, purest elements of the English people. No county

or parish in Old England was more English than New England up to the Revolutionary War. As some one has said, God sifted a nation when He laid the foundations of the New World. Is it any wonder that on such a foundation a great nation has arisen?

According to John Fiske there were in the United States in 1889, 15 million people able to trace their descent from the 26,000 Puritans who came to these shores from 1629-40. And I say it without hesitation, these 15,000,000, and their kind, have made America what she is. In passing, it is interesting to note that according to the latest and most reliable statistics, there are in the United States today 55 million persons of British origin out of a total population of 110 million. This means that there are more Anglo-Saxons in the United States than in Great Britain, for in all of England, Wales, and Scotland combined there are but 37,000,000 people. And this means that the United States is English not merely in its speech, but in its fundamental institutions.

There are two popular misconceptions concerning the founders of the Puritan Commonwealth which should be rectified. The first is that the 26,000 sturdy Puritans who settled New England came over to establish a commonwealth in which every soul should enjoy religious liberty. Nothing was further from their thoughts. Such an attempt would have filled them with consternation. To be sure they rebelled against the Church of England, dominated as it was by a Stewart King with his fondness for the Roman Catholic Church. But their revolt was prompted by the conviction that the State Church was not an incarnation and expression of the religion of the Bible, and to them the Bible was the complete and ultimate authority in the life of the individual, the State, and the Church.

That the founders of New England condemned religious liberty is evident from the thoroughness with which they suppressed every attempt to introduce the Episcopal form of worship, until the coming of Andros, the arrogant representative of the King. It is made perfectly clear from the harsh treatment accorded to Roger Williams, that learned, enlightened, and fearless man, who "within five years from

the settlement of Massachusetts, had announced the true principles of religious liberty with a clearness of insight quite remarkable in that age." For championing religious liberty, the separation of Church and State, the equal protection of all forms of religious faith, the repeal of all laws compelling attendance on public worship, the abolition of titles and of all forced contributions to the support of religion—he was ordered by the General Court in January, 1636, to come to Boston from Salem and embark in a ship which was about to sail for England. But he escaped into the forest, found protection in Massasoit's wigwam, and many fled to the spot where stands the City of Providence. Time forbids a review of the treatment by Massachusetts of Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers accused of disseminating the Antinomian heresy, of their expulsion from the colony, and of how these exiles went forth to found Portsmouth and Dover in what was to be New Hampshire, and Newport in what was to be Rhode Island. Time forbids an even cursory review of the terrible punishments meted out to the Quakers, three of whom were executed on Boston Common and scores of whom were flogged, imprisoned at hard labor, and even mutilated in their ears and tongues. It is a very sad story which must be told to bring out the fact that nothing was further from the thoughts of the Puritan founders of New England than religious liberty.

And it follows that if the Puritans of New England positively refused, until compelled by the power of the King, to grant equal protection to various forms of worship, they were equally averse to political freedom. The two go together. A very large proportion of the male population was disfranchised, since the right to vote was limited to the male members of the state church. Moreover, no man could be elected to any civic office, high or low, who was not a member in good and regular standing of the Established Church. This simply means that the State was the Church, and the Church was the State; and it is very obvious that in such a system there could be no room for either religious or political freedom. As early as 1650 the restriction of the franchise to church members led to discontent and mutterings of re-

volt. It was realized by those in authority that something must be done to enlarge the franchise. The simple experiment of separating Church and State did not occur to them. Instead they made it easier for folks to join the church. By the provisions of the Half Way Covenant it was agreed that all baptized persons of upright and decorous lives should be admitted to the church whether or not they had passed through a distinct religious experience. Thus the franchise was enlarged with the result that by degrees the church became secularized, formal, indifferent to the things of the spirit. It required the Great Awakening under the mighty preaching of Jonathan Edwards and Whitefield a century later to rekindle the fires of religion on the altars of New England. One of the results of that mighty revival was the departure of large numbers of the more humble members of the Established Church to form the churches of the despised Separatists. Two of these little churches, soon followed by a third led by their minister, Jedediah Dewey, came over the Berkshire hills and founded Bennington in 1761, and the Church of Christ in Bennington of which I have the honor to be the minister.

If then the Puritans of New England set their faces like flint against religious and political freedom, what was their purpose in crossing the sea?

They came across the Atlantic to rear on virgin soil a theocratic state modeled after the pattern found in the Old and New Testament. To them the Bible was the infallible word of God, a complete and perfect guide for the proper ordering of the life of the individual, the family and the State. How literally they followed the teaching of the Bible is evident from the strictness with which they observed the Lord's day as if it had been the Jewish sabbath; and from the fact that in the colony of New Haven trial by jury was not practiced on the ground that there is no precedent for it in the laws of Moses. Their purpose was to look at life in all of its aspects and complicated interests, whether public or private, through the eyes of Hebrew lawgivers, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the words of John Fiske, "they were animated by a profoundly ethical impulse—the

desire to live godly lives and drive out sin from the community." And what made their commonwealth noble and great was not that they fought religious and political liberty (indeed their suppression of liberty constitutes the weakness of their scheme) but that as men who had seen a great light they longed to serve and glorify Jehovah day and night, and build the city of God here upon earth.

Three hundred and three years have come and gone since the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. The commonwealth which the Separatists and Puritans founded has assumed colossal dimensions in territory and population. We number 110 millions. Every race, white, black, yellow, red, is represented. Every state of mental development, every creed, every shade of opinion is in evidence. This vast agglomeration is supposed to represent a great democracy. Most of us entertain as superstitious a reverence of that word, democracy, as the overthrown lords of Germany entertained for that other word, autocracy. Most of us take it for granted that this magical word, democracy, will insure the existence of America until the end of time.

If the American Commonwealth is to endure, certain fundamental facts must not be overlooked. And the first fact is that liberty can never take the place of righteousness. We have won religious and political liberty, but what use are we making of it? It is a fact that a vast number of human beings cannot be trusted with freedom. You doubt it? Consider that the jails are full, consider that an appalling wave of crime is sweeping over America. You doubt it? Think of what happened in Boston four years ago, the moment the police went on strike. In vast multitudes the moral sense is so undeveloped that liberty to them means license. Back of the Puritan's determination to limit the franchise to church members was the conviction that freedom means ruin, unless it is under the restraint arising from the consciousness of responsibility to God. Liberty should mean for each of us self-imposed law.

The freedom conferred by our form of government on the individual means unusual opportunity. What use are the rank and file in this country, the employer of labor, the cap-

italist, the working man, the politicians, the office holders,—what use are they making of freedom? Think of the corruption and incompetence which exist in our municipal, state, and national government! Which one of our great American cities can fearlessly turn on the light on its municipal administration? From time to time the caldron of corruption boils over, and then we have a sickening spectacle such as disgraces our great cities at regular intervals. We are assured that the national government during the war got twenty-five cents of material and work for every dollar spent. On such a basis, how long can American democracy endure? Calling the ship of state Democracy with a capital “D” will not keep it from sinking if her timbers are rotten.

We have been told by a great American that this nation was conceived in liberty. That statement is not true. This nation was conceived in righteousness. You should never speak a word for liberty unless you have first spoken a word for righteousness. If liberty in America, in the name of Democracy, is used to undermine the foundations of righteousness, then history will repeat itself. Iniquity implies the negation of God. Sin is practical Atheism. On a foundation of Atheism nothing can endure. By the walls of the Kremlin in Moscow the Bolsheviki have erected a white tablet on which is the inscription “Religion is the opiate of the people.” That tablet proclaims the inevitable downfall of the Bolsheviki state. No permanent government can be built on Atheism engaged in destroying the most ancient moral sanctions. It has been tried often enough with the same disastrous results, from the days of the Tower of Babel, through the reign of Julian the Apostate, through the abominations of the Borgias, through the French terror, through the reign of the German Kaiser, down to the present appalling confusion in which the world finds itself. Liberty can exalt a man or a nation only when controlled and inspired by the righteousness of God.

Again—American Democracy, if it is to endure, must realize that the life of the nation can be safeguarded not by artificial methods which ignore the fundamental facts of nature, but by the universal practice of justice.

We have been told, and every child in this country is taught to believe, that this nation was from the beginning dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. That statement is neither historically nor inherently true. It flies into the face of nature. It attempts to deny the fact, and undo the work, of evolution, and that is impossible. Nature knows nothing of equality. Stroll into your vegetable garden: Are all the potatoes equal? Some are large, some are small, some are perfect, others are decayed; some will last through the winter, others will perish in your cellar of dry rot. The same is true of everything that grows in field, or garden, or forest. Stroll into your barn yard,—examine your chickens, pigs, sheep, cattle; are they all equal? Here is a horse;—harness it with glorious leather and silver trappings, hitch it to the finest carriage to be found, then drive it up and down the boulevard, and every one will recognize it for what it is, a nag—Here is another horse, tie it up with a disreputable harness to a peddler's wagon, and still every one will recognize it for what it is, a thoroughbred. Nature knows nothing of equality.

Pass to the human race. In what sense is the Red Indian the equal of the Anglo-Saxon? In what sense is the Negro the equal of the Latin and Teutonic races; in what sense is the Australian Bushman the equal of the Japanese? One need not go beyond one's immediate neighborhood to perceive that even the men of the same race are not equal. Here is a man born a cripple, or with an organic disease;—in what sense is he the equal of the athlete? Here is a drooling imbecile; in what sense is he the equal of Longfellow, Lowell, or Roosevelt? Here is a kleptomaniac, or moral degenerate. In what sense is he the equal of a Phillips Brooks or Edith Cavell?

This popular notion that all men are created equal was administered a terrific blow by the discoveries made in connection with the mental tests to which the recruits of the American army were subjected during America's participation in the Great War. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1923, there appeared an article by Robert M. Yerkes, professor of psychology in the University of Minnesota, and

editor of the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*. Professor Yerkes was in charge of the army mental tests during the war. Here are a few interesting statements taken from this article.

"In our army of five million men there were at least one hundred thousand men of low grade intelligence. . . . Probably most of them were not worth what it cost the government to draft, equip, train and insure them. It is quite commonly believed that intelligence increases with schooling. This, however, is flatly contradicted by results of research, for it turns out that the main reason that intelligence status improves with years of schooling is the elimination of the less capable pupils. All along the line from kindergarten to professional schools, the less able and less fortunate in home conditions tend to drop out. Not more than 50 per cent. of our population are capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first-rate high school. The remainder reach their limit of educability along intellectual lines at varying points of the educational ladder. Not more than 10 per cent. of the population are intellectually capable of meeting the requirements for a bachelor's degree in a reputable college. Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops it and facilitates its use."

The army mental tests brought out the fact that "races are quite as significantly different as individuals." Classified according to intellectual status, the order is as follows: England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, United States (white draft), Canada, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Ireland, Austria, Turkey, Greece, Russia, Italy, Poland. Professor Yerkes goes on to say: "It might almost be said that whoever desires high taxes, full almshouses, a constantly increasing number of schools for defectives, of correctional institutions, penitentiaries, hospitals, and special classes in our public schools, should by all means work for unrestricted and non-selective immigration."

And still they say that all men are created equal!

Now, democracy cannot be looked upon as the ultimate form of social organization should it ignore the fundamental inequality of man, and should it endeavor to nullify the evo-

lutionary process. This is one of the tendencies of democracy the world over. In Russia a horrible attempt is being made to level humanity by pulling down the man of five talents to the plane upon which stands the man with one talent or no talent at all. In this country the unions are seeking to tie up the unskilled and shiftless workman to the skilled and industrious laborer, thus striving to prevent each man from finding his natural level. The proletariat in the name of democracy condemns the bourgeoisie and holds it up to vituperation and contempt. Now, who constitutes the bourgeoisie? This is a French word which primarily means the people of the town, and stands for the middle class as distinguished from the aristocracy on one hand and the proletariat on the other, Proletariat is a Latin word which in the days of Rome meant a person who possesses nothing except his or her own body and who, therefore, can enrich the State, not by paying taxes, but by raising children. The bourgeoisie, then, is the middle class standing between the very rich and the very poor. Merchants, storekeepers, bankers, lawyers, professors, engineers, school teachers constitute the middle class, the creative class, the backbone of the nation, the people who carry the load. When you are damning the bourgeoisie you are condemning the most intelligent, the most reliable elements in the community, the balance wheel of society.

Democracy is not going to hasten the millennium by compelling the man with two or five talents to move forward no faster than the man with one or two talents, nor by taking away from the man of energy and ability his talents and passing them over to the man with one talent or no talent. What can the man with one talent do with the talents of his more gifted neighbor? Frequently the man with one talent is at a loss what to do with his simple talent and proceeds to bury it in the mud. Democracy's business is not to make rich men poor, but to make poor men rich. And the orderly advancement and enrichment of society is possible only as the way is kept open for every man to move forward unhampered as far as the forces of his body and mind will allow him to proceed.

Democracy, if it is not to end on the scrap heap, littered with the débris of past civilizations and empires, must aim, not at equality—for that is impossible—but at justice. Democracy must see to it that every life, be it ever so humble or be it ever so exalted, is safeguarded and given a reasonable opportunity to develop its inherent powers and resources. Democracy must see to it that the child on the lonely farms or in the crowded city, or in the primitive mining camp shall be afforded an adequate opportunity to absorb as much useful knowledge as it has capacity to master. Democracy must see to it that every man, in every walk of life, shall receive every penny and every advantage to which his character and work entitle him. Democracy must see to it that helpless human beings are not used as if they were raw materials out of which to create wealth for the State or for powerful interests controlled by men of five talents. Democracy must see to it that there is one quality of justice and one quality of mercy for all kinds of men, whether they have five talents, or one, or none. Democracy must not allow a degenerate like Harry K. Thaw to wiggle out of the grasp of justice through the power of wealth and prestige, while insisting that a friendless criminal shall be crushed like a worm. Democracy must see to it that every criminal, whether he be a tramp or a millionaire,—a ward politician or a lonely foreigner, a senator or a judge on the bench,—every criminal, high or low, is punished according to his deserts. Democracy will survive only as it becomes the incarnation and expression of social justice. Not liberty, which leads to license, not equality, which leads to Bolshevism, but righteousness, and righteousness alone exalteth a nation. And righteousness in private and in public relations, is dominant only where there is a deep consciousness of the sovereignty of God.

There was a time when what is now the Chicago River was a limpid stream running through the virgin forests, crowding the shores of our great inland sea. In the course of time the pioneers came and built their huts along that river. Very quickly a settlement sprang up, which grew rapidly to the proportions of a town. The town became a city. The city

expanded into a metropolis. But alas, the sylvan stream became contaminated in proportion to the growth of the settlement, for the filth of the town found its way into its waters. Long before Chicago had become the second city in America its river was polluted, a breeder of disease, a menace to the life of the town. Something had to be done! what could be done?

Under the leadership of a group of skillful and daring engineers the bed of the river was dredged to a lower level than that of Lake Michigan. At a convenient point a canal over a hundred feet wide and nearly forty miles long was dug, leading to the Illinois River. When this task was completed, the waters of Lake Michigan were allowed to rush into the dredged channel. Back of the blue waves was the pressure of a vast chain of immense lakes. What else could the polluted stream do under that pressure but reverse its course and flow through the prepared canal into the Illinois River, carrying with it the city's sewage. As a result, no longer is Chicago threatened with pestilence, for the dark, yellowish, contaminated stream is kept clear by the blue flood pouring out of the inland sea at the rate of 300,000 cubic feet per minute.

From all corners of the world, all sorts and conditions of men have come to America taking possession of the Puritan Commonwealth. They have brought their ignorance, their prejudices, their superstitions, their fears and their hatreds as well as their gifts and virtues. For the most part they never have spoken and never have understood the intellectual and spiritual language of the 26 thousand Puritans who laid the foundations of the American Commonwealth, nor of their 15 million descendants who have reared the structure in which 110 millions of us have found shelter. A great deal of filth has accumulated in the stream of American political and national life during the years, and it is bound to grow more rather than diminish unless the soul of the individual and of the nation is brought into more intimate contact with the life of the Eternal. Only as the pressure of truth, justice, honor, and love are felt by Americans can their commonwealth be kept clean and clear of corruption.

A corrupt city, a corrupt state, a corrupt nation cannot endure. Corruption spells death. Righteousness means life. America must never forget that there is a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness. America must remember that the universe is on the side of righteousness. The stars in their courses still fight against Sisera, and the stars never fail to recognize Sisera whether he wears the cloak of Bolshevism, Socialism, Autocracy or Democracy.

Three hundred years hence American Democracy will still flourish upon earth if in the meantime the channels of our personal and national life are kept open for the uninterrupted flow of God's holy and inexhaustible life.

At the close of Dr. Ravi-Booth's address the Deerfield chorus sang with fine effect the anthem, "He Watching over Israel." The singing of "America," the congregation joining, and the benediction by Rev. Richard F. Wilby, a former Deerfield pastor, closed the services at the church.

At the sunset hour many repaired to the old Burying Ground to gather at the mound where the victims of the 1704 massacre are buried. Rev. Frank Wright Pratt paid worthy tribute to the memory of those slain.

ADDRESS BY REV. FRANK WRIGHT PRATT OF DEERFIELD AND RICHMOND, VA.

As the sun is sinking behind the western hills we gather round this humble mound which bears its mute testimony to the forty-eight men, women and little children who were sacrificed in the massacre of the inhabitants of our town, before the break of day on February 29th, 1704.

As we celebrate the anniversary of the founding of Deerfield it is fitting that we should make our pilgrimage to this old burying ground and pause before this common grave which holds the ashes of those whose lives were lost as Deerfield was being founded.

We come in the spirit of gratitude and reverence, for we would recall afresh what it has cost in human endeavor, and

courage and suffering, to found our town. We would not even forget the unconscious sacrifice made by the youngest little sufferer, John French, four weeks old, whose ashes now mingle in this common grave with those of the sturdy heroes of that February morning.

Yet this does not seem like a formal, public service of recognition and appreciation. We gather here in a simple, personal way, as members of one family, coming to give our homage to those of our own flesh and blood because they helped to found Deerfield for us.

Although we may have lived in this old town all our lives, and walked its Street and plowed its fields and climbed its hills, still we cannot know and understand Deerfield unless we have come to this mound and let it tell us its tragic story. For Deerfield is something more than its present peace and tranquillity. Deerfield is more than quiet homes and over-arching elms and fertile fields, for into the life and being of our town have gone suffering and loss and sacrifice. Thus we make our pilgrimage today, not only to bear our grateful homage, but also that our old town may speak to us and tell us more truly its deeper meaning.

As we gather on this peaceful Sabbath evening it is hard for us to comprehend that awful morning so many years ago. With the coming of the dawn the fearful sounds of savage slaughter died away. The wails of children and the groans of the dying ceased. About an hour after sunrise the captors left with their prisoners by way of the north gate for Canada. But some remained to finish the burning and plundering of houses and barns, and the stern attack upon the Benoni Stebbins house continued. Then up galloped the relief party from Hatfield and the south, which was reinforced by our own men, causing a hasty retreat of all the enemy within the stockade, and afterwards the grim fight upon the meadows.

The women and children who had escaped capture and death were taken to Hatfield and Hadley and Northampton. With them went the wounded men.

Then began the gathering of the bodies of the dead. Some of these had to be brought from the North Meadows, over

a mile away, for two of our own men and seven of the rescuing party met their deaths there, bravely fighting. As soon as possible the ruined houses and cellars were searched and the many maimed and charred bodies were tenderly gathered together.

Perhaps it was the next day that upon this spot the large, broad, common grave was dug, and through the deep snow the forty-eight bodies were brought here in sad procession and gently given to mother earth. Without coffin, probably without word of scripture or prayer, the burial was accomplished, for the beloved minister, himself, was being hurried northward, a captive, through the wilderness.

Within this grave are the ashes of Samson Frary, the second settler of the town—one of the original proprietors and a selectman. After the first unsuccessful attempt to found the town he returned with others to make the second attempt. Here also lies the body of Benoni Stebbins. He also came back to take part in the resettlement of the town. From early boyhood he was always ready for arduous adventure. He played his part in the Turners Falls fight. He was captured by the Indians, but escaped. He was a selectman for five years, and appointed by the town, when the startling news of the slaughter of Schenectady reached here, to serve on a committee of fortification. He lost his life in the ever memorable heroic defense of his house, when he and six other men held the French and Indians at bay for three hours.

And here rest the mortal remains of John Catlin, also a selectman, and chairman of the first school-committee, which was instructed by the town to build a schoolhouse and engage a teacher.

Here, too, lies the body of his son Jonathan, who died with his father, in defending their house which was situated opposite the present Soldiers' monument.

And Joseph Catlin, aged 23, who also stood by Benoni Stebbins in the brave three-hour defense, and then joined the relief party from Hatfield and lost his life during the fight in the meadows.

David Hoyt, Junior, aged 24, another brave defender of

the Benoni Stebbins house and also a participant in the meadow fight, where he was killed, lies here, too, with the others.

John Hawks, aged 30, and selectman in 1697, is another. He, his wife and three children—John, aged 7, Martha, aged 4, and little Thankful, aged 2. They were all smothered in the cellar of their burning house, with Martin Smith.

Here rest the ashes of Benjamin Wait from Hatfield, one of the relief party, killed in the meadow fight. His life was one of many stirring adventures. He has been called the Hero of the Connecticut Valley. He was a guide to Captain Turner in the Turners Falls fight. His classic journey with Jennings to Canada, guided only by a rude birch-bark chart, in search of his family and other captives, carried away from Hatfield in 1677, will ever remain a thrilling chapter in our early New England history.

Six other men from Hatfield and Hadley, who came to the rescue and died in the meadows, lie here—Samuel Ellice, Robert Boltwood, Samuel Boltwood, Samuel Foot, Jonathan Ingriem and Nathaniel Warner. With David Alexander, Joseph Ingersol, Thomas Selden and Andrew Stevens, who was a friendly Indian, the list of men is complete.

Here lie the remains of nine women, Ensign John Sheldon's wife, Philip Mattoon's wife, Daniel Belding's daughter, Samuel Smead's wife and mother, John Hawks's wife, John Hawks, Senior's wife, Robert Price's wife, and Pathena, the faithful colored servant of Rev. John Williams. As she was trying to protect the younger children she was killed with two of them.

This mound marks the resting place of nineteen men, nine women, and twenty children. In addition to the three Hawks children, already mentioned, here lie Godfrey Nims's four children, Henry, twelve years old, Mehitabel, seven, and Mary and Mercy, twins, five; two children killed with Samson Frary, Philip Mattoon's child, two children of Samuel Smead, ages four and two years, Jonathan Kellogg, five years, Thomas Carter, four years, Mercy Sheldon, two years, Samuel Hinsdale, fifteen months, Sarah Field, ten months, John Williams, Junior, six years, Joshua Williams,

Junior, six, and John French, four weeks old. It was indeed the slaughter of the innocents,—a time when it availeth not for little children to seek the protecting arms of their parents.

The years have gone by, but let us remember that these men, women and children, were human beings such as we are. They felt as we feel. Upon that awful night their emotions were the same as ours would have been under similar circumstances. The mothers felt the same agony at the suffering and death of their children that the Deerfield mothers do today. The children clung to their parents just as the little children of Deerfield today cling to their mothers and fathers. It is only as we cease to regard the 29th of February, 1704, as merely a date in history, and try instead to put ourselves into the sleeping town to be roused by the yells of savages and brought face to face with torture and death, not only for ourselves but for those who are most precious to us, that we can appreciate the real meaning of this mound.

One can visit many graves and shrines all over the world,—shrines which mean much in service and sacrifice; graves marked by buildings and monuments of rarely beautiful architecture; but to one to whom the word Deerfield is dear there is a peculiarly tender appeal from this spot where the martyred dead of our own town and our own households were buried after the scourge of massacre.

It is the old, old story, the story which is as old as humanity itself. Progress always costs sacrifice. If the wilderness is to be conquered some must suffer and die. If the town is to become habitable some must consecrate the soil with their ashes. Yea, even these little children who died by fire, were burnt offerings offered up upon the stern altar of progress.

This is why we stand upon holy ground. The pioneers have been before us, and they have consecrated the soil, as through suffering and sacrifice their own ashes have mingled with it.

As we leave this place we ask reverently that we may remember with deeper appreciation the price that has been paid in founding our town—the price in human effort and steadfastness and suffering and death.

EXERCISES OF MONDAY ON MEMORIAL HALL GROUNDS.

The 250th anniversary program came to a close today with an interesting and largely attended historical "Field Day" on the grounds of Memorial Hall this morning, and informal visits to the scores of historical points of interest in the Old Street section of Franklin county's oldest town.

The anniversary program ended as it began yesterday, with quiet dignity and without elaborate show of any kind. True, a band concert by the Greenfield Band preceded the Field Day exercises in the morning, but it was a concert of exceptionally high character with never a jazz number included. Mrs. Frances Bickford Allen of New York sang two solos.

Several addresses featured the program and at the conclusion a handsome bronze tablet upon which was inscribed the history of Memorial Hall, was presented by the donor, Arthur H. Tucker of Milton, and was accepted with a graceful word of acknowledgment by Mrs. George Sheldon, curator of Memorial Hall. These exercises, a basket picnic, a general Old Deerfield reunion during the afternoon and the observance of open house at Memorial Hall, marked the full program for the second and last day of the anniversary program.

JUDGE THOMPSON'S PAPER AT THE DEERFIELD ANNIVERSARY, AUG. 20, 1923.

Read on the Nims Home Lot, before the Memorial Hall Building

Mr. President:—

Daughters, sons and friends of Deerfield:—

As my father's son I could not decline to stand here by the son of George Sheldon; as the son of a Mary Nims (and as the father of another Mary Nims) I am privileged to repre-

sent here our early Deerfield ancestors—Nims, Sinead, Hull and Miller.

The order of exercises requires from me an address: I can merely share with you my thoughts as I realize that our Deerfield has existed a full two hundred and fifty years—that this period is but a link in the long chain of human evolution—and that in the study of history we find a sure guide for our future.

Yesterday you were given much food for thought—carefully prepared and well served; the speakers who brought such vital messages must have found pleasure in presenting them to such an audience. Today I shall delay but ten minutes your (and my) further enjoyment of a delightful feast.

EVOLUTION AND HUMAN PROGRESS ILLUMED BY HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS NIMS THOMPSON.

In that far-distant past when the Connecticut Valley was a'part of the ocean—the rythmically-rocked cradle of life—and huge bird-reptiles left on its shores their enduring foot-prints, the race seemed to the swift, and victory apparently rewarded the strong. Yet we know that, during those thousands of years, there survived and developed a feeble creature with rudiments of spine and brain,—a creature destined to be fashioned in the image of the Creator.

Long was the darkness and long was the twilight before the dawn of history; and, of the comparatively short time since that dawn, just a few hours—the latest quarter-thousand years—are especially in our minds now as we devote a moment of our brief lives to thought of the past of this community.

It is a matter of proportion: so much thought for the past, so much for today, and so much for the future before us. We press on toward the light, but it is a light which shines from behind us which reveals the pitfalls in our path; history and

experience teach mankind how to walk toward that goal which beckons us onward.

The prophets recounted Jewish history as an incentive to a conquering future, and Christ foretold the heavenly in terms of the earthly. So we may well read the scriptures penned by our forefathers and query: How came they here, and why? What was their goal, and is it ours? What manner of men and women were they, and are we as worthily and as fully improving our increased opportunities?

They had the sailing ship, the ox cart and the horse; we have the motive powers of steam, gasoline and electricity. Their swiftest communication was by courier; now a man addressing a New York audience may be heard in California before the sound of his voice reaches the rear of the hall in which he speaks. Our country elected its first President several years after Deerfield's hundredth birthday, and slowly was that news carried north and south through our few eastern states. In a western State, then undreamed of, death came suddenly to Warren G. Harding, our good President, just the other evening; and before daylight a man in a remote farm-house in Vermont had communicated with the Capitol and had taken the solemn oaths by which he became the twenty-ninth man to serve as President of this broad land:—Calvin Coolidge—Constructive Conservative.

The constantly expanding life of which we are a part makes it increasingly difficult for us to comprehend the deprivations amid which our forefathers were brave or the bleakness in which their idealism burned brightly. A handful of men and women—and as I use that expression I have in mind that hand which "sifted a nation to find seed to send into this wilderness"—A handful of men and women, equipped with little more than Bible and axe, left an old world for a new upon a venture whose logical outcome—though they knew it not—is that orderly freedom of thought and action which is true liberty for all and license for none.

Then began that westward movement which peopled this continent. As it pushed up the valley, Pocumtuck became an important frontier settlement. That you may appreciate the tenacity of purpose of that little group in Deerfield, in

the face of hardship and danger, let me again recount the story of pillage, arson and murder that winter night in 1704, here on this home lot of the great-grandfather of my own great-grandfather.

Godefroi was a Huguenot boy from the very ancient city of Nimes, the Roman "Nemausus" (conquered by the Romans 121 B. C., and now the capital of the Department of Gard, France). He was, therefore, called Godfrey "Nims" by the English in Northampton, where he was, in 1667, the "ring-leader" of some lads who conspired with an Indian boy to run away to the French in Canada. For this he was whipped fifteen lashes, and the Indian twenty. In the words of that most spirited of all college songs, "To the Frenchman and the Indian they didn't do a thing, in the days of the old countree."

Miss C. Alice Baker says that in 1670 Godfrey Nims was living in a sort of side-hill house, in that sunny bank over there on the other side of Deerfield's main street. Six years later he was, with the same lads of whom he had been the ringleader, fighting Indians at the salmon fishing falls under Captain Turner when the power of the Pocumtuck nation was broken. In 1694 he was living on the lot upon which we are now gathered; flax in a chamber was fired by a lighted candle, the home was burned, and his little stepson, Jeremiah Hull, lost his life. The next year, while Godfrey Nims was going to mill, his horse was shot under him, and the ambushed Indians fatally wounded one of his two companions.

By the tragic year of 1704 he had been twice married, and to him had been born eleven children, of whom two had died. His eldest son, John Nims, and a stepson, Zebediah Williams, had then been captives in Canada since October of the previous year. So it was that when the sun went down behind those unchanging western hills, Monday the twenty-eighth of February, 1704, Godfrey Nims was still in Deerfield, living in the home which had risen here on the ashes of the old, with his wife and her daughter Elizabeth Hull, his sons Henry and Ebenezer, and the four little girls. Two older daughters had married stalwart sons of the village, and the first grandchild had been born.

The next morning, Feb. 29th, "at break of day," came the hideous flaming, shrieking massacre; at the mention of which the blood of your Deerfield ancestors chills again in your veins as it will chill hereafter in the veins of generations yet unborn when the story of that awful night shall be retold.

The Nims house, with others, was burned by painted fiends; and of all in that home Godfrey Nims alone was left. The winter winds that had concealed the sound of approaching savages, and the drifting snows that had enabled them to scale the palisades, had wrapped in protecting white one humble dwelling, and in the old side-hill house Thankful Nims and her husband Benjamin Munn were safe. About it were the battle-trodden and blood-stained snows and the gaunt, charred timbers of ravished Deerfield.

Rebecca Nims, Philip Mattoon, her husband, and their babe were murdered that night. The wife of Godfrey Nims and her daughter, Elizabeth Hull, were captured. The grandmother, Elizabeth Smead, was slain. Henry Nims, aged 22, was killed. Ebenezer, 17 years old, was captured. Mehitable, named for her mother and not yet eight years old, perished in the burning house; and with her died the twins, Mercy and Mary, on the day following their fifth birthday. Little Abigail, carried to Canada in her fourth year, "came not back" says the old record. What a despairing, heart-broken phrase!

After anxious days there came to lonely Godfrey Nims word that his wife had been slain on her march northward through knee-deep snow. He died before his son John made his perilous escape from Canada through primeval forests to Deerfield in May and June, 1705. John built the present gambrel-roofed house—the third home on the old site. Elizabeth Hull was redeemed, married John Nims and had a dozen children. Ten years after the massacre Ebenezer Nims was redeemed. His romantic marriage in Canada to a fellow captive is well told by the historian of Deerfield. One son was born to him in Canada, and four after the redemption.

Two centuries after the Deerfield massacre Miss Baker brought back to Deerfield the story of Abigail's life and de-

scendants; and brought back, too, from Abigail's Canadian home yonder fir tree to keep green the memory of both those good women—the captive and the historian. Abigail had eight children. Thankful, whose miraculous escape from capture and slaughter I have recited, had eleven.

Such events as I have recounted were those which our forefathers had to inscribe in letters, journals and reports; and the names I have mentioned were among those written in the well-thumbed family Bibles. The stately name borne by Elizabeth Smead and Elizabeth Hull has not come down in the Nims family, but the simple and sweet name of Mary has been fittingly borne in every generation. All these were then, not mere names, but living, loving, God-fearing and Indian-fighting men and women; and this rapid sketch of one household may illustrate the whole community.

Doubtless our pioneer ancestors had their defects; else whence came ours? We are the product of that ancestry; of our vastly superior environment; and of a God-given power to choose and to aspire. Because evolution has not ceased, we are bound to better those hardy folk who preceded us. Though time has brought us poison gas in place of arrows, it has also brought us great benefits and advantages. During our moment of opportunity our duty to honored forefathers is to surpass them, and our duty to posterity is to inspire our children to surpass us, in those things which endure.

Already the swift aid the plodders, and strength is consecrated to the service of those who are weak. In that far-distant future when the physical shall be still more perfect and more completely directed by the mind, and the mind shall be more perfectly inspired by the spirit, the shining goal will be yet more clear; and, between that light and the light of the past, War, Sin and Selfishness shall stand revealed and repulsive.

The second speaker was Edward E. Whiting of Boston, who delivered a forceful address on "The Soul of Our Country." Mr. Whiting spoke of the criticism constantly aimed at men in public affairs, particularly in Congress. He spoke

of the often repeated criticism that we are not sending men of high quality to Congress and reminded his hearers that Congress was supposed to be a representative body, not a group of supermen.

The national ideal always should be a bit unattainable, he said, for if we set our mark too low there will be no zest in striving for it. The downfall of many nations in the past has been due to these low ideals, for after these are attained there is nothing left to strive for. The strength of Christianity lies in the fact that we cannot fully attain it. It is a beautiful, high ideal whose full attainment is just beyond our reach. For this reason, he said, the soul of our country should always be set upon high ideals, that the spur to attain them will never be absent from our national life.

REMARKS BY DR. GROSVENOR.

Strangers come to Old Deerfield as pilgrims to a shrine. They to whom it is most familiar regard it with equal reverence. In the words of Lincoln, "We cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world . . . can never forget what they did here." And so, yesterday and today, we have assembled only to pay a sacred tribute, to place one more wreath upon the altar of their immortal fame.

Honored are those in this company who bear the names and in whom beats the blood of the early settlers. Fortunate are they, not of Deerfield lineage, who by marriage with its sons and daughters are become co-heirs in the precious heritage.

The story of Deerfield is at once typical and unique. Typical, in that here we may ask and receive an answer as to why the American people are strong and God-fearing. Typical, in that those founders have built the principles for which they lived and died, into our national estate.

Unique, because the record of the settlement thrust far-

thrust into the unknown, wild northwest and most exposed to the hideous attacks of the savage. Unique, in the supreme tragedy of February 29, 1704. The Old Home Week in 1901 was an occasion never to be forgotten. Nowhere could be seen a spectacle more impressive than the Old Street over which the venerable trees bent their giant arms in blessing. On either side the Street each homestead from which a dweller had gone forth to fight was marked by a flag. No lesson in the class-room upon American history was ever so vivid and eloquent as those simple flags.

A black flag meant a house burned by the savage; a white flag signified a soldier in King Philip's War; an orange flag, a soldier in King William's War; a yellow flag, a soldier in Father Rasle's War; a blue flag, a soldier in the later Indian Wars; the Stars and Stripes, a soldier of the War of the Revolution. The entire Street was fringed by these silent, voiceful flags.

Before the house where Hannah Beaman, first school-dame in Massachusetts, gathered the children in 1687, and fought for them against the savages in 1694, there were nine flags. In fancy one could see the successive generations of young men going forth to battle in their country's cause. Thus has it been in every conflict from that day to this.

The flags were significant only of military service, which is but a single phase of a people's life. Of that larger service, which is marked by residence, which centers in the home, and is summed up by domestic and civil obligations, faithfully discharged, no adequate symbol exists. The nearest possible approach to such desired indication and identification of locality and event is found in tablets or memorial stones. Such tablets, substantial, plain and chaste, in generous but insufficient number enrich the town.

We are met in front of Memorial Hall. In no fitter place could we come together for the conclusion of this commemorative season. Nowhere else could we approach so nearly the daily, home existence of our colonial progenitors. The things they most touched and used and handled, articles the commonest and rudest, as well as the more elaborate and choice, are among the many thousand treasures of Memorial

Hall. Not even in opulent Salem or primitive Plymouth is there such a getting-together and setting-forth of the material objects among which our early colonists passed their nights and days. There are whole rooms which, like "The Bedroom," grip the heart of the visitor and make him forget time.

Nearly opposite the door in the Indian Room is the realistic, life-size portrait of the patriot, scholar, historian, and seer, in whose brain Memorial Hall and the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association had their birth. To him and to his fruitful, cherished memory, we pay our reverent, grateful homage.

And for his sake and our own we pay like homage to the devoted, gifted woman who shared his achievements and who carries on his work.

None can tell whether the beloved and departed have knowledge of their offspring still in the flesh. If such knowledge is possessed by the founders of Deerfield they may be well content. Their children are performing their allotted work as faithfully and as well as did their forefathers in the battle and the field. The honor roll of every branch of human activity—art, education, literature, science, romance, religion, philanthropy, domestic industry, military and civil service—is starred with Deerfield names.

Calvin Coolidge is the direct descendant of one of the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. At Watertown and Lancaster there was nothing of colonial toil and hardship and privation which his ancestors did not undergo. A virile stock they were akin in spirit, courage and austere religious faith, to the founders of Deerfield. It is fitting at this time that we should honor as one of ourselves and as a sharer of our traditions, the President of the United States.

The presentation of the memorial tablet followed Dr. Grosvenor's address and after a brief but gracious presentation speech by Mr. Tucker, the donor, the tablet was unveiled by Theodore Boyden, son of Principal and Mrs. Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield Academy. Mrs. Sheldon accepted the tablet in behalf of the Association.

THE VISION OF OUR FATHERS.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

A century of pain and of victory was drawing to its close. Generations had fought for civilization; the last generation had battled for freedom—freedom for the individual and freedom for a nation. Women of strength and poise had stood by the side of men with iron wills, and together they had won the long, long struggle.

Bruised, battered, bent but not broken, the spirit of these intellectual giants remained unchanged. Their nation was young and weak. How should it grow strong?

Always through the storm and stress of the conflict, always these men and women had beheld a Vision; at times afar off and indistinct, but now in the closing century growing clearer and brighter with the passing days. It was a Vision of generations of educated boys and girls—a Vision of generations of young men and women developed and trained for their life work.

Here in Deerfield, in 1798, this Vision took on form and substance in yonder building, which was christened the Deerfield Academy. Built of home-made bricks, plain and commanding, it stands today a monument to the Vision of Our Fathers—to the men who had eternal faith in the infinite, though unknown, possibilities of the human mind.

In 1878 the Deerfield Academy changed its home though its work continued, sometimes with ebbing tide, but for the last twenty years with such a full and flowing tide that the founders of the institution would rejoice.

Very soon, in 1880, the old home became a Memorial to those who had had the Vision. Could there be anything more appropriate! In a thousand ways, aye, in twenty, thirty, more than forty thousand ways the story of their simple, soulful life is repeated. Through the genius of one of their descendants, George Sheldon, we know the life they lived; we know what implements they used, what garments they wore, what books they read, what manuscripts they

wrote. This intimate knowledge has given birth to reverence and to love.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association accepts with gratitude and with joy this precious and generous gift—a visible expression of reverence and love. You, Sir, have written in enduring bronze the story of the Vision and the Memorial.

This story will be read by generations yet unborn who will catch the inspiration of this day of sacred commemoration of the Past, and who will be led thereby to carry on this truly great work into the distant future. In this way we of today are enriching the annals of ancient, historic Deerfield.

Two short addresses followed; the first by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith of Greenfield, noted writer of children's historical books, and Dr. James C. Greenough of Westfield, who, despite his 94 years, gave an interesting talk.

Mrs. Smith's address was mostly reminiscent and dealt with stories her father had told her, which had been told him in turn by his Uncle Asa, who participated in several fights with Indians. She told these incidents to show how near these scenes are to the present generation, despite the passage of years.

Dr. Greenough, introduced by Mr. Sheldon as one of "Deerfield's boys," told of his early days spent in Deerfield after the farm had been sold in a near-by town, so that the boys of his family could secure an education. He himself was educated in the old academy, when it was housed in the building now used for Memorial Hall. He told of the influence on his life of Deerfield's heroic history.

He then spoke a good word for the Indian, who did much harm, it is true, but also did much that was good. The Indian showed the Whites how to plant their fields, and by rude culture carried on before the coming of the White men showed what the soil was best suited to grow. The Indian had much to commend him, and, but for the treachery of King Philip, "a walking delegate of arrogance and ignorance," their friendship for the Whites might have continued and much of the bloodshed of Deerfield's early days

have been prevented. The Indians destroyed their friendship with the Whites through Philip, and it was an act which always would be deplored.

He visualized the state of the Indian before the coming of the White men, when they lived happily and in fair security on land later taken over by the Whites. While there is much to be said against the savage acts of the Indians, he reminded his hearers that it is not altogether right to visit thorough condemnation on a race which was as deeply religious in its own way as the Puritans who followed them, who enjoyed the same joys, suffered the same sorrows, and in a less civilized state, sought to live their lives in a reasonable degree of happiness.

A basket luncheon followed the Field Day exercises, after which the throng filled Memorial Hall throughout the entire afternoon, viewing the historical collection.

Many of the old houses observed "open house" as was the case yesterday afternoon, affording the opportunity for many to see the interiors of the town's pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary houses.

The temporary historical markers were of great assistance to the people, and as no pains have been spared to make the marking complete, the history of virtually every venerable house on the Street was revealed for the benefit of the visitors.

ANNUAL MEETING—1924.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial association was held in Deerfield Tuesday afternoon and evening. The business session was held in the council room at Memorial Hall in the afternoon. President John Sheldon presided. The reports of W. L. Harris, secretary, John Sheldon, treasurer, and the reports of the Old Indian House Homestead, the Sheldon Publishing Fund and the Permanent Fund were read and approved. All showed the association to have had a most successful year, both financially and from the point of antiquarian advancement. The report of the Field Meeting last summer, observing the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Deerfield, showed that to have been an interesting, largely attended and inspiring occasion. The report of the curator, Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon, noted that the attendance at Memorial Hall was the largest last year in the history of the association.

Tributes to the memory of Miss Mary T. Stratton of Northfield by Mrs. Mary H. Slade of Quincy, and Winthrop Tyler Arms by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller, were read by Miss Jane Pratt and Mrs. Fuller. An excellent paper, "A Ramble: The Old Farm Horse," by Miss Margaret Miller, was an outstanding feature of the afternoon.

Officers were elected as follows: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, R. E. Birks, Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, John A. Aiken, Helen C. Boyden, Agnes G. Fuller, E. A. Hawks, C. W. Hazelton, Lucy E. Henry, Margaret Miller, E. A. Newcomb, A. W. Root, G. A. Sheldon, Mary P. Wells Smith, F. N. Thompson, A. H. Tucker, Margaret C. Whiting, A. L. Wing.

Outgoing members of the various departments of the association were re-elected to their old positions. On motion of

Rev. Mr. Wellman it was voted to send greetings to Rev. R. E. Birks, vice-president of the association, who was unable to be present.

Following the business session there were remarks by A. H. Tucker and W. Frank Mattson of Boston. There was a general informal discussion of the "pitted stones" of which the association has one of the largest and best collections. Just what use was made of these by the prehistoric peoples is not known although they are found in many parts of the world. Mrs. Sheldon is doing extensive research work along this line with the hope that something definite may be discovered. She spoke interestingly of various theories that have been advanced in regard to the "pitted stones," also the "cup stones." Miss N. Theresa Mellen, assistant to Mrs. Sheldon, read remarks which she had overheard from visitors at Memorial Hall, showing that interest in the Sheldon Collection and appreciation of the efforts of those who have sponsored the work are intense and widespread.

There was a meeting of the council, at which Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon was again appointed curator. Judge Francis Nims Thompson and Miss Emma L. Coleman were made a committee to arrange for publishing, under auspices of the association, inscriptions from gravestones in the Old Deerfield Burying Ground which were copied and revised by Miss Coleman and the late C. Alice Baker.

Supper was served in the Academy recreation hall at 5.45 of the excellent quality for which Deerfield housewives are famous. At the evening meeting interesting historical papers were: "Mary Harris, the White Woman," by George F. Smythe of Cleveland, Ohio, read by Albert L. Wing; and "An Ashley Genealogy," by Jonathan Porter Ashley, read by Miss Minnie Hawks.

The musical program was in charge of Jonathan Porter Ashley. The numbers included: "David's Lamentations," "Cousin Jedediah," "Sherburne," and "Sons of Zion, Come before Him." The quartet included Mrs. Matilda Hyde, soprano; Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, alto; George R. Bliss, of Greenfield, tenor; Jonathan P. Ashley, bass. Mrs. Fred L. Hunt was the accompanist.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

When the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association came into life it had two important objects in view. One object was the collection and preservation of every article that would throw light on the history of the early settlers of this region and of the native Americans who preceded them; the second object was the encouragement of research and the publication of original matter.

The founder of the association proved his faith in both objects, sealing his faith in the second, by leaving a legacy to aid in its accomplishment.

The past year has been marked by an effort to carry the second object forward with earnestness.

Our Memorial Hall has been an aid to Yale University which is preparing a series of books in its "Chronicles of America" department. We have provided 115 illustrations for the volume on American industry. The photographic work has been done by Samuel Morris Holden with extreme care, and, consequently, with high praise from the University. Of course our association will be given full credit.

Again, Charles C. Willoughby, director of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge, wrote to us, desiring a photograph and measurements of the "Line and Collar" used by Indians "to lead their captives in triumph." (This relic was brought from Canada and lost by Indians at the "Bars Fight" in 1746.) Photographs were taken by Mr. Holden which "greatly pleased" Mr. Willoughby, who considers the relic "unique."

Furthermore, the following may be stated: A few years ago Miss Frances S. Drenning of St. George's, Bermuda, asked for information in regard to the beginnings of our association. She stated that the people of St. George's wished to form an historical society but were somewhat in doubt as to the best method of going to work. The first volume of our *Proceedings* was sent to her. In due time the society was started; a letter, recently received, and an historical calendar prepared by the society, prove the vital interest of its members.

The curator's time during the cold months of the year was spent in research on one of the archaeological collections in the Indian room of Memorial Hall. This work was begun by Mr. Sheldon and myself many years ago with the hope of shedding a ray of light on one of the problems of prehistoric man, and with the expectation of preparing a paper at some future time. Never was there such an urgent demand for original research. Trained investigators are needed in many fields and hosts of problems are waiting to be solved.

It gives me pleasure to state that Memorial Hall has had the largest number of visitors this year in the history of the association, 8590 having enjoyed the collection. These have registered from 43 States, from Canada, Nova Scotia, Cuba, Mexico, Canal Zone, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Bermuda, England, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, France, India, China, Japan and Tasmania.

The following schools and colleges have been represented: Conway, 5th and 6th grades; Whately, grammar school; Greenfield, Pleasant street school; Turners Falls (several grades); Jacksonville, Vt., grammar school; Buckland Center, grammar school; Clark school and Smith school, Northampton; Northfield Seminary; Mt. Hermon; North Orange school; Amherst summer school; Mt. Holyoke College; Smith College; Deerfield Academy, and Eaglebrook Lodge.

Various organizations, conferences and the like have been well represented, such as, the Elks' State Convention; Sons of the American Revolution, George Washington Chapter; Northfield Foreign Missionary Conference; State Grange Conference at Amherst; Newburyport baseball team; Girl Scouts, Greenfield, and Camp Wawona, West Swanzey, N. H.

We have received 245 contributions, consisting of 62 books, 38 pamphlets, 39 manuscripts, 27 newspapers, 16 maps and 63 miscellaneous articles. Among the more notable gifts are the peace pipe, war club and Custer pictures "by request of William O. Taylor" of Orange; a fine, colonial, hooded cradle; a circular foot stove; a little corn-husk doll probably a century old; a charming needlework picture; primitive agricultural implements, and the huge wooden bar and steel scythe of one of the earliest mowing machines. In

books we have received *Christopher Gist's Journals*, written in 1750-53, and published in 1893, *The Journals of the House of Representatives, 1721-23*, *The Vital Records of Deerfield* and *The Spragues of Malden, Massachusetts*.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued the card cataloguing of the recent additions to the library. Her devotion to the best interests of the association is worthy of genuine praise.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, Feb. 26, 1924.

NECROLOGY.

MARY TURNER STRATTON.

BY MARY HASTINGS SLADE OF QUINCY.

Miss Mary Turner Stratton, daughter of Dr. Elijah Stratton, was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, March 16, 1838. She received her education in the public schools and the Northfield Academy. Colleges did not admit girls in her day, but Walter Pater says, "Our education becomes complete, in proportion as our susceptibility to impressions increases in depth and variety." If this be true Miss Stratton's was indeed complete for she continued her education in ever-widening circles. She was always a great reader of the best authors, in subjects ranging from astronomy, geology and ethics to poetry and humor.

Early in life she became a member of the Unitarian Church and was always an ardent follower of this faith.

Educating herself along the line of household economics, she was, at the death of her mother, capable of assuming the management of her father's home, and discharged the duties with care and efficiency.

With thoughtful intent, and inborn hospitality, she invited congenial friends to her home, in order to interest her father, who was much saddened over the loss of his wife. Two of these friends were Mr. J. H. Temple and Mr. George Shel-

don, who spent much of their time in the Stratton home while compiling the *History of Northfield and Genealogies*. Her interest in this work was deep, and her keen, penetrating brain was quick to catch and follow up a clue, and many a forgotten relation was remembered and old wills found through her insight. Her hardest task in this connection was copying the inscriptions on every tombstone in the Central Cemetery. Some of the stones were sunken in the earth, others lichen-covered, but with energy and persistence they were raised and reclaimed and recorded with care. The authors in the preface of this History say of her, "Especially to Miss Mary T. Stratton, whose assistance in copying papers and gathering information has been indefatigable, the authors tender grateful thanks."

On the death of her father the home was broken up and Miss Stratton spent some time in Brattleboro, Vermont, but on the return from the West of her sister, Mrs. George Hastings, a widow with two children, she became a valued member of this family, giving love, devotion and strength for the welfare of all.

On the second marriage of her sister, Miss Stratton's independent nature took her again into the world, and she acted as home maker in families in Newport, Rhode Island, Hyde Park and Montague, Massachusetts.

The latter years of her life were spent with her niece, Mrs. James H. Slade of Quincy, of whom she was very fond.

Miss Stratton was never old, her keen interest in affairs national, local and personal kept her in touch with the present. Her love of knowledge, keen wit and wealth of anecdote made her conversation instructive and entertaining. It was ever her habit to read aloud, and even in the last year of her life her voice was full and round, and she could read for two and three hours without fatigue. She was quick to make new friends of all ages and all classes, and was affectionately called "Aunt Mary" by old and young. She made the best of many a trying situation, and though for five years was confined to the house, she sat at her window, with a cheery word and handshake for passing acquaintances.

Miss Stratton was a woman of high principle, defending

with energy and courage what she understood to be right; unrelenting regarding herself, warm-hearted and full of charity for others.

Miss Stratton joined the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in 1876. The affairs of the Association were ever her concern. She attended the Annual Meetings whenever she could, and when circumstances made this impossible, she read aloud with great interest, every word of the reports. Many a day when rheumatism was hard to bear, she would call for the bound volume of *The Proceedings*, and living over again the doings of other days, seemed to forget her pain for the time being.

Always untiring in her efforts to interest young people in the traditions of their forefathers, many an antiquary was fostered under her inspiration and tutelage. Her stories of old customs, manners of speech and dress and uses of old utensils, fascinated and entertained many a young man and woman.

As surely as a homing pigeon when liberated turns toward home, so surely her thoughts flew to the Deerfield Annual Meeting every February of her later life, and if it is possible, her spirit is not far from you today. Miss Stratton passed on February 2d, 1923, aged 85 years. Every day of her life was useful, and full of love to God and man.

WINTHROP TYLER ARMS.

Born, Sept. 30, 1861

Married, Oct. 12, 1889

to

Jennie Harriot Chapin

Died Jan. 17, 1924.

BY MARY W. FULLER.

The sudden death of Winthrop Arms revealed a number of things to those who knew him well.

Perhaps it was because he took life casually, light-heart-

edly, and with no apparent purpose, that his friends took him in much the same way, and only by his death were the deeper claims discovered.

His life, since the death of his wife and the going forth of his children, had some of the elements of a hermit's life, and no one knew just how this lonely existence was affecting him, or what philosophy he was evolving as he tended his bees. He loved his bees, he studied, watched and cared for them, reading all that was written about them, until he had acquired great knowledge of their ways; this knowledge he was most generous in passing on to those who were beginning to keep bees.

He had also good understanding of tobacco growing, and was an excellent worker in that crop. His love for his native town was unusually strong. He loved her hills and woods, her meadows and the old Street.

People were, however, his real interest, old friends and new friends, rich or poor, old or young. He loved children, especially little babies. He would go out of his way to see a baby and to get it into his arms. Afterward he would talk enthusiastically of that baby. Young people were drawn to him by the genuineness of his interest in them.

His was an ever buoyant, youthful nature. An unusually eager and affectionate child, he made many warm friends in his early youth, friends who found in him real appreciation of all that was finest in literature, art, music and nature; a love of romance and drama that craved expression. To the end of his life he would surprise you by his many quotations from Shakespeare, Burns and many other poets. His beautiful speaking voice had a heartiness and a resonance to it that were wonderfully attractive. His fine baritone singing voice developed as he grew older, and many were the hopes entertained of its possibilities and culture; but for some strange and unaccountable reason a certain instability stood ever in the way of the mastery of that voice, a lack of control that marred that which should have been so beautiful.

At times and in many ways he gave much pleasure and much usefulness with his voice. His love for music never left him; music should have been a part, and a large part of

his life; had it been so, who knows how different his development might have been.

In the beloved old hymn "Lead, Kindly Light" played on the organ at his funeral, his voice, softened, smoothed, controlled, seemed still to be sustaining its lovely harmonies.

In spite of the things that prevented Winthrop from making what is called a success in life, there could at times be no pleasanter or more sympathetic companion. Sometimes perhaps fanatical in his strong likes and dislikes (for he was a "good hater"), yet much of what seemed rancorous and vindictive was but an effervescence which more controlled persons could not comprehend.

However much he might be misled as to the welfare of a cause, however much you might differ with his views of people or of things, you knew that he honestly believed himself to be seeking the best and the right. Tender-hearted and clean-minded, Winthrop was. Intensely loyal to his friends, he could not easily become antagonized to any one he had ever called a friend. His devotion to one old friend was once the means of rescuing him from the clutches of unscrupulous caretakers in a very serious emergency; all done in Winthrop's offhand, easy-going way, yet effectively.

Many are the stories of his kind deeds; the chivalrous cancelling of a bill sent to a widow left suddenly alone to care for her young children; the unfailing devotion to a young girl slowly dying of consumption; her mother weeping for Winthrop at his grave summed it all up in these words!

"He had a big heart."

And so the lovable, good qualities hide and obliterate the failings we lament; and as one friend says: "We liked Winthrop, not for what he did but for what he was."

Among the many papers and books found in his room was a little poem which seems a fitting word with which to close these few words about an old friend:

"When I am dead, if men can say,
'He helped the world upon its way;
With all his faults of word and deed
Mankind did have some little need

Of what he gave'—then in my grave
No greater honor shall I crave.
If they can say—if they but can—
'He did his best; he played the man;
His way was straight, his soul was clean
His failings not unkind nor mean;
He loved his fellow men and tried to help
them'—I'll be satisfied."

A RAMBLE: THE OLD FARM HORSE.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

In thinking over past times it seemed to me that I might well write an obituary on that noble animal, the Horse, the friend and servant of man. Not that the creature is extinct as yet, but it seems to be only a question of a few years before he will be. I can imagine children fifty or one hundred years from now, looking at old pictures and saying, "Did they really have such strange-looking animals to do their work?" So I feel moved to write a saga of the Horse!

When I begin to recall those days—those good old quiet days—when, barring our two feet, the horse was almost the only means of locomotion, I feel that I must be one hundred and fifty years old at least, so rapidly have the times changed. Looking back I can see a drowsy village street, the silence only occasionally broken by the sound of wheels. Everyone in town knew every man's horse and vehicle as well as he or she did the owner thereof, and it only needed a glance of a busy housewife's eye to recognize the passer-by.

Perhaps it would be old Mr. Peck on his way to mill with his aged nag who did more travelling vertically than he did horizontally, "trotting all day in a peck measure," as the saying was. Uncle Peck's method of driving was to hold the lines slack, jerking them continuously and saying "Geddap" every two minutes. Maybe it would be two timid ladies bound for Northampton to "do a little tradin'," the reins held high and anxious eyes on the road ahead. Or it might

be "Jehu" Burt, as he was nicknamed, his ramshackle buggy and his sorry-looking beasts going slap-dash, slam-bang around the corner. It might even be one of the two men who owned really fast horses, taking our breath away by the speed with which they whirled over the roadway. We never could understand why one of these men was always late to church, but it was probably because he knew he could get there in two minutes when he did start!

There were two old maids in our town whose whole business in life seemed to be to sit—one at each sitting-room window—scanning the road, gathering therefrom crumbs of information that would have filled many a page of a local newspaper. If it happened, as it sometimes did, that two men traded horses without informing the public of the transaction, much confusion and indignation resulted therefrom in these ladies' minds. I well remember the lamentations of these same two old maids, self-appointed highway inspectors, when the bridge to the west of them was being repaired and all the traffic had to detour on the other side of the village. "And camp-meeting week, too," was the chief burden of their grievance.

Just how much brains a horse has we cannot say—"horse sense" is a well-known word in the country. He certainly has intelligence enough to think about his own needs and to get what he wants if he can—and many a human seems to spend his intellect on the same mundane subjects. Early one morning old black Tom cannily opened the stable door and went off to live a free life. Soon all the adults of the family were searching for him without success. Children are closer kin to animals than grown-ups. Presently little Billy disappeared from the house and after a while returned triumphantly leading Tom captive. His sole explanation was, "I thought where I would be if I was a horse. And I went there. And he was."

But seldom did the farm horse give way to these wild impulses for freedom. He was a faithful, steady beast of burden. Sobered by hard labor, it was perfectly safe to harness him to the buggy or the surrey carriage and hand the reins to the women folk to do what they would with him.

So you mounted the chariot and started, prepared in mind to get somewhere, sometime, and safe home again before the supper hour. No mad dashing over into the next county and back to lunch, or running down to Boston and back the next day. In a leisurely manner one gave oneself up to it. One jogged and jogged and jogged! But then, one saw everything by the way, the clouds, the trees, the flowers in neighbors' gardens, the wash on neighbors' lines, and if one wanted to, one could count the number of sheets on said clothesline and calculate therefrom the size of a given family on a given week!

The Horse was not an exacting animal. Any kind of road would do. Macadam was unknown to him. Snow or dust or mud, all was the same to old Dobbin. He could get through anything—and so could his driver. If it was cold one put on all the coats in the house, one on top of the other; if it was hot one bore it in silence, letting the horse walk and switch flies as he would. There was once a man who hired a horse on a hot day for a long drive. When he reached home the horse dropped dead. The man said he didn't see why. He had driven the horse at a good trot all day, because he was cooler when he was going fast and so he thought the horse was! But he wasn't a farmer. He was a city man! If the roads were muddy in the spring—and we haven't outlived that condition yet, outside the state highways—we mustered all the patience we possessed and tugged it through, somehow. Even in mud time it couldn't be expected that young folks should sit down at home.

There was a dark-eyed, dark-haired, pretty-mannered girl in our town, named Mary. I well remember on a Saturday afternoon in March, when the old earth was in its most puddingy stage, seeing an Amherst student, in a mud-bespattered buggy, persuading a slowly plodding horse up the perfect quagmire of a street to call on Mary, having struggled all the way round by Northampton bridge for the purpose. But Mary was not at home. She had gone to Northampton for a music lesson. So the patient youth toiled all the way back to Northampton, called on Mary on the doorstep of the house where she was taking her lesson,

and from thence made his weary way back to Amherst. Now if I was only writing fiction this young man's patience and perseverance should have had its just reward. But I am writing this for a society that deals only with facts, and I regret to say that Mary married another man, Daniel married another woman, went to China as missionary and died of the plague. So this tale has no moral whatsoever that I can find.

Gone are the days when the father of the family would hitch the horse into the old pung on a Saturday, when sleighing was good, and tell the youngsters of the family they could do what they "was a mind to" with him. Such a merry party then! All the children that could get in or stick on the outside, laughing, singing, slapping the reins, whilst old Jim, or Tom, or Kate meandered up and down the highway. All of us who have lived in the country can remember a family institution of this kind. In Deerfield it was Belle, the Fuller's old gray. She knew her business thoroughly. When you were driving you could see her turning out about an eighth of a mile before she met you, and when you passed her you saw the reins hanging over the dashboard and the children occupied with their own affairs. She could turn around at the postoffice unguided and get her charges safe home again.

We had no horse in our family but my chum, Emily, was a farmer's daughter and noted for her prowess. Why, she was so brave she wasn't afraid of any horse her father ever had! She'd just as lief go right into the stable and bring Tom or Dick out and harness him all alone—a reckless sort of boldness that fairly terrified her timid older sister. However, her courage was an advantage to the rest of us for we were thus able to enjoy many rides that we should not otherwise have had. On a summer's day five of us girls in the old lumber wagon, with Emily as driver, went berrying on the hills west of the town. They were red raspberries, I remember, and small and few and far between. We picked assiduously but the harder we worked the more the berries settled down in the pails. "Enough for a shortcake, anyway," we decided as we reluctantly started for home. We climbed into the

wagon and I remember that I sat in the back end hanging my feet down. Now the ridge where the berries grew connected with the meadow road by a series of steep inclines. On the first of these the horse began to run and we were bounced about like corn in a popper. But Emily sawed on the reins and managed to stop the frightened beast at the foot of the slope, where she got down to investigate. Yes, something had broken and was hitting his heels. What should we do? There was a Dutchman's house at the foot of the hill. O yes, Emily would go down and tell him what she needed to repair the break. It fell to my lot to hold the bridle and I can recall to this day my trepidations as I stood there saying anxiously, "Whoa, whoa," every other minute while the other girls cautioned me to look out, he was going to run. The ordinary overworked farm horse isn't really avid about running away, and I think that this one had no such reckless thought in his mind now that the cause for fear was removed. But I spent a miserable quarter of an hour until help came. I must confess that when the break was mended we let Emily drive to the foot of the hill alone whilst we walked down to the level road, from which spot we had an uneventful journey home. When I reached there and opened my pail I found a few tablespoons of thoroughly jammed jam! But it was very good jam and worth remembering all these years!

My cousin, who had a growing family of five lively youngsters, had also an equine member of the family named Jasper. One day the two youngest children were discovered swinging on Jasper's tail and daring each other to run under him, while Jasper rolled a cautious eye at them and took care not to move a hoof. After that he was considered a reliable companion. My cousin told me that one day in winter the whole bunch of children had gone with Jasper over to the other end of town for the afternoon. It began to snow and the short afternoon gave way to night, and no children home yet. Finally father anxiously set out on foot to look for them. In the dusk he heard a twittering like birds and saw a dim form. It was Jasper ambling along, behind him a dark object bobbing around which proved to be an umbrella held

down so close no glimpse of the road was possible, while happy voices bubbled out from it. What matter if they couldn't see the way—Jasper could. He knew the road!

As a matter of course the youngest two members who were found experimenting with Jasper's tail as a trapeze, learned to drive when very young—almost babies they seemed as they sat on the buggy seat, their little feet sticking out straight in front of them. One summer day their father decided he would like to send a bag of early harvest apples to Cousin Mary Esther. So he tossed the bag on to the nearest vehicle, which happened to be a tobacco wagon, consisting of a platform of boards with a board upright at the front end. Then he handed the reins to Thaddy (about eight) and Anna, his inseparable companion, climbed up beside him. Thad stood up and drove like a man. Anna sat flat and held the bag of apples so that they should not bounce off. They delivered the fruit safely and started home before trouble began. Then the board at the front end of the wagon fell down and clapped on the horse's heels, and he pranced and tried to run, as any self-respecting normal equine would under those circumstances. "Hold on to him," shouted little Anna, "I'll get it. I'll fix it," and actually did fix it, crawling on her hands and knees to the edge, where she lay flat and hung over and pulled that board up! They drove up to the barn door as if nothing had happened and related their adventure with some trepidation, fearing that the decree would go forth that they couldn't drive any more. But whatever the women folks of the family thought about it, father said they had proved their capacity to take care of themselves and should never be curtailed in that direction.

One night there was a cry that the barn was on fire. The first thought was Jasper. The master rushed out and pulled open the stable door. A stifling cloud of smoke swept into his face and he hesitated—not because he feared the smoke but because animals are so often made crazy by it. But he said, "I just had to try it." So in he went and felt his way into the stable. When he took hold of the halter the intelligent horse gave a whinny, put his nose on his master's shoulder and followed him out with no fuss whatsoever.

As for the social pleasures described in that classic song,

“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
O what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh,”

I do not need, I am sure, to picture them to anyone in this room. A bright moonlight night, sparkling snow, a cold north wind, plenty of buffalo robes, an agreeable companion, and a hot oyster supper waiting a few miles away, and what more could one desire? Of course there were some misadventures, but they, too, are amusing in retrospect; the time the sleigh tipped over in a snow bank; the time you intentionally—or unintentionally—took the wrong road going home; the tragic occasion when the dancers, enthralled with the joys of Money Musk and Virginia Reel, came out of the hall for their 12-mile ride home at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning to find that it had been raining,—nay, even pouring—all the evening and the fast disappearing snow left stretches of mud—such gritty mud. It sets one's teeth on edge even now to think of the sound of those runners grating over the gravel! Will the automobile, bumping over the icy ruts, occasion any such thrills in the memories of the future?

One of the institutions of the town for so many years that it almost seemed permanent, was the mail carrier. Some called him Horace but more called him Shumway, irreverent little boys shortening it to Shum and dubbing his ungainly vehicle the Shum cart. The same disrespectful urchins would call out, “Shumway, Shumway, your wheels are movin’.” To which witticism he would return the same slow smile that suited every occasion. Shumway's business was the conveyance of mail from the postoffice on the main street to the railroad station, two miles away. Incidentally he carried passengers, and had for that purpose a large lumbering affair known familiarly as the Ark. It was a covered vehicle. To get on to the back seat one must climb over the seat in front. On a rainy day when the sides were all down it was like being in a tunnel. This stage was drawn by two horses, a large white and a small black one (the black did all the work, the men said) and the gait was always the same, a sort of double

shuffle. Providing the trains were on time they could invariably be seen passing a given point at a given time. One woman always put on her potatoes to boil for dinner when she saw Shumway coming up the street.

Shumway was a creature of routine. He was a part of the outfit, almost like a horse himself. If he was bidden to call for a passenger he would do so if he happened to remember. As we chanced to live on a side street it was my duty to keep watch if a summons had been left for him at the postoffice. As soon as I saw that the horses' feet were not turning down our way I would raise a yell, my father would come out and give a halloo that would make the echoes ring and slowly the old Ark would change its course and come lumbering to our door. No excuse was his. A grin would overspread his features and he would drop the sole remark, "Furgot ye, didn't I?" A woman who was going West and had all her reservations through was in a sorry plight when he failed to call for her and there was no horse in the neighborhood that she could requisition. Her indignation knew no bounds and fire and fury were heaped on Shumway's head when next she saw him. Placidly he received the tempest, smiled the same old smile and let drop the familiar phrase, "Furgot ye, didn't I?" Stage drivers have a reputation for being companionable, chatty folks, but not so this one. As I said before, he was just part of the outfit. He was occasionally known to drop an item of news such as that some old person was "took sick last week," or that so-and-so's cow had just died, but he mostly maintained an imperturbable silence.

In the winter the Ark was exchanged for a three-seated open sleigh, exposed to all the elements. One January day a friend of mine was the sole passenger, when the sleigh stuck in a drift on the plain and finally overturned. Just out of curiosity to see what he would do, my friend decided to say nothing. Silently she picked herself up. Shumway righted the sleigh, put in the seats, the cushions, the mail bags, the express boxes, helped her in, tucked in the buffalo robes, got in himself, gathered up the reins and uttered his first word. "G'lang," his only remark on the subject.

After a winter ride of this description one of his passengers was inspired by his personality to write the following ode:

"O leather-visaged man who sitst
All day behind those jangling bells that break
The frozen stillness of our snow-bound land,
Bearing with grave importance to and fro
The village mail in bags that match thy skin,
What thoughts may dwell beneath thy cold reserve?
What wild, weird fancies may possess thy brain,
Whilst I, thy solitary passenger,
With fruitless effort made to draw thee forth,
Sit gazing dumbly at thy rough-red neck?
Tho' all remarks fall back unanswered,
Yet am I glad. Nor would I have thee try
To crease the parchment of thy cheek with smiles,
For I do love thy air of mystery."

Some time, years ago, the little black and the big white must have gone to a well-earned rest beneath the sod. Shumway retired when the trolley came, but the Old Reaper was slow in garnering him. He lived to be the possessor of the gold-headed cane given by the *Boston Post* to be carried by the oldest man in Hatfield. I understand that he was proud to have it. It was his successor who tried to decline it because he said the person who had it generally died! A reporter interviewed Shumway once at this interesting period, hoping, I suppose, to get some valuable lights on local history. He must have found it hard sledding. Judging from the report of it in the paper I should say the journalist put most of the words into the old stage driver's mouth.

Ah, well-a-day! The old stage,—horses, driver and all—was a great institution. So was the Horse in all the humbler walks of life. The breathless rush of the present century may have its compensations, but I don't know what they are. But at any rate we don't have to have societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles!

I have just read of a monument erected somewhere in Rhode Island, to a hen, the progenitor of the famous Rhode Island Reds. Race horses have also had stones erected to

their memory. I should like to erect a monument to the farm horse—the horse of no particular pedigree, but of all the horsely virtues, strong, patient, friendly—the kind of horse every one of us remembers as the family dependence.

AN ASHLEY GENEALOGY.

BY JONATHAN PORTER ASHLEY.¹

“I have erected a monument more lasting than brass, and loftier than the royal structure of the Pyramids.” Thus sang the poet Horace, the friend of Augustus Cæsar. With equal justice would each of the original settlers of Deerfield and other Connecticut Valley towns, whose line endures today, have spoken, could he have foreseen the parts which his descendants were destined to play in the events, peaceful or stirring, which have taken place since the early settlement of these old, historic towns. The deeds of Allen, Arms, Barnard, Dickinson, Hawks, Nims, Sheldon, Stebbins, Wells, Williams and many others, have been chronicled in prose or verse; their names are writ in living letters on stone and bronze. Their children’s children have gloried in their birthrights, have revered their memories, and have ever kept the priceless heritage of a noble ancestry before their eyes to guide their feet that they may walk in paths worthy of their names.

The Ashleys, too, are of this race. From Robert Ashley, who is first recorded in Springfield in the year 1638–69, to the present day, they have continued in unbroken succession, and have been actively identified with the history of Springfield, Westfield, Deerfield and other near-by towns. In their various walks of life they have ever been an integral part of the community life, sometimes as leaders, and sometimes as supporters of those who had the public welfare at heart.

¹ See *An Ashley Genealogy*, by Jonathan Porter Ashley. A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Feb. 26, 1924. Deerfield, Massachusetts, 1924.

We read of Lieut. Jonathan Ashley, 1678-1749, the period of French and Indian wars; of Rev. Jonathan Ashley, 1712-80, who was the second ordained minister of Deerfield; of his son, Dr. Elihu Ashley, 1750-1817; of Colonel Thomas Williams Ashley, 1776-1848, who commanded a company of Massachusetts militia at the time of the War of 1812; and lastly of Lieut. Thomas Williams Ashley, who responded to the call of our country and who made the supreme sacrifice at Belleau Wood in 1918.

This paper is written in no spirit of vainglory or idle boasting. It is inspired by an honest pride in one's ancestry, and the writer has two objects in mind for the purpose of writing his narrative; first, that an account of his lineage may be publicly recorded in the *Proceedings* of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, where it will remain indestructible for all time; and second, that others may emulate his example and thus fulfill in a larger sense the purpose of the association to link the past with the present. The principal sources of material, and the authorities used are: *The Ashley Genealogy*, by Francis Bacon Trowbridge, and the *History of Deerfield*, by the Hon. George Sheldon. Where other sources are used, reference will be made to the authority, and the greatest care will be maintained that this be a true record of one particular branch of the Ashley family. The writer realizes the magnitude of his task, and enters upon the undertaking with no little trepidation.

Robert Ashley is first recorded as a resident of Springfield on January 13, 1638-39. As yet we have no record of his birth or parentage. The coat of arms used by the family is that of Ashley of Lowesby, County of Leicester, England. It is: Argent a lion rampant sable crowned or. While it is probable that Robert Ashley may have sprung from a branch of this family, the English records have not been searched and there is no proof that the two families are of the same lineage. This opens a rich field for future investigation and will undoubtedly be undertaken when time and finances are available for the purpose.

Savage, the foremost genealogist of early New England families, says in Vol. 1, *Genealogical Record*: "Robert

Ashley, Springfield 1639, perhaps had been of Roxbury a short time, as most of the early Springfield people were drawn from Roxbury by Pynchon." Davis, in his *Genealogical Register*, Vol. II, page 394, writes as follows: "Robert Ashley, the only male bearing the name of Ashley that came from the mother country, settled in Springfield in 1639."

The fact stands proven that Robert Ashley was in Springfield in 1638-39 and that he had reached man's estate, as shown by the assessment of £1 16 shillings, levied upon him for his share in a portion of the expense of the minister's residence and maintenance. Mr. Trowbridge has verified the above statement and has compiled the facts concerning the earlier records of the descendants of Robert Ashley by means of a personal search of the public records. The writer has accepted Mr. Trowbridge's statements as proven in full, since a separate investigation would probably be but a duplication of effort. The burden of the task now consists of separating the important from the non-essential, and of writing a full and complete account of this line of the Ashley family without its being dull and tedious. We are now ready to begin our work, starting with Robert Ashley, 1638-39, and ending with Thomas Williams Ashley, 1918, a period of 270 years, wherein descent is traced in unbroken line through the 9th generation.

Springfield was first settled about the year 1636. On the 14th of May of that year, Mr. William Pynchon, his son-in-law Henry Smith, Mathew Mitchell and five others entered into an agreement for the government of the settlement, the allotment of lands, etc. Robert Ashley first participated in the allotment of lands on record on Jan. 5, 1640-41. Single persons were allotted land 8 rods in breadth, married men, 10 rods in breadth, and those with larger families, 12 rods in breadth. Robert Ashley had lot No. 3, of 8 rods, being unmarried, situated between Widow Searle and John Dibble. Previous to this allotment we may note that in the aforementioned apportionment for the minister's expense, Robert Ashley was fifth in amount on the list, coming next to Mr. Pynchon, Mr. Holyoke, Mr. Moxon, the minister, and Henry Smith.

Mr. Pynchon, being the chief magistrate of the settlement as well as its founder, records on pages 19 and 20 of his records under the date of Aug. 7, 1641, that he has given permission to the Widow Horton and Robert Ashley, both of Springfield, "to proceed in marriage when they please," both having acknowledged their desire and intention before him. The record is interesting but lengthy. I will simply note the inventory of the Widow Horton's worldly goods which she assigned to Mr. Ashley at their marriage, to be held in trust by him for her two young sons until they became of age:

"Imprimis for all her linnen, brasse, pewter, beddings, vessels & other implements £17; her hoggs little & great as, they were rated by the appraisers of the Town rate, £18; her house & house lot, £12."

It would be interesting to know what kind of, and how many "hoggs" the good widow kept, to be worth more than a house and lot on Main street, Springfield, even in those early days. This marriage is not recorded in the Springfield records, but it undoubtedly took place, since after 1641 the Widow Horton's name disappears from the records.

Robert Ashley's home lot was on what is now the northwest corner of Main and State streets and it extended down to the river. Francis Ball was his neighbor on the north and John Leonard on the south. His "wet meadow" and "wood lots," just opposite, extended back along State street to what is now Spring street. His land in the "planting grounds" was across the Connecticut River, and between it and the Agawam River. In 1647 he was taxed on 51 acres, being exceeded in number of acres by only the four men already mentioned.

Like most of the inhabitants, Robert Ashley was chiefly occupied with agriculture. His earmark for his cattle was: "in the off ear a slit cut in the under side or back side of the ear (not at ye top of ye ear), but toward ye root of ye ear, the slit is but a little slanting outward toward ye root of ye ear." This mark was still used for the Ashley cattle in Deerfield to within the last 20 years.

In the year 1646 Robert Ashley was licensed to keep the ordinary, being so engaged for several years. This was a

highly respectable position and was only filled by those who were considered responsible persons. The Pynchon records show the copy of an order of restraint forbidding him to sell wine or strong waters to the Indians. Selling these goods to the English was not, however, forbidden. The Town Records likewise show that land on Mill River was granted to Mr. Ashley on condition that he keep the ordinary. When he resigned his position in the fall of 1660, this land was then granted to Samuel Marshfield.

In 1661 Robert Ashley, having acquired considerable land on the west side of the Connecticut River, now known as West Springfield, was granted a house lot "provided that he build and dwell there," and in March of that year he had "liberty to build on his land towards ye round hill." This is in the section now known as Riverdale. He probably built his house on the hill soon after this and lived there the remaining 20 years of his life.

Mr. Ashley frequently served as a juryman, his first appearance in the records of the court being on Jan. 2, 1639-40. He served in that capacity in 1654, 1661, 1662, 1664, 1667 and 1670. He himself had little use for court proceedings, only four minor complaints being entered for or against him. As a town official he figured prominently. On Nov. 3, 1646, Robert Ashley and Miles Morgan, whose statue is now seen in Court Square, Springfield, were chosen by the town to act as fence viewers. On Nov. 5, 1650, he was chosen with William Warriner, for the same capacity. In 1651-52, and in 1667, Mr. Ashley was one of the "surveyors of highways." He was elected one of five selectmen in 1653 and was re-elected annually until 1659, being again elected in 1660; 1662 and 1665. He was first selectman in 1657. He took the oath of fidelity on March 23, 1655-56. Mr. Ashley was chosen town constable on Feb. 7th, 1659, and sealer of weights and measures on March 5th of the same year.

Holding public office was a serious business in those days. On Sept. 27, 1664, Robert Ashley and Jonathan Burt were presented to the court for not having viewed a fence on the east side of the river. They were directed to pay a fine of 20 shillings unless they could prove that they had received

no legal warning of their appointment from the selectmen. In April, 1665, Mr. Ashley and several others were fined for absenting themselves from town meeting. How times have changed!

In the religious life of the settlement Robert Ashley took much interest. Whenever it was necessary to raise money for the minister's support he invariably paid his share. On the first list of seatings in the meeting-house, dated Dec. 23, 1659, Mr. Ashley sat in the first seat and was a member of the seating committee. He was on the same committee in 1663.

Robert Ashley and his two eldest sons were among the 62 inhabitants of Springfield who signed the petition against "a custome imposed on all goods and merchandizes" by an order of the General Court at the October session in 1668. He took the oath of allegiance with the other Springfield inhabitants on Dec. 31, 1678.

I have selected the foregoing information concerning Robert Ashley from the *Ashley Genealogy*, wherein are contained all the references to him that the compiler could find in the various records. To quote further: "He [Robert Ashley] was obviously a man of energy and ability, and that these qualities were recognized by his fellow townsmen is shown by his election to discharge the duties described. His education had not been such as to qualify him for the performance of some important duties in the administration of the town." He did not write his own name, but made his mark, which was something like the Greek Γ , whenever his signature was necessary. "He is called Goodman Ashley in Mr. Pynchon's account books. He seems to have been industrious, upright and public spirited, and a man of strong, religious principles." He died Nov. 29, 1682, and his wife on Sept. 19, 1683, both in West Springfield. Their ages are unknown and their graves cannot be located.

The will of Robert Ashley, "signed and sealed in ye presence of John Pynchon, Sen. and John Holyoke" is on record in the Hampshire County Probate Records. His property inventoried a total of £492, of which £347 consisted of real estate. Robert and Mary Ashley had six

children, all born in Springfield, Mass., of whom David, born June 3, 1642, is the only one with whom we are now concerned.

David Ashley, son of Robert the Settler, married Hannah Glover in New Haven, Nov. 24, 1663. Their first three and one-half years of married life were spent in Springfield. On Feb. 8, 1663-64 he received a 30-acre grant at Woronoco on condition that he "pay the Indians for his purchase within three years and go there to dwell." He also had confirmed to him the title to land grants made in that region to his father in 1661. The Woronoco of that time is the present town of Westfield and Mr. Ashley was one of the original grantees of land on the Fort side (Main St.) on July 6, 1666. This land was to be settled "in their own persons on the last of May next." He probably removed with his family to Westfield in the spring of 1667, settling near the confluence of Great and Little rivers, and styling himself "yeoman." In March, 1699, Sacketts Creek was granted to Joseph Whiting and David Ashley "to set a mill thereon and grind corn." During King Philip's War he was one of a committee of three who went to Boston in 1676 to protest against the abandonment of the town by the government because the cost of maintaining the scattered settlements along the Connecticut was considered too great. His house was one of those selected to be "forted" by vote of the town on June 9, 1712, in Queen Anne's War.

On Nov. 18, 1696, Mr. Ashley was one of a committee of four chosen to "prise all lands in Westfield, and stock all yt is above one year old, and yt all heads should bee apprised at 10 pound pr head to defray town charges." To quote from Trowbridge: "David Ashley was prominent in the management of Westfield's affairs and held a number of responsible offices. He served as a juror in 1665; he was elected a selectman in 1676, 1677, 1679 to 1685, 1694 and 1699; Clerk of the Writs in 1678, 1686 and 1690, and treasurer of the town in 1694. He performed the duties of all these and other less important offices in a manner satisfactory to the town and creditable to himself, and was highly respected. He united with the Westfield church, Jan. 1, 1679-80, five months after

its organization, and took the freeman's oath at a court held in Springfield on Sept. 28, 1680."

David Ashley died on Dec. 8, 1718, and his wife Hannah on June 7, 1722. They are both buried in the old Westfield cemetery, where their weather-beaten gravestones are still to be seen, being among the oldest in the cemetery. The inventory of his estate, taken Jan. 6, 1718-19, amounted to £270 and included 97 acres of land besides his home lot and homestead, and a "lot in ye Fort Meadow." Eleven children were born to them, of whom the eighth, Jonathan, born June 21, 1678, is the next in succession for our narrative.

Jonathan Ashley, son of David and grandson of Robert the Settler, also settled in Westfield; not, however, on his father's home lot, which was willed to his brothers, Samuel and David. He styled himself "husbandman," was a considerable landowner in Westfield and was one of the original grantees of the Housatonic lands. He married Abigail Stebbins of Springfield on Feb. 1, 1699-1700.

At this point a little excursion into the realm of history will not be amiss as showing something of the dangers and perils attendant upon those who had the temerity to dwell in such unprotected outposts of civilization as our own Connecticut River towns and villages. The situation was identical in Deerfield, Westfield, Hadley and the neighboring settlements nor did anything like a sense of security come until after the fall of the French power in America and the dispersal of their savage allies.

In the year 1689 Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was for the second time appointed Governor of New France by His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV, styled "Le Grande Monarque." A short time before the arrival of Frontenac the French possessions in Canada were almost wiped out by the fierce Iroquois in a series of attacks and massacres, of which that of La Chine was typical, brought on by the treachery and oppression of the preceding incompetent governors. Frontenac proved equal to the occasion and, propitiating the Five Nations for the time being until he had broken their power some eight years later, he proceeded to carry out the most unchristian orders of King Louis and

exterminate the English settlers by every means within his power. The attack on Schenectady in 1690, with its usual massacre, was made by about 250 men, half of them French and the remainder Huron Indians, under French leadership. This attack inaugurated a dreary succession of such expeditions, which continued with more or less frequency for almost 70 years, until the capture of Quebec put an end forever to French dominion in America. The story of the attack on Deerfield in 1704, which we annually commemorate by these meetings, is too well known to bear repetition. The strong were shot down, the weak tomahawked. Happy the fate of those killed outright, compared to the struggles and sufferings of those who were snatched from their warm homes by savage hands and forced to undergo the terrible hardships of the winter march to Canada, uncertain of the fate awaiting them there. Their friends murdered, families separated and scattered, homes and crops burned, verily, these hardy pioneers must indeed have been possessed of a sublime faith in God to have continued their existence in this valley amid so much stress and woe.

The English, however, were not submitting to their fate without an effort on their part to resist the fierce marauders. Although unorganized and extremely jealous of one another and continually quarreling, the colonies managed to place armies in the field from time to time, and with the assistance of a few regiments of English regulars, made ineffectual war upon their enemies. The capture of Louisburg in 1745 by Pepperell and his raw, undisciplined New England militia was the first gleam of hope to the distressed country. An incident of the siege as told by Cyrus Townsend Brady is worthy of note. The Grand Battery, one of the main defenses of the town, contained 28 forty-two pound guns and 2 long eighteen pounders. A young officer named Vaughan, with 400 men, was sent by Pepperell to burn some barns near the battery. Later in the day with 13 men he made a reconnaissance of the fort, which to his astonished senses appeared deserted. He verified this fact by bribing a wandering Indian with a flask of whiskey to ascertain the truth of the matter. On the latter proving that the French had indeed

left, Vaughan immediately took possession and sent the following note to his commander: "May it please your Honor to be informed that by the grace of God and the courage of 13 men, I entered the Royal Battery about 9 o'clock and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag." Alas, their heroism was in vain for Louisburg although captured by the New Englanders, was returned to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and French it remained until taken in 1758 by the sturdy determination of Lord Amherst and the mighty genius of James Wolfe.

The defeat of the unfortunate Braddock in 1755 laid open the frontiers from New England to the Carolinas to the unchecked raids and massacres of the French and Indians. The disastrous expedition of Lord Loudon in 1757 against the French at Lake George encouraged the latter still more. Nor was Abercrombie's attack on Ticonderoga in the following year productive of anything but failure. Here it was that Brigadier General George Augustus, Viscount Howe, said by all to be the finest gentleman and soldier ever sent by England to America, was killed in a forest skirmish and, as Parkman says: "The death of one man became the doom of 15,000."

All of these expeditions and many others not mentioned here, were accompanied by companies of scouts or rangers as they were called, made up of the more hardy colonials who were accustomed to hunting and life in the woods, Rodgers' Rangers being perhaps the most famous of them. These men were as experienced as the Indians themselves in border warfare and were at any time liable to call from their peaceful pursuits on the farm or in the village to march against the cruel foe. According to the Massachusetts Archives, the name of Jonathan Ashley is on the muster roll of Capt. Adijah Dewey's company of troopers raised for scouting in 1723, and he served from Sept. 3d to Sept. 25th of that year. He was a few years later chosen lieutenant of the Westfield Company, and was known by that title. Although we have no record of his further military experiences, he probably had frequent occasion for fighting, because Westfield itself was a frontier town in those times as evi-

denced by the fact that several of its houses were "forted." Lieut. Ashley held a number of town offices. He was chosen viewer in 1703, town surveyor in 1705, constable in 1711, and selectman in 1725 and 1734. He also served as moderator and was a member of the school committee. He died Sept. 18th, 1749, and his wife Abigail on April 6th, 1752. Both are buried in Westfield. They had eight children, one of whom, Rev. Jonathan Ashley, born Nov. 11th, 1712, became the second ordained minister of Deerfield.

Jonathan Ashley, great-grandson of the first Robert, was a remarkable man. His brilliant mind inherited the steadfast faith of the pioneer combined with the keen thinking of the Indian fighter. He was graduated from Yale in 1730 and studied theology the following year. On Jan. 9, 1731, the town of Deerfield voted "to invite ye Worthy Mr. Jonathan Ashley to preach the Gospel here a few Sabbaths," and voted on Feb. 7th to hire him for two months. On April 10th he was chosen minister of the town by a large majority. He accepted, and was ordained second pastor of the Congregational church in Deerfield on Nov. 8, 1732. The ordination sermon, delivered by Rev. William Williams of Hatfield, was entitled "The Work of Ministers and the Duty of Hearers, asserted and enforced." In those times ministers were chosen by the town, the parish being a later institution. A minister usually held office for life or during good behavior, unless resigning of his own accord. Mr. Ashley served as minister in Deerfield for 48 years, until his death in 1780, a splendid record even for Puritan New England. The Deerfield church records, kept by him, show that he married 442 persons, the first couple being Benj. Melvin and Mehitable Smead on Nov. 30, 1732, and the last pair being Justin Hitchcock and Mercy Hoit on Nov. 25, 1779.

On June 28, 1733, Rev. Mr. Ashley bought of John Wells the house lot in Deerfield which has become the present Ashley Homestead. This was Lot No. 2 as laid out in the division of the Town Plat on May 14th, 1671. I quote from Mr. Sheldon's *History*: "No. 2.—Eleazer Lusher. He sold to John Pyncheon, who in 1683 sold it to Lieut. Thomas Wells

for £50. It was here that the murderous assault was made upon Widow Wells and her children in 1693. In 1720 Lieut. Thomas Wells sells to Thomas Wells, cordwainer, for £50. In 1721 Wells sells to Moses Nash and Nash to John Wells in 1726, who probably built a house on it. June 28, 1733, John Wells sold the place for £250 to Rev. Jonathan Ashley, who had been settled here as the minister the year before. Through his son Elihu, doctor and farmer, and his grandson, Thomas W., farmer, it came to Jonathan Ashley, who left it to his nephew, Charles Hart Ashley, the present owner." The original deed from John Wells to Rev. Jonathan Ashley, in the possession of Charles Hart Ashley, is before me. Stripped of its legal terms and aspects it reads somewhat as follows: "I, John Wells of Deerfield in the County of Hampshire and province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, Husbandman, for £251, sell to Jonathan Ashley, . . . one house lot situate, Lying and Being in the township of Deerfield abovesaid abutting on the town street East and and on the land of Capt. Thomas Wells West. Bounded on land of John Nym North and on land of John Sheldon Deceased his heirs South, together with the Edifices thereon, containing By Estimation three acres Be it more or less. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this twenty-eighth day of June Anno Domini 1733 & in sixth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second King Defender of the faith." We give little thought in these modern times whether or not George the Second was ever "our Sovereign Lord," or "King Defender of the faith" or anything else. This deed was received and recorded in Springfield on Sept. 22, 1752, by Edward Pynchon, Registrar. Mr. Ashley on April 20th, 1773, bought of Ebenezer and Abner Arms, yeomen, for £35, Lot No. 4 in the south half of Deerfield, northwest division, containing 104 acres, bounded on the east by the Seven Mile Line (so called). This lot is now known as the Old World pasture and is still owned by his heirs. Mr. Ashley also owned more or less land on the East mountain, including a part of what is now the home pasture of the Ashley farm. His consent was necessary before the town could sell the land on the south

side of the Albany road, which had been reserved for the minister's use during the pastorate of Rev. John Williams, the first ordained minister.

Rev. Jonathan Ashley was opposed to the great revival of 1740. He and his cousin and classmate, Rev. Joseph Ashley of Sunderland, took similar positions in the religious controversies of the time, which were often very bitter and acrimonious. He was an active antagonist of Jonathan Edwards in the controversy which resulted in the dismissal of the latter from Northampton, and delivered two sermons there Feb. 10, 1750, as an antidote to Mr. Edwards's preaching. Who was this Jonathan Edwards? Hear what John Fiske says about him, who is considered by Fiske to be probably the greatest intelligence that the western hemisphere has yet seen: "From early childhood Edwards was a personage manifestly set apart for some high calling. His 'Notes on Nature,' written at the age of 16, show a precocity as remarkable as that of Pascal; his Treatise on the Will and other works of his maturity show a metaphysical power comparable with that of Kant or Berkeley; while in many of his speculations his mind moves through the loftiest regions of thought with a sustained strength of flight that comes near reminding one of the mighty Spinoza. Among writers of Christian theology his place is by the side of Augustine, Aquinas, and Calvin. His character was as great as his genius. He was a man of deep affection, abounding in sympathy, so that without resorting to the ordinary devices of rhetoric he became a preacher of the first order. Along with Edwards's abstruse reasoning there was a spiritual consciousness as deep as that of Spinoza or Novalis." Against such a man, Jonathan Ashley was a leader in the spiritual attack which resulted in the overthrow of Edwards. The main point at issue in this controversy seems to be the interpretation of the scriptures in regard to baptism and communion, Edwards holding to the stricter doctrine that only the converted who lived lives in harmony with their conversion were entitled to these rites, while Mr. Ashley took the more liberal view that any who might so desire were entitled to the benefit of baptism and participation in the communion. Truly it seems a small

matter to us to wax angry over, but that was before the days of the tariff, coal strikes and labor troubles.

In politics the Rev. Jonathan Ashley was a Tory. To a man of his principle it would have seemed criminal to pray for the overthrow of the King for whose welfare he had consistently prayed during the many years of his pastorate. Indeed, the disordered state of the colonies, especially during the critical years following the war, seemed more than once to fulfill his prediction, that "we are an undone people." It needed the courage and faith of George Washington, the transcendent wisdom of John Marshall, and the tender forbearance of Abraham Lincoln to weld these turbulent states into a single entity which is now the United States of America and which would have seemed a dream impossible of fulfillment to Mr. Ashley.

In 1736 Jonathan Ashley married Dorothy Williams of Hatfield, whose father, Rev. William Williams, preached the ordination sermon already mentioned. She was a granddaughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard and therefore a second cousin to Rev. Jonathan Edwards (*Judd Manuscript* Vol. 4, p. 502, Forbes Library, Northampton, Mass.). Mr. Ashley is thus described by his successor in the Deerfield pulpit, Rev. John Taylor: "Mr. Ashley possessed a strong and discriminating mind, and a lively imagination, and was a pungent and energetic preacher. He preached the doctrines of grace with a pathos which was the effect, not merely of his assent to the divine authority, but of a deep sense and lively view of their importance and excellency." Jonathan Edwards characterized him as "a young gentleman of liberal education and notable abilities; a fluent speaker; a man of lax principles in religion, falling in, in some essential things, with the Arminians, and is very bold and open in it." He is described by other authority as a man of ready talents, excelling in Biblical knowledge. Further references to him may be found in Mr. Sheldon's *History of Deerfield* and in a paper on "Rev. Jonathan Ashley" by Rev. Edgar Buckingham, read at the annual meeting of this society in 1887 and printed in the *Proceedings* of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

The "bullet-proof" house built in 1733 by Mr. Ashley still stands but, O Tempora! O Mores! how are the mighty fallen! That building, erected for and dedicated to the use of the servant of the Lord, was removed to the rear in 1869 to make room for the modern farm house, and converted into a tobacco barn! The great hand-hewn pine beams and oaken braces speak well for the honest toil and the honest home-brewed ale that raised them to their lofty places. The paneling and moulding is still intact in places, but what of the people who frequent it and what language do they speak? The rooms once echoing with learned arguments concerning predestination and free-will, now resound with the jokes and care-free laughter of a gang of tobacco-strippers. Where once perhaps the desk of the Rev. Jonathan Ashley stood, an anvil now reposes. If one is looking for a hammer and some nails, a hoe or a cultivator, he is told to find it "down to the Old House." The winds of heaven for almost 200 years have whispered strange tales of war and rumors of war to its overhanging eaves. The west wind brought tidings of the massacre at Fort William Henry and the expeditions against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The north wind told of the fierce struggle on the Plains of Abraham when two heroes met in mortal combat and the loss to France was England's gain. The east wind spread the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill and the echoes of the "shot heard 'round the world," falling, alas, unheeded on the ears of the Tory parson. The south wind carried the booming of the guns of Gettysburg and Chickamauga and the tones of the joy-bells after Appomattox, changing soon to sadness for the death of a beloved Captain. And lastly, the storms from across the sea have told the tale of Prussian hate and Hunnish violence which set the alarum bells ringing from the Atlantic to the broad Pacific and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and which led the great-grandson of the grandson of the Rev. Jonathan Ashley to his glorious death on the field of honor in far-away France, where he now sleeps. Perhaps some day this old house can be restored. It stands today one of the oldest houses in the town and has been in the family almost as long as its neighbor on the south has been in the Sheldon family.

Rev. Jonathan Ashley died Aug. 28, 1780, and his wife, Dorothy, Sept. 20, 1808, at the age of 95. Their gravestones are to be found in the Old Cemetery in Deerfield, that of Mr. Ashley being inscribed as follows: "In Memory of Rev. Jonathan Ashley Who Died Aug. 28, 1780 in the 68 yr of his Age & 48 of his Ministry, leaving a name dear to his Friends and Acquaintances for his social, kind & pleasing Deportment, in particular his Zeal in the Cause of Christianity which, united with superior knowledge & a ready utterance of Moral & Divine truths, rendered him a shining light in the station where God had placed him." Nine children were born to them and the seventh, Elihu, is the next Ashley to claim our attention.

Elihu Ashley was born Aug. 12, 1750, in Deerfield. While a young man he studied medicine with his future father-in-law, Dr. Thomas Williams, a distinguished physician and prominent citizen of Deerfield. In 1774, Elihu began to practice his profession in Worthington, Mass., but he returned to Deerfield the following year and succeeded to Dr. Williams's office and practice. He continued in active practice until his death, a period of over 40 years, and was a highly respected citizen.

In politics Elihu Ashley began as a Tory, like many of the gentry of that time. Mr. Sheldon states that, during the period immediately preceding the Revolutionary War, in the town of Deerfield, "the minister, the judge, the sheriff, the esquire, the three doctors, the town clerk and treasurer, one store keeper, two of the three tavern keepers, most of those who had held commissions from the King in the late wars, and generally the young bloods who were looking forward to places of honor or office from royalty, were loyal to the source of power." During the summer of 1774 Elihu was engaged in helping his brother, Esq. Jonathan Ashley, "draw writs" against the Whigs. For his activity in the Tory cause, Esq. Jonathan was eventually cast into jail in Boston, whence he emerged after a short confinement, broken in spirit and in health. In 1786 Squire Jonathan Ashley sold his place in Deerfield, the lot where George Wright now lives, and removed to Shelburne, where he died the following year.

Dr. Elihu Ashley was not as energetic as his brother in defense of the King's cause and he evidently changed his politics during the war. He had gained the respect and confidence of his fellow townspeople to the extent that he was elected selectman in 1783, 1784, 1789, and 1790. As Tories were not especially well thought of after the war, it is apparent that Dr. Elihu had become as strong a Whig as his brother and father were Tories.

While a student in the office of Dr. Williams Elihu kept a diary, which is preserved in Memorial Hall. Mr. Sheldon has quoted at length from this diary as depicting real life in Deerfield in those days. One gains the impression that Elihu was susceptible to the charms of the fair sex and that he underwent the trials and vicissitudes which accompany the affairs of the heart usually experienced by young men. However, in the end, he was successful and on Nov. 2d, 1775, he married his cousin, Mary Cook Williams (the "Polly" of the diary), daughter of Dr. Thomas and Esther (Williams) Williams, and niece of Col. Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College.

By his father's will Elihu Ashley received two-ninths of the real estate after his mother's dower rights had been deducted. He proceeded to buy out his brothers and sisters and evidently combined his practice of medicine with the occupation of farming. Like all of the Ashleys he developed a propensity for buying more land, a fact which, while at times it has been a blessing to the family, has often proved to be a curse, especially in these later times of high costs and small returns. I have endeavored to locate most of the land in Deerfield bought by the Rev. Jonathan Ashley and his son, Dr. Elihu, but I will admit that I have found it to be a baffling proposition. Many of the deeds give boundaries on land of men long since dead, no courses and distances being given; others run the lines to a "chestnut tree" or some like object; some are bounded on the Deerfield River, which has often changed its course; while the west boundary of the Little Plain lot is the "Plain Swamp Drain," with a note on the deed stating that "The drain making the west bound of said land is the one where the water has run for many years

past." Evidently the farmers and lawyers of early days gave little thought to their posterity.

Dr. Elihu Ashley died in Deerfield on March 14, 1817, and his wife on Jan. 2, 1831. They had four children, of whom Thomas Williams Ashley, born Aug. 16, 1776, is next in succession.

Thomas Williams Ashley was the first Deerfield Ashley to make farming his main occupation in life, and he laid the foundations for the large Ashley farm which was brought to its present proportions by his son Jonathan ("Uncle John") and the latter's nephew, Charles H. Ashley. Upon the death of his father in 1817 Thomas W. Ashley inherited all of the real estate (except the dower rights of his mother), his brother Robert, who followed Dr. Elihu's profession and who moved to Lyons, N. Y., receiving a legacy in cash, chargeable upon the estate. By 1839 Thomas W. Ashley had increased his heritage to a total of 351 acres which, with a tax rate of \$10.50, cost him \$50.70 in taxes. His was the sixth in amount of taxes paid for that year, Asa Stebbins heading the list with \$150.83. Of the land now owned by Charles H. Ashley the following tracts were in the possession of Thomas W. Ashley, either by inheritance or by purchase: Home lot $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, Little Plain 30 acres, Old World pasture 110 acres, Neck lot $6\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and mowing pasture $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres. In addition Mr. Ashley had acquired the Ball farm on East mountain, containing 190 acres. Whereas his forebears had bought land in Bernardston, Westfield and Deerfield, apparently for speculation, Mr. Ashley evidently bought with the idea of permanent possession. However, he became involved financially and in 1843 he mortgaged his entire property to Isaac Abercrombie of Greenfield, from whom it was redeemed in 1849 by his sons, Jonathan and Thomas W. Ashley.

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 the north company of Deerfield infantry was officered by Capt. Thomas W. Ashley, Lieut. Charles Hitchcock and Ens. Josiah Lyman Arms, but Mr. Sheldon could find no evidence that either the north or south company went to Boston for reorganization, although several companies from the surrounding towns made the march under orders from General Maltby of Hatfield.

Capt. Ashley was later commissioned colonel of a cavalry regiment in the Massachusetts militia, and was known in after years as "Colonel Tom." Mr. Sheldon is authority for the fact that he was one of the earliest to substitute a cooking stove for the fireplace. This was before the year 1825.

In 1814 Col. Thomas W. Ashley married Lydia Crosby of Enfield, Mass. Seven children were born to them. His third son, Thomas Williams Ashley, born Jan. 18, 1822, was the grandfather of Lieut. Thomas Williams Ashley, and he is therefore the next to claim our attention. Col. Ashley died in 1848 and a letter from his son Thomas to the latter's uncle, Robert Ashley of Lyons, N. Y., describes his death as due to pneumonia brought on by a cold contracted while assisting in butchering hogs. Even in his old age "Col. Tom" "helped take care of the barn and took delight in being busy about something."

This paper would be not complete without a reference to Jonathan Ashley or "Uncle John," the eldest son of Col. Thomas Williams Ashley. He was born May 7, 1816, and died Sept. 8, 1895. I quote from Trowbridge as follows: "Jonathan Ashley received his education at the public schools and academy in his native town. With the exception of two years spent in the West, his whole life was passed on the old homestead of his great-grandfather, Rev. Jonathan Ashley. After the death of his father he and his brother Thomas redeemed the farm from debt, in the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties. Shortly afterward he bought his brothers' interests, and by hard work and frugality, he held all the old land and made important additions to it. He built a new and more convenient house, using the old original one, still in a good state of preservation, as a tobacco warehouse. In February, 1881, his nephew, Charles H. Ashley, who had lived with him since he was fifteen, became associated with him in farming, and their united efforts made the farm one of the largest in the town.

Mr. Ashley in his prime was one of the "river gods" in influence, and was characterized by that sturdy frugality which marked the early settlers. He was an orthodox farmer

in every sense of the word, and was held in the highest respect in the town and community. Of a retiring nature, he avoided all public positions, but was prevailed upon in 1879 to act as a selectman of the town for two years, positively refusing a third nomination. Ever wishing to help the poor and needy, he lost thousands of dollars through his readiness to assist others when in trouble. It could truthfully be said of him that his word was as good as his bond. He spent the last four years of his life in retirement from active business, and at his death his nephew, Charles H. Ashley, inherited all his property."

It was during the life of Jonathan Ashley that the tobacco industry in the Connecticut Valley began to pour golden dollars into the pockets of the thrifty farmers. New England beef had its heyday during this period. Those who would inquire into this industry would do well to read Mr. Sheldon's paper on "The Passing of the Stall-fed Ox and the Farm Boy." In those days before the widespread advent of commercial fertilizer, farmers believed in putting back on to the land what they took off from it and the feeding and fitting of prime steers was indeed an art. The artificial prosperity of today is not comparable to the solid foundation of thrift and skill which our ancestors had developed. But I have digressed enough.

Thomas Williams Ashley lived on the ancestral farm until he was 32 years of age. During part of the time he kept a diary which is at hand as I write. Among the interesting notes found in it is the following, dated May 30th, 1848: "Rained. All went to help finish raising R. Stebbins' barn, forenoon H. Hoyt finished pulling down Old Indian house." The diary tells of the struggles the four brothers had to redeem the place from debt. On April 1st, 1848, we read: "John and I went to Greenfield, tendered Abercrombie the money to redeem the farm, would not take it." But on May 12, 1849, "John went to Greenfield, settled with Abercrombie, got a deed of the farm, Mother of the homestead." It appears that the brothers obtained the money from Ely and Day of Holyoke and paid them back by selling logs and wood. Uncle John often remarked in later years that there was

“six weeks’ sledding in March of that year.” “Thomas Williams Ashley was an honest, upright man, and a devout Christian, and did much to promote the cause of religion in the town.” (Trowbridge.) In his diary we invariably find that he went to church on Sunday, while “John went to pasture to salt the cattle.” He received his education in the schools of his native town, and at Powers Institute in Bernardston. In 1844 he married Marietta Hoyt of Bernardston, who died in 1849. He married again in 1851, Lucinda Larrabee of Greenfield. “He resided in Deerfield until 1854, when, with other Deerfield people, he removed to Iowa and settled in a township in Chickasaw County which they named Deerfield in honor of their Massachusetts home.

“The country being new, and land cheap, Mr. Ashley made the mistake, like so many others of the early settlers, of buying all the land he could. Consequently, the cheapness of grain and the distance from market (80 miles) made it uphill work farming; and after a few severe winters and a crop famine, he found himself with land enough for a small colony, for which there was no sale, or profit in tilling. He continued farming there, however, and lived there the rest of his life, only once in 1875, revisiting his birthplace.” (Trowbridge.)

‘ Oh, the hardships of settling a new country! We in our comfortable modern homes, with every convenience at hand, can little realize the struggle of those who followed the advice of Horace Greeley. The letters written to folks back home by Mrs. Ashley are sad and pathetic, as the following excerpts show: “We have had a hard time since we left the East. Father’s money is all spent and Williams (Thomas Williams Ashley) has had to send to John for more. . . . We are living in an unfinished log house, 12 in one room, cook out doors, short for water. Lumber is short in this country, it is almost impossible to get boards. Williams has got a log house building, a first rate small log house, hews the logs on all sides and plasters it with mortar.” Another letter reads: “I am going to write to you for assistance but it is hard for me to do so, but I hate to lose our home. I am going to write to you as we are situated; everything seems to go against us here in this new country . . . last year our

wheat crop was a whole failure [Williams] having little more than his seed . . . [he] rode day after day to borrow \$100—finally a speculator let it to him at 30 percent. It is due in the fall. We had to mortgage eighty acres of land, our homestead with the improvements, and unless we can raise the money I fear we shall lose it and if we should, I tremble for what will become of us.” And again: “the times are hard here. It is almost impossible to raise money here in the west and 30 percent. is the least interest. One great disadvantage is the want of a market and what we have to buy is very high. Last year the wheat crop failed, this year the buckwheat is all killed and the first of this month there was a hard frost and people think it has spoiled most of the corn.” But, underlying the distress and privations of the new country, we feel the sturdy Puritan spirit in the following words: “I would not be willing to go back after sacrificing so much as we have.”

Thomas Williams Ashley died Jan. 28, 1888, in Deerfield, Iowa. Of his nine children, the seventh, born Feb. 13, 1860, in Deerfield, Iowa, is Charles Hart Ashley, who now owns and lives on the ancestral farm in Deerfield, Mass.

As it is not fitting to eulogize the living we had best refer once more to the printed record. I quote from Trowbridge: “Charles Hart Ashley experienced the hardships and pleasures which come to a boy in a new and unsettled country. At the age of 15 he went to live with his uncle, Jonathan Ashley, in Deerfield, Mass., [Elihu, son of Jonathan Ashley, having died of scarlet fever at the age of eight]. He attended the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School until his twenty-first birthday, when he associated himself with his uncle in the management of the old Ashley homestead, and their united efforts added to the possessions of the old farm, until now it contains 500 acres and is one of the largest in the town. At the death of his uncle in September, 1895, he inherited the whole of his estate, so that he now owns and occupies the old Ashley place in Deerfield, where his great-grandfather, Rev. Jonathan Ashley, settled in 1733.” Mr. Ashley has held many public offices in town affairs, including those of assessor and selectman. He was chairman

of the local draft board during the World War. At the present writing he is chairman of the board of selectmen and also representative of his district in the State Legislature. For many years he had charge of the music at the annual meetings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, relinquishing this duty only when his legislative duties forced him to be absent at the time the meetings are held.

In 1921 Mr. Ashley erected a modern bungalow on the south half of the home lot. His eldest son, the author of this paper, lives in the house built by Jonathan Ashley and is now associated with his father in carrying on the farm, thus continuing the Ashley tradition. The old place names are still seen in the land purchased by Jonathan Ashley and his nephew Charles: "Pogue's Hole," "Pine Hill Lot," "Great Bottom," "Great Pasture," "Hitchcock Lot," and others. "New Fort" has become "The Island." "Little Plain" and the "Neck" are still called by their original names, but the "west pasture" of Uncle John's day has become the "Old World." Mr. Ashley has disposed of some of the land which he once owned and the present farm comprises about 300 acres.

On Jan. 2, 1889, Charles Hart Ashley married Gertrude G. Porter, daughter of Dr. Ransom N. and Fidelia P. Porter of Deerfield. Of their four children, Thomas Williams Ashley, born Jan. 9, 1894, was of the ninth generation from Robert the Settler. A brief account of his life, cut short in the prime of his manhood, will complete this paper.

In addition to his heritage of Ashley ancestry, Thomas Williams Ashley was possessed of priceless lineage through his mother. The blood of the Mayflower company flowed in his veins. Oh, reader, draw aside with me the veil of the past until we come to the bleak December day in the year 1620 when that sturdy band stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. We see Governor William Bradford, Elder Brewster, the militant Captain Myles Standish, and others. Among them we behold John Alden and the maiden Priscilla Mullins. The romance of these two has been beautifully told time and again. One of their children, Ruth, married John

Bass in 1657. Their daughter, Sarah Bass, married Ephraim Thayer in 1691. Their daughter, Sarah Thayer, married Seth Dorman in 1715. Their daughter, Mary Dorman, in 1744 married Benjamin Porter, whose ancestor, John Porter, is found in Hingham, Mass., in 1635, and whose great-granddaughter, Gertrude G. Porter, is the mother of Thomas Williams Ashley. With such forebears we may expect that when our country called upon her sons in the hour of need, among the first to respond was Thomas Williams Ashley.

As a boy Tom Ashley worked hard both at home on the farm and in school with his lessons. One of his early tasks was to bring in wood for his teacher at her home. When she asked him one day why he was so careful in laying the bottom sticks of the pile, he replied: "To make a good foundation." That was his unspoken motto through life. Much of his spare time was spent in the woods and streams in the vicinity. He enjoyed trapping and fishing, was a crack shot, and an excellent swimmer. On one occasion his swimming ability saved the life of a companion who had been seized with cramps in the deep whirlpool at Red Rocks. He entered Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School in 1907 and soon developed a marked versatility in athletics, in which his splendid physique and quick thinking stood him in good stead. Under the careful direction of the principal, Mr. Boyden, he developed slowly and surely, and upon graduation he had overcome his natural shyness to the extent of delivering a splendid oration on "Our Flag," little dreaming that in seven short years he would be called upon to lay down his life in defense of that flag.

Thomas Ashley entered Amherst College in 1912, where he won the respect and admiration of faculty and students alike with his quiet, unassuming ways, his generous comradeship, and his athletic ability. For three years he was one of the mainstays of the football team, brilliant at all times and only playing the harder when his team went down in defeat. He played on the baseball team, too, although it did not come as naturally to him as some of the other games. In his Junior year basketball as an inter-collegiate sport was revived at Amherst and Tom Ashley was elected

captain of the team. He declined the honor in his Senior year, thinking it would be for the good of the team if a class-mate, who coveted the honor, should be elected. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, the earliest one established at Amherst College. He won the Woods prize for the one who had made the greatest improvement in his college course, and also a class cup for being the man who of all his class had done the most for the good of the college. In the classroom he showed a marked interest in history and historical problems, perhaps absorbing this tendency from his early life in Deerfield and his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sheldon.

Thomas Williams Ashley was graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1916, with the degree of Bachelor of Science. Although he had flattering offers to teach elsewhere, he decided to return to Deerfield and to accept a position in his beloved Alma Mater where he could assist Mr. Boyden in carrying out the plans which were dear to both of them. After a few weeks at the Columbia Summer School he began on what might have been his life work, and taught history and government in the classroom, while out of doors he took charge of the athletic teams, under Mr. Boyden's direction, and showed the boys not only how to win, but how to win fairly, for fairness, honesty and justice were some of the outstanding features of his character. In fact, he was much sought after in the neighborhood to referee or umpire games of all sorts as his strict impartiality and firm determination received unqualified commendation from all. Tom Ashley had already started life as a useful citizen and would undoubtedly have made a remarkable name for himself in any field of endeavor, had he but been spared to finish what he had so well begun. But it was not so to be.

In the early days of August, 1914, the War Lord of Europe, breaking through the armed peace of the Twentieth Century, flung off all restraint and hurled his blood-mad legions against little Belgium, France and dormant Russia. The British Lion awoke and, calling on her whelps far and near, secured the high seas and sent aid to her hard-pressed neighbors across the channel. Countries and nations were drawn

into the horrible vortex of war to satisfy the insatiable greed of the Prussian monster. But "whom the Gods destroy, they first make mad." Heedless of the gathering reserves of his opponents and thinking only of riding to world power through the ruin of the world's civilization, the Prussian Kaiser hurled his gauntlet at the feet of neutral America. Diplomatic protests and representations having failed, the United States picked up the gauntlet and on Apr. 6th, 1917, declared war on the German Empire. Thus spin the Fates. Following the declaration of war came the call for volunteers, training camps were opened up and the great machinery was set in motion which might involve a long struggle to the death to rid the world of evil. After considering the navy, Thomas Williams Ashley enlisted in the United States Marines as a provisional second lieutenant on Apr. 13th, 1917, one week after war was declared. When Mrs. Sheldon, knowing of his great influence over the boys in school and longing to have his splendid work continue, suggested the wisdom of waiting a little longer till the need seemed more imperative, he replied: "My country needs me. Her need is great. I cannot wait, I must go." After spending some time at Norfolk and Quantico, Va., and Winthrop, Md., he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant on Dec. 17, 1917. He sailed for France on Mar. 14, 1918, attached to the 134th Co., 2nd Replacement Battalion, arriving at Brest on Mar. 26th. The Battalion was sent to Champlitte, France, for training, finally joining the 2nd Division A. E. F. The Division was soon ordered to the vicinity of Chaumont-en-Vixen, near Beauvais, to support the 1st Division, at that time in line on the Cantigny-Mondidier front. About May 25th, while in that region, Lieut. Ashley was transferred to the 67th Co., 5th Marines. While the Second was awaiting orders to relieve the 1st Division, word came that the Germans had broken through along the Chemin-des-Dames and were advancing rapidly toward the Marne.

Ye whose fate it was to stay at home can little realize the crisis of the early summer of 1918. Ludendorf, bending all his energies toward ending the war by a mighty blow, with the Kaiser dictating peace terms from Paris, had struck hard

on Mar. 21st, sending the British line back, all but broken, upon Amiens. Another attack to the north took Mt. Kemel and laid the brave defenders of Ypres and the channel towns open to the savage hammering of the German guns. It was here that Gen. Haig issued the orders to fight with "our backs to the wall." A third mighty thrust broke the Allied line on the Craonne plateau, the British and French giving away to such an extent that Ludendorf, who had intended the blow as a minor engagement, and forgetful of strategy, threw in his divisions until they reached the Marne, at Chateau-Thierry. But by this time the Allied command had become unified. Foch had his reserves at hand, and at once gave battle. The issue was in doubt until the great offensive of July 18th, when the Allied drive between the Marne and Soissons turned the tide and by Aug. 8th, "the blackest day of the war for Germany," Ludendorf knew that his cause could not hope to prevail.

On May 28th, while still "en repos" near Beauvais, the American 2nd Division received hurried orders to proceed to Meaux and help stay the German advance on Paris. The men entered motor trucks and were soon on the way. The writer, while in line of duty, passed a convoy of these trucks north of Paris. Although tired and travel stained these men had a look of quiet determination on their faces as if realizing the responsibility resting on their shoulders. Nor did they fail. Arriving near Belleau Wood the Division was soon in battle formation, awaiting the order to attack, which came on the night of June 5th. The Prussian Guard, the corps d'elite of the German army, was opposed to them. What followed is best told by a fellow officer, Lieut. R. M. Wilcox, who had been Lieut. Ashley's close companion while in France: "Zero hour was to be 3.45 A. M. I got over to the 67th Co. trenches in time to see Tom with his watch in hand counting the seconds until 3.45, his men watching him confidently. Our barrage had begun and the enemy was replying actively with his artillery but Tom stood there calmly and confidently, at times looking out ahead as though trying to see through the morning half light which hid the enemy although less than two hundred yards in the edge of

the next woods. At 3.45 I heard him call to his men 'over you go,' and every man sprang from the trench to follow him." A letter from Lieut. Garvey reads as follows: . . . "I am convinced that I was the last person that saw him [Lieut. Ashley]. I saw him about six or seven o'clock in the morning [June 6th] as I remember it, alone in the middle of a field with a German machine gun, trying to fire it. He was not wounded at the time I saw him and was untouched when I left. I told him that I was trying to find the line as both of us were ahead of it, and asked if he knew anything about where the other companies were; he replied that he did not know but said nothing to me about the experiences he had. I stayed with him awhile helping with the gun and then went off to see if I could find any of the other companies and to get back to my men. He decided to stay. That is the last time I saw him and he was probably hit shortly after I left, because there were German snipers very close to him, and crawled to the woods near by where he was found by Captain Cook."

Lieut. Ashley is buried in Grave No. 88, Section M, Plot 2, American Cemetery, Belleau Wood, France. You whose fortune it may be to cross the ocean, seek out his grave, give pause, and reflect upon the life of one who was, like the gallant Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." I hope that some day his picture may hang upon the wall of the splendid school he so dearly loved and for which he did so much, and under it, graven in lasting bronze, the glorious words, "*Dulce et decorum est mori pro patriae*," that the youth of future generations may learn of him and profit by his example. There is a splendid poem written by an English author whose name I cannot recall, which reads as follows:

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame:
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

Thomas Williams Ashley played the game and played it well, giving up his life in the performance of his sacred duty. He may truly say, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

MARY HARRIS, THE "WHITE WOMAN."

BY GEORGE F. SMYTHE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"As often as I have read in our annals the pathetic story, 'taken captive to Canada, whence they came not back,' I have longed to know their fate."¹ With these words Miss C. Alice Baker introduced the wonderful account of her "hunt for the captives," and her discovery of the "fate" of many of them. It is my privilege to cast a little light upon the fate of one of the humblest of the captives, a child for whom no one seems to have cared especially, whose story, nevertheless, is perhaps more romantic and strange than that of any of the others. It seems incredible that a little girl of

¹ Miss C. Alice Baker, "My Hunt for the Captives." *Hist. and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Val. Mem. Assoc.*, 1880-89, p. 343.

nine years, of English stock, born and nurtured in a Puritan community, and destined, so far as any one could see, to live the ordinary life of a girl and woman of western New England two hundred years ago—that she, disappearing from New England, should fifty years later be living in central Ohio, as an Indian woman among Indians, the first white woman that ever resided within the borders of that state,¹ evidently a person of some note among her strange people, giving to a beautiful river a name that persists to this day, and herself the subject of legends that are still told along its course. It seems incredible; yet Mary Harris who was carried away captive from Deerfield in 1704 is unquestionably the "White Woman" who is a famous, though shadowy, character in the early history of Ohio, and for whom the stream now known as the Walhonding River was named "the White Woman's Creek" on every map down to a comparatively recent time, and is still so called by many of the people whose happy lot it is to live in its fertile, lovely valley.

Nothing, I believe, is known about Mary Harris previous to her captivity. It is said that there were no Harrises living at Deerfield at the time of the assault; but there were families of that name in western New England. Mary may have been an orphan whom some Deerfield family had taken to bring up; or she may have been a visitor in the village. The latter conjecture does not seem very probable; for what parents would have permitted their child to go visiting in a town that was known to be threatened with an Indian attack? But, however it was, Mary was there on the fatal night, and was carried off into Canada. She must have been a very obscure person at Deerfield, for she was forgotten when the earliest lists of captives were made up. In a later list her name is given, with a mark to indicate that she was "still absent."² No one, I believe, is known to have sought

¹ C. W. Butterfield, "Hist. of Ohio," in the *Magazine of Western Hist.*, vol. VI, p. 112. "Mark Kuntz, upon the Tuscarawas, with an Indian wife, and Mary Harris, upon the Walhonding, with an Indian husband, were, it may be proper here to mention, the first white settlers of Ohio, so far as any authentic records disclose." Mr. Butterfield is recognized as a most careful and accurate historian.

² George Sheldon, *A Hist. of Deerfield, Mass.*, vol. I, pp. 308 ff.

her return. I cannot think that little Mary's customary conduct in the godly community of Deerfield had been such that people were resigned to the providence that had removed her from them; for in every glimpse we get of her in later years she seems to have been a person of excellent behavior. She may have been a forlorn child who would respond to the indulgent kindness with which Indians generally treated children, and to the affection which the Roman Catholic sisters in Canada bestowed upon their pupils. At any rate, she never returned to Deerfield. Now, two hundred and twenty years after her disappearance, I bring a little news of her: not *news* really, for the main facts were made public nearly one hundred and fifty years ago;¹ but they were never widely known, and even Mr. George Sheldon knew of them only indirectly, through a quotation made by Mr. C. C. Baldwin; and he found himself unable to reconcile them with what he knew from other sources.² It is possible now to present what I trust is a satisfactory reconciliation of all the facts. I have done what I could to bring those facts together, annotate and explain them, authenticate what is authentic, and point out what is the creation of an unhistorical fancy. But it is not improbable that a more thorough search might bring to light other facts to supplement those that are given here.

The Indians who carried Mary Harris into captivity were from the Sault Saint-Louis, near Montreal.³ They were Iroquois—chiefly Mohawks—who had been converted by the Jesuit missionaries in central New York, and were therefore attached to the French interest. For this reason, and also to escape the contaminating influence of their heathen brethren, they had settled in Canada, and, after several removals, were, in 1704, living at the Sault Saint-Louis. They were variously known as "French Indians," "French Mohawks," "praying Indians," and were sometimes addressed as "men of the Sault Saint-Louis" even after they had

¹ In *Christopher Gist's Journal*, first published in London, in 1776.

² Sheldon, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 344.

³ Miss Emma L. Coleman, "Canadian Missions and the Deerfield Captives," *Hist. and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Val. Mem. Assoc.*, 1912-20, pp. 317 ff.; 327.

ceased to live there. In 1716 they moved a little farther up the river to a place to which they gave the name "Caughnawaga," and were thereafter generally known as "Caughnawagas."

With these Indians Mary Harris spent the rest of her life. When baptized by the French priests—as doubtless she was—they let her keep her own name, as they did in the case of some other children from Deerfield. What name could be so good as Mary? Of her life in Canada for the next forty years we know nothing at all, except that she married and had children. In 1744 Joseph Kellogg,¹ who had been one of her fellow-captives, and was afterwards often back and forth between Canada and New England, wrote a letter to Governor Shirley, dated from Suffield, Connecticut, in which he said: "Two young men Mary Harris's children have been with me twice which lodged at my house. One of them is a very Intelligible man about thirty years of age and from them endeavored to critically examine them about affairs in Canada." The priests and sisters encouraged their young people to marry at an early age, and Mary in 1744 may well have had a son about thirty years of age, for she was herself then nearly fifty years old. In all probability she married an Indian, as did others of the children captured at Deerfield; certainly she afterwards had an Indian husband. It is, of course, possible that she was married more than once, and that the father of the young men of whom Kellogg spoke was a Frenchman; but I think this improbable, and know of no evidence in its favor. Kellogg was consulting with those young men because they were familiar with what the Indians in Canada were likely to do in the war that then threatened, which would involve Massachusetts. Active negotiations were going on with those Indians, especially the Caughnawagas, to induce them not to take up the hatchet in behalf of the French.² Kellogg would therefore wish to deal with Indians, or half-Indians, Caughnawagas, who would know what their fellow-tribesmen were thinking and saying, and would have influence among them.

¹ Sheldon, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 535.

² George A. Wood, "William Shirley," vol. I, p. 200.

What, besides marrying and having children, had Mary Harris been doing during the forty years that had elapsed since she was carried into captivity? Was she at Caughnawaga, or anywhere in Canada, when her sons visited Kellogg? These questions cannot be answered. No doubt she had become like an Indian, but an Indian of British blood and British ancestry, and an Indian brought up under the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, which, however, was largely accommodated to Indian tastes and proclivities. From the day that she was hurried away from Deerfield by the murderous savages, there is no account, so far as I know, of anyone's seeing her, until suddenly, in 1751, in a place where no one would dream of finding her, she flashes for an instant into sight.

We must now go in thought to the Walhonding Valley, in central Ohio; and it will be well for us to learn a little of the geography of the region. The Muskingum, which flows into the Ohio River, is formed by the union, at Coshocton, of the Tuscarawas, flowing from the northeast, and the Walhonding, flowing from the northwest. The tributaries of these rivers, in northern Ohio, are but a short distance from rivers that flow into Lake Erie; and with a single easy portage one could go in a canoe all the way from the Ohio River to the lake, and thence to the St. Lawrence. The Muskingum, therefore, and its tributaries, formed part of a great highway, north and south, across Ohio; and the confluence of the Tuscarawas and the Walhonding—or, "the forks of the Muskingum," as it was called—was a highly strategic point, for commerce or for war, in the days when all travel was by canoe or on foot. Important trails crossed there, or not far away; and this region was sure to be of high importance in case of a conflict between England and France for the possession of the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Walhonding is a beautiful stream, flowing gently towards the southeast, through a valley a mile wide, shut in by hills that rise two hundred or more feet above it. The river winds back and forth from one side of the valley to the other, through rich bottom lands, fertile of corn. Its principal tributary is the Killbuck which enters it from the north,

five miles above Coshocton; and this also was a route of canoe travel, and the point where it flows into the Walhonding would naturally be the site of an Indian town. The Walhonding makes a sharp angle towards the north, and just at the point of this angle the Killbuck flows in. This Walhonding Valley, as one traverses it to-day, is a land of quiet beauty and peace. It is rather sparsely settled; but many a farm along it can furnish evidence that there were once large numbers of inhabitants. People will show you stone implements and weapons which their plows have turned up; and in some of the houses there are valuable collections. As you see these knives, axes, hammers, pestles, and other tools, you wonder that articles so laboriously and perfectly wrought out of hard stone should have been so lavishly thrown about and abandoned; and you see that there was once a very considerable population up and down the stream.

Now for our story. On the fourteenth of December, 1750, there arrived at the Wyandot town at the forks of the Muskingum a traveller—the first man that ever visited Ohio and left an account of his visit and of what he saw. This was Christopher Gist, a famous frontiersman, later the guide of George Washington in western Pennsylvania; a man of character, and perfectly trustworthy. We shall soon learn what the business was which brought him to Ohio; but at present our interest is centered in his record for January fifteenth, 1751. Thus it runs: ¹

"We left Muskingum, and went W 5 M, to the White Woman's Creek, on which is a small town; this white woman was taken away from New England, when she was not above ten years old, by the French Indians. She is now upwards of fifty; and has an Indian husband and several Children. Her name is Mary Harris, she still remembers they used to be very religious in New England and wonders how the White Men can be so wicked as she has seen them in these Woods."

That is all he says about her: the next day he journeyed on.

Mary Harris! Can this be our Mary Harris, the forlorn child stolen from Deerfield in 1704, out in the wilds of Ohio in 1751? It must be she: the identity is perfectly estab-

¹ *Christopher Gist's Journal*, edition of W. M. Darlington, 1893, p. 41.

lished. Both bore the name Mary Harris, both were stolen away from New England by the "French Indians" when not above ten years old, both were above fifty years of age in 1751. We have learned that in 1744 Mary Harris had sons; and the Mary Harris of whom Gist wrote seven years later had a husband and children. Yes, Mary Harris in the little Indian town on White Woman's Creek is the Mary Harris of Deerfield and Caughnawaga. But why, and how, came she to be out in central Ohio, so far from Caughnawaga? When these questions first occurred to me they seemed unanswerable; and it was doubtless here that Mr. Sheldon found the difficulties which he could not solve. But "now it can be told"; explanations are at hand.

The Indians were very migratory. They thought no more of traveling long distances than people do today who have automobiles. And they had few of this world's goods to tie them to a stationary life. The Caughnawagas were great traders. They went great distances buying furs from the Indians and selling them to the Whites. Some of them were also good hunters and trappers, and took fur-bearing animals in order to sell the skins. Ohio in the middle of the eighteenth century was an excellent country for that purpose, and it is possible that the band of Caughnawagas to which Mary Harris belonged had settled in Ohio to engage in this business. But whatever this may have had to do with their being in Ohio, there is another reason for it which, I am convinced, was far more urgent. Politics had very much to do with their being there.

In the middle of the eighteenth century France claimed all the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, as far as to the Spanish possessions in the southwest. England also asserted a claim to this territory. Neither nation, however, did much towards making good its claim until about the middle of the century. Ohio was until that time remote from the centers of both French and English interest. With the exception of small areas it was one vast forest from side to side. The Indian population was constantly changing—tribes moving out and others moving in. Small bands roved about and settled in one place and another; and all, appar-

ently, on friendly terms, intermingling amicably in towns and villages. These forests and streams came to be of great interest to both the French and the English chiefly for commercial reasons. The Indians had furs to sell, and Frenchmen and Englishmen wanted them; and the White men had firearms and liquor to sell, and the Indians were eager purchasers. Frenchmen and Englishmen contended keenly for this business, so profitable to them, so ruinous to the Indians. The French authorities in Canada repeatedly forbade English traders to enter the Ohio region, but the English traders paid little or no attention to the prohibition. With his heavily laden train of pack horses the English trader—who was generally an Irishman—would make his way along the trails through the woods, stop at the Indian towns, pose as the genial good friend of the Indians, warn them against the wiles of the French, offer them better bargains than the French traders could give, buy their beaver-skins and bearskins with his rum, and guns, and trinkets, and pass on to the next town. It was risky business, for the French, from their post at Detroit, were on the watch and did not deal gently with the traders whom they caught; yet the trade went on. One thing that greatly facilitated it was the removal to Ohio of Indians from the English colonies at the east, who were familiar with English traders and English goods; and were glad to see them in their new homes. Conrad Wieser,¹ addressing the chiefs of the Six Nations, gathered at Albany in 1754, said:

"The road to Ohio is no new road; it is an old and frequented road. The Shawanees and Delawares removed thither above thirty years ago from Pennsylvania, ever since which time the road has been travelled by our traders at their invitation, and always with safty until within these few years."

Colonial officials encouraged the trade. The specious plea of loyalty to British interests could be cast over it, to hide the very profitable graft by which many besides the traders were enriched. The English had sought to strengthen their claim to the Ohio region, for they knew that it had no very solid basis. In June, 1744, a council was held by the English

¹ Rufus King, "Ohio," in *Am. Commonwealths* series, pp. 55 f.

authorities with the chiefs of the Six Nations at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania.¹ These chiefs asserted an overlordship of all the Ohio region, on the ground of various conquests which they, or their fathers, had made over the Indian tribes there. By a skillful use of flattery and threatening, bribing and liquor, they were induced to grant this overlordship to the English; and this grant, though of questionable validity, served as a good pretext for asserting a vigorous claim to the legitimate possession of this country in Ohio. Meanwhile, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina there were restless, adventurous men who were pressing forward every year nearer and nearer to Ohio and Kentucky, and who would soon be marking out claims in those regions.

It became evident to the French that their western possessions were not going to be held without great effort; and they had along the border no Indian tribes upon which they could surely rely. I believe that it was to strengthen the French forces and influence that the Caughnawagas were induced, or encouraged, to make the long journey and settle in the Muskingum Valley, at the town where Gist found Mary Harris, and at other towns. The evidence to support this opinion will be submitted presently. To counteract the English claim the French, in 1749, sent an expedition to take formal possession of the Ohio country, make friends with the Indians, and expel the English traders.² Nothing of permanent value was accomplished.

In the woods of Ohio, or near them, and out of the antagonisms above described, what we call the "French and Indian War" began. That war, indeed, involved American interests and areas much wider than these, and became part of the "Seven Years' War" which involved all Europe; but—as we shall see—it was by Ohio Caughnawagas that the first shots were fired. The rivalry and bitter hostility of England and France were the motive power of the entire course of Mary Harris's life. For the glory of France she was carried away into Canada, and was many years later put on the dangerous frontier of Ohio; but she was to end her life as she

¹ R. G. Thwaites, *France in America*, pp. 150 f.

² Thwaites, *op. cit.*, pp. 151 f.

had begun it, under the English flag. But our narrative has not yet reached the breaking out of that war.

In 1749 the king of England granted to the Ohio Company of Virginia two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, at such place in the Ohio Valley as they should select. Here they were to build a fort, plant a colony, and engage in the fur trade.¹ This was a highly dangerous enterprise, for all that territory was claimed by France, and never more vigorously than just at that time. The country in which they were to choose their domain was wholly unknown to the members of the Ohio Company of Virginia, who therefore employed Christopher Gist to make a tour of exploration, and find the best places. It was in the course of this tour that Gist went up the stream that was known as the White Woman's Creek, and at the White Woman's Town met the White Woman, Mary Harris. She was, no doubt, the first white woman that ever dwelt in Ohio; and, being so great a rarity, it was natural that she should be famous, and that the town and creek where she lived should take their designations from her complexion. The idea has prevailed that she was a sort of "Indian queen," ruling her town, and that her husband was a "chief"; but so far as any evidence goes that I have discovered, she was just a squaw with a white skin, and probably there was no chief in that little town, but, as was customary among the Mohawks—to which nation, it will be remembered, the Caughnawagas for the most part belonged—a council of elders was the final authority; and the women had a voice in that council.

There were Caughnawagas dwelling elsewhere in that region. A few miles farther up that creek was a town called Tullihass. James Smith,² a young man who was taken captive in western Pennsylvania in 1755, shortly before Braddock's defeat, was brought to this town. He says in his *Narrative* that it was inhabited by Delawares, Mohicans, and Caughnawagas. He was there ducked in the river and vigorously scrubbed by some young women, and then was

¹ Thwaites, *op. cit.*, pp. 152 f.

² *An Acct. of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travel of Col. James Smith, etc.*, edition of W. M. Darlington, 1870.

told, "You are taken into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe." He was adopted into a family to replace a son that had died in battle. Four years he remained with them, and his *Narrative* gives us probably the most detailed and vivid account in existence of the daily life of an Indian in time of peace. He had an adopted brother, Tontileaugo, in speaking to whom he says, "I had to make use of all the Caughnewago I had learned." He had also "a Caughnewago sister," who had been named Mary by the priest when she was baptized. Endeavoring to pronounce her name as the French pronounced it, but unable to sound the R, they called her "Maully"; and probably Mary Harris was also Maully to her acquaintances. What, between French and Indian, they made out of Harris, I do not attempt to guess. If anyone is seeking ground on which to base an American idyl, I would suggest that he read Smith's *Narrative*; for the life of these Caughnawagas, as there described, was in many ways highly idyllic. And I see no reason why life among the Caughnawagas at White Woman's Town should not have been very much like that of their fellow-tribespeople a few miles away. In April, 1759, Smith went with Tontileaugo and others to Detroit, and thence "in an elm bark canoe to Caughnewago, a very ancient Indian town, about nine miles above Montreal." There he escaped from his captivity. His *Narrative* shows the Caughnawagas thoroughly at home on the Walhonding, yet not forgetful of their home in Canada, to which they could return, going all the way from the Walhonding to Caughnawaga by canoe, with but two or three portages. By this route, reversing the direction, Mary Harris and her fellow Caughnawagas may have come, and very probably did come, to central Ohio, although perhaps they did not make the detour through Detroit; and by some such route, very probably, she returned to Caughnawaga, where she was again living at least as early as five years after Gist saw her in Ohio.

Those five years were a strenuous period for the warriors among the Ohio Indians. The conflict between the French and the English, which was manifestly approaching when

Gist visited White Woman's Town in 1751, developed steadily, and it was the Caughnawagas that struck the preliminary blow.¹ In January, 1753, six Pennsylvania traders, and one from Virginia, who were returning from Ohio, were attacked "at a place about twenty-five miles from the Blue Lick town, and on the south bank of the Kentucky river," by a company of "French praying Indians from the River St. Lawrence, being in number seventy, with one white man." They were taken prisoners and sent to Detroit, and thence to Montreal. (The words in quotation marks are from C. W. Butterfield's *History of Ohio*.) In itself this was a small affair, but it was ominous; and we see the Caughnawagas on the front line of the French watch on the Ohio.

In 1754 Captain Contrecoeur, in behalf of the French, built Fort DuQuesne at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, to command the main routes from the east to Ohio. Within a few months Colonel George Washington led a force of soldiers from Virginia to dispossess the French; but Contrecoeur sent out French soldiers and Indians, who met him at Great Meadows and forced him to capitulate. As the Indians were setting out on this expedition Contrecoeur made them a speech, in which he addressed them as "Men of the Sault St. Louis,"² that is to say, Caughnawagas. Parkman in naming the Indians that attacked and overwhelmed Braddock in 1755, mentions "Caughnawagas from the Sault St. Louis."³

The Caughnawagas, then, were a main reliance of the French in the early years of the French and Indian War in the West; and since the Indians that defeated Braddock were largely drawn from Ohio, it is probable that the warriors of White Woman's Town were there. James Smith, who had been taken captive in May, 1755, was held at Fort DuQuesne until after the defeat of Braddock, and then it was Caughnawagas that took him to their town on the Walhonding, as we have seen. The Caughnawagas of White Woman's Town would not have failed to be with their

¹ Butterfield, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 419.

² F. Parkman, "Wolfe and Montcalm," vol. I, p. 154.

³ Parkman, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 209.

relatives and neighbors when scalps and glory were to be had.

In what has just been said it is implied that the White Woman's Town was still inhabited by Caughnawagas in 1755. It is, of course, possible that they left there between 1751 and 1755. Mary Harris was certainly back at Caughnawaga in 1756; but it does not follow that the whole town went with her. But that day in 1751 when Christopher Gist was there, was the one time that the White Woman's Town was in the limelight of history. The name—not mentioned by Gist, though he speaks of White Woman's *Creek*—appears in Lewis Evans's map, published in 1755, and in the *American Atlas*, published in London in 1775. I have not found the town on any later map, but the name White Woman's *Creek* appears on maps down to about 1850, and still lives in popular usage.¹ The name Mohawk survives in "Mohawk Creek," that flows into the Walhonding from the south about six miles above the site of White Woman's Town, and in "Mohawk Village," and "Mohawk Station" on that creek. That is the only monument to the Caughnawagas still surviving in this region where they once played an active part. The name seems to indicate that they had a town on that creek. On the probable site of White Woman's Town, Custaloga, a Delaware, had a town long after Mary Harris had returned to Canada. It was known as "Custaloga's Town." Some Caughnawagas lingered a good many years in Ohio, in the neighborhood of Sandusky.

I doubt whether Mary Harris's residence in Ohio was a long one; but I know of no way to approximate the date of its beginning. She was back at Caughnawaga in 1756; and, loyal though I am to Ohio, I confess that I always feel relieved when I come to that point in her story. Mr. Sheldon, in his *History of Deerfield, Massachusetts*, says: ²

¹ I have heard persons apply the name "White Woman's Creek" to the lower course of The Killbuck Creek; and it is just possible that it was originally so used, for Gist says that he went five miles from the Forks of the Muskingum "to the White Woman's Creek," as if he had to go five miles to reach it, whereas he travelled beside the Walhonding all the way. But in all the maps where the name is used, and by people in general, that name is applied to the Walhonding.

² Sheldon, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 344.

"Robert Eastman, captured at Oswego in 1756, and taken to Canada, says, 'When at Caughnawaga, I lodged with the French captain's mother, (an English woman named *Mary Harris*, taken captive when a child from Deerfield, in New England), who told me she was my grandmother and was kind'."

This is a pleasant picture with which to close our story. Mary Harris was then above sixty years of age. She was home again from the wilds of Ohio, safely, and apparently comfortably, situated. Her position as "the French captain's mother" was dignified. She was kind to the prisoner who lodged at her house, and called herself, after the Indian fashion, his grandmother—a term of affection. Her son is called "the French captain." He was half English in blood. It is *possible* that the other half was French, for, as I have said above, his mother may have had a Frenchman as a first husband; but it is far more probable that he was half Indian; and his English blood may have given qualities that enabled him to rise to the respectable rank of captain.

On a very rainy day in last January Walter Sprague took me out from Coshocton in his taxi, to visit the "Bantum School," which is near the place where the White Woman's Town once was. Having knocked at the door of the little white schoolhouse, I explained to the teacher, Miss Given, that I wanted her permission to ask her children some questions about a Mary Harris who used to live near there. Miss Given knew very well who it was I spoke of, and cordially bade me ask what questions I would. There were seventeen children present that day, very well-behaved, and of ages varying, I judged, from six to about fourteen. I wanted to see whether those children, living today where she lived so long ago, had ever heard of Mary Harris, and whether they knew the Walhonding as the White Woman's Creek. I found that some of them were familiar with the name White Woman's Creek; and the oldest girl, Mary Ruth Bantum, told me the name of the White Woman—Mary Harris—and related one of the legends that have been composed about her. I asked where she learned all that, and she said her father told her; and then the fact came out that this Mary lives on the farm that covers the ground where probably the

other Mary lived. Certainly that was interesting. I then proceeded to tell the children the story of the sack of Deerfield; but when I had finished, little Willow Ward came forward with her *McMaster's Primary History of the United States*, and showed me on two well-thumbed pages the story I had just been telling, illustrated with some pictures. Then several other children exhibited their copies of the same excellent text-book, opened at the same page. These children were quite familiar with that story with which Mary Harris, living right there, had been so bitterly familiar; yet, of course, they had never dreamed that there was any connection between their history lesson and the Mary Harris who is today a half-mythical character in that region. The children were much interested to see a man who had actually been in that Deerfield of which their book told them—though not at the time of the massacre, I was careful to explain—and that a child who was stolen from that town had lived close by where they were. My visit to the little school was an exceedingly pleasant incident of my pursuit of what can be known about Mary Harris, the White Woman.

ANNUAL MEETING — 1925.

REPORT.

Another annual meeting of the famous Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has passed into history. This meeting held Tuesday afternoon and evening was largely attended. The afternoon meeting in the Council room at Memorial Hall, Deerfield, had an attendance that taxed the capacity of the room. In the absence of President John Sheldon, who was ill and unable to be present, Judge Francis Nims Thompson presided. The reports of Secretary William L. Harris and Treasurer John Sheldon, the latter read by George A. Sheldon, showed that the Association has had a busy and prosperous year. The report of the trustees of the Old Indian House Homestead was given by Mrs. Sheldon, of the trustees of the Sheldon Publishing Fund by Judge Thompson, of the trustees of the Permanent Fund by Miss Margaret Miller. All reflected the same degree of success that the secretary's and treasurer's reports had noted.

Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon read her report as curator. It showed that the Association and its Memorial Hall with its splendid collection of relics is becoming world famous. Following this came tributes to Mrs. Agnes Higginson Fuller, read by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller, to Albert A. Alexander, read by Ernest R. Alexander, to Miss Annie Cabot Putnam, read by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller and Rev. Richard E. Birks, read by Miss N. Theresa Mellen. These papers were deservedly fine tributes to the memory of late members of the Association.

Mrs. Sheldon then read a part of her paper on "Pitted Stones." The Association has one of the best collections of these relics of prehistoric days in New England. There has long been much conjecture as to their probable use and by whom they were used. Mrs. Sheldon has spent much time and given much research work to the stones. She has found

it is probable that they were used in the "Stone Age" as polishing and smoothing stones. Her paper was an exhaustive, carefully prepared, and interesting contribution.

An excellent supper was served by the women of Deerfield in the Academy Barn, which was offered the Association by Mr. Frank L. Boyden.

There was also a large attendance at the evening meeting. The papers were "Early New England Gravestones and who made them," by Mrs. Harriette Forbes of Worcester, a very interesting paper, and "A Journal of a campaign for the year 1776, against the British forces in Canada by the leave of Providence," contributed by Miss Ellen Brown of Leyden and read by Miss Ellen Minnie Hawks. A chorus of about 20 voices, directed by Jonathan P. Ashley, added much to the pleasure of the evening by singing the following numbers: "Jerusalem my glorious home," "Child of mortality," "Strike the cymbal," "Ocean," and "Cousin Jedediah."

At the business meeting these officers were elected; President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, F. N. Thompson, F. G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, John A. Aiken, Helen C. Boyden, Mary W. Fuller, E. A. Hawks, C. W. Hazelton, Lucy E. Henry, Margaret Miller, E. A. Newcomb, A. W. Root, George A. Sheldon, Mary P. Wells Smith, W. B. Browne, A. H. Tucker, Margaret C. Whiting, A. L. Wing.

E. A. Newcomb was re-elected trustee of the Permanent Fund. Judge Thompson was re-elected trustee of the Sheldon Publishing Fund.

At the Council meeting Mrs. Sheldon was re-elected curator and it was voted to publish a pamphlet by the late Historian Sheldon, entitled, *'Tis Sixty Years Since. The Passing of the Stall-fed Ox and the Farm Boy.*

REPORT OF CURATOR.

The Association has pursued the even tenor of its way through the year just closed; 8,586 persons have visited Memorial Hall, registering from 43 of our 48 States, from Canada, Mexico, Canal Zone, Porto Rico, England, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Persia, China, Ceylon, Egypt, South Africa, Hawaiian Islands, Japan and one from "Jerusalem, Palestine." It is interesting to note that in the cold month of February we had 51 visitors, representing 11 States, reaching from Massachusetts to Oregon and California.

An unusual number of schools have been represented either wholly or in part. These are: Green school, Bernardston, Enfield grammar school, Pudding Hollow school, Hawley, three classes from the Federal Street school, Greenfield, also the Four Corners school, Pleasant and Newton Street schools, Deerfield academy, Deerfield grammar school, Deerfield high school, Eaglebrook Lodge, Junior high school, Hinsdale, N. H., Vermont academy track team, Saxtons River, Vt., Athol high school, Wilbraham academy, Smith college and Mt. Holyoke college.

The following organizations have visited us: The Shakespeare club, Leicester, Appalachian Mountain club, Boston, a delegation from the Worcester Art Museum, National League of Girls' clubs, Northfield Conference, Cub Troop, No. 1, and the Good Word club, both from Greenfield.

One hundred and eighty-five contributions have been received, consisting of 67 books and pamphlets, 22 manuscripts and sermons and 96 miscellaneous articles. Other contributions have been offered, but being duplicates or without historic associations, have not been accepted.

The most notable gifts are the oil portraits of Obed Arms and his wife, Julia Wrisley; two elaborately quilted counterpanes in an almost perfect state of preservation, Manuscript sermons of Rev. Jonathan Ashley and a Journal kept by a Revolutionary soldier in 1776.

Another case, the gift of Miss Margaret Whiting and Miss

Ellen Miller, has been added to the Room of Domestic Productions; it is devoted to baby's garments and proves very attractive to visitors; so attractive, in fact, that some of them have wished to contribute to this particular case, and gifts have been received from Boston; Toledo, Ohio; Greenfield and Deerfield.

The library has received the valuable book, *Epitaphs in the Old Burying Ground at Deerfield, Mass.*, copied by C. Alice Baker and Emma L. Coleman.

The research work on Pitted Stones in our collection has resulted in the preparation of a paper, and in a possible solution of the problem of their use.

Last year the Library of Congress asked for a catalogue of our most valuable manuscripts. Such a catalogue is our imperative need, and it is hoped that one may be begun the coming year.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued cataloguing the yearly additions to the library, and in many thoughtful ways has helped to bring about the present excellent condition of Memorial Hall.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, Feb. 24, 1925.

NECROLOGY.

MRS. AGNES GORDON HIGGINSON FULLER.

BY ROBERT H. FULLER OF NEW YORK.

Agnes Gordon (Higginson) Fuller was neither born in Deerfield nor did she die here, though she lived in Deerfield practically all her life. She loved it beyond any other spot. It was her home.

She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on December 28, 1838, and died in Cambridge, on June 16, 1924.

She had lived for many years in the Christopher Stebbins house at the South End of Deerfield Street, which had been

bought and remodelled by her nephew, William H. Abercrombie, its present owner. She was preparing to return to it for the summer when she died.

Mrs. Fuller was of English ancestry, a direct descendant in the ninth generation from the Reverend Francis Higginson, who came out from England to Salem at the request of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England in 1629. Her father was Stephen Higginson, one of whose brothers was Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and her mother was Mrs. Agnes Gordon (Cochran) Higginson. The Higginsons are related to most of the older Boston families—the Cabots, Putnams, Lowells, Lees—and as a young girl she lived in the Boston atmosphere of refinement and the love of beautiful things. She attended the Cambridge School of Professor Louis Agassiz and later taught in it for a short time. Her early Boston friendships lasted all her life.

She was the fourth of ten children of whom only the sixth, Rear Admiral Francis John Higginson, U. S. N. (retired), Kingston N. Y., is still living.

Before she was born her parents decided to try new fortunes in the West. They went to the Michigan frontier with their children on one of the passenger boats which then plied on the Erie Canal. They settled where now is the City of Grand Rapids, and there their family was increased by the birth of Agnes. The Indians who inhabited that region used to stop at the house in which the family lived to see the little white baby.

The experiment in pioneering turned out to be not a success and the Higginson family soon sailed back through the locks and levels of the great canal highway. Thereafter, until they came to Deerfield, they lived near Boston in Cambridge, Jamaica Plain and Roxbury.

Stephen Higginson bought the southern half of the Jonathan Wells lot in Deerfield Street in 1853, from Dr. Joseph Goodhue. Agnes was then fifteen years old and with Annie, her older sister, and the only other girl in the family, she had learned to help in caring for the younger children, the last arrival being then one year old.

Although Deerfield was far from the surroundings in which her childhood had been passed, the girl found herself in the neighborhood of two branches of her family. Her paternal grandfather, Stephen Higginson, lived in Brattleboro, whither he had retired with two daughters after serving as steward of Harvard University from 1818 to 1827. Two other aunts, her mother's sisters, lived in Northampton.

Agnes Higginson came to Deerfield at an impressionable age. The wide expanse of the meadows, the Street shaded by its magnificent Cathedral elms, and the mountains which rose in the blue distance appealed strongly to her love of beauty. She was an attractive girl, with heavy golden hair, blue-gray eyes, clear skin, beneath which the blood came and went with her quick emotions, and a light, rounded figure. Her character was simple, sincere, straightforward and candid. She loved laughter, poetry and romance. She was a favorite with all who knew her.

Her mother had received the lessons in drawing and painting which were at that time a part of a girl's education. She continued to draw and paint all her life. She had unusual artistic talent and its indulgence was a never-failing resource. She transformed a small room adjoining her chamber in the Higginson house into a studio. For her own entertainment and the pleasure of her friends she sketched the characteristic Deerfield trees and fields and river both in oils and in pen and ink. She had a fine feeling for form and she evolved a remarkably effective method of her own in her pen and ink drawings.

The Higginsons made many friends both in Deerfield and in Greenfield. They soon became identified with the life of the town, and the seven years after their arrival were pleasant years. This brought Agnes to 1860 and the twenty-second year of her age.

Years before the Higginson family came to Deerfield, Aaron Fuller brought his family to a farm that he purchased at the Bars, two miles south of Deerfield Street. There he married as his second wife Fanny Negus of Petersham, whose brother, Nathan, showed remarkable talent as a painter before his early death, and there George Fuller was

born as the oldest child of this marriage in January, 1822. Before he came to Deerfield Aaron Fuller had had five children, the third of whom was Augustus, a deaf mute who became a portrait painter. George as a boy accompanied him on portrait expeditions about the country to act as his interpreter and to prevent advantage being taken of his infirmity. This association probably fanned the artistic spark that the boy had inherited through his mother and he, too, became an artist. He devoted himself to art with religious fervor. He studied and painted as a young man in Boston, Albany and New York, until the death of his father in 1859 called him back to the farm and compelled him temporarily to abandon painting.

George Fuller was thirty-seven years old, serious, handsome, with curling black hair, gray eyes and a full black beard. He fell in love with Agnes Higginson and she fell in love with him. Considering their characters, their environment and their tastes, it is difficult to see how they could have helped falling in love. They were married on October 17, 1861, and neither of them ever for a moment regretted it. The young bride went with her husband to live at the Bars, and while he lived her life was wholly merged with his.

By inheritance, education and association she had acquired appreciation of art and literature. Her uncle, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was one of the Concord transcendentalists. Another, Frank Sanborn, was among her earliest admirers. This brought her into touch with Emerson and Thoreau and with Nathaniel Hawthorne. One of the events of her girlhood was Thackeray's lecture in Greenfield, where she met the "lion" and exchanged a few words with him. She was familiar with all the best in American literary production and artistic achievement, but her modesty made her enjoyment personal rather than didactic and she never ventured either to press her own opinions or to try her own skill to learn whether she possessed any. She had a talent for happiness. The life on the farm was entirely new to her and in many respects it must have seemed difficult. But if she found any hardship in it, she did not complain. She was gifted with the sanity and self-control that prevent complaint

against discomforts which cannot be remedied. She tried always to make the best of everything. She loved fun and her laughter was always ready.

Her five children, four boys and one girl, were born at the Bars. She entered fully into their lives as a companion, always indulgent and sympathetic. Her mother and sister often drove down from the Street to see her and so did her father and her brothers when they were in Deerfield. Every Sunday she marshalled her family and drove up in the carry-all to the Brick Church to hear a sermon by Dr. Buckingham and to take dinner afterward at the Higginson house.

There was always something interesting there—her mother's latest sketch, a piece of lacquer, a fan or other curiosity sent home by her oldest brother, Stephen, from Java, where he was United States Consul, or by her younger brother, Francis, from some far shore where he had touched as an ensign or lieutenant in the Navy cruising about the world. And it was necessary always to try to get a glimpse of the white woodchuck that lived in a burrow in the lot behind the house before starting for home along the dusty road through the South Meadows with a basket of early red apples from the tree that overshadowed the croquet ground.

There was an evergreen hedge along the sidewalk in front of the Higginson house then, and a tall spruce tree on either side of the front entrance. The walls and roof were overgrown with grapevines. Poppies, larkspur, phlox and the other old-fashioned flowers blossomed in the garden south of the house.

William Dean Howells, who wrote the Memorial Volume on George Fuller after his death, asked Mrs. Fuller to supply him with an account of life on the farm at the Bars, and he quoted some of this in the Volume in her own words:

"In 1861 we were married," she wrote, "and I came to the farm to live. He said at that time that he should stay here about five years, and then affairs would be in running order and he could leave them and take up his brush again. The fact is, he never really laid it down, but carried on the two occupations at once. As his letters show he was much

taken with the idea of having a studio here, and painting away from the city, as he had seen some of the French painters do; so he at first painted in a room in the house, collecting all his things from New York and elsewhere, and afterward converted an old chaise-house into a studio, where he would shut himself up on Sundays and a great deal of the time in the winter. His subjects were his European sketches (made during a trip in 1860) and small landscapes with figures, an occasional portrait of a relative or friend often not finished, and his children, in all stages of growth and development."

Mrs. Fuller shared in this life to the fullest extent and she herself frequently posed for her husband. She was deeply interested in all that interested him and she always had entire confidence in him and his ability. She never attempted to advise or criticise and she never offered her opinion unless it was asked. She helped by her constant cheerfulness and by her ungrudging devotion to the household work that fell to her share. This was never easy, as everybody knows who has lived on a farm, and there were far fewer conveniences than there are now to lighten the work.

"His friend Edwin Billings would come in the summer," she continues, "and they would make some sketches out of doors. He [Mr. Fuller] painted with only a very distant thought of exhibition or critic, and often did not seem to care to save what he did. Such lovely pictures were rubbed out or scraped off that his nearest friends became discouraged and could not understand such perversity; but in his own mind he was only carrying out some idea plain to him, although hidden to us, and he never would explain. He never talked about what he was painting or was going to paint, but left us to our own perceptions to see or not. Once or twice he sent unimportant pictures to exhibitions, but no notice was taken of them, and he began to think he should never claim any of the world's attention, and if it had not been for the appreciation and sympathy of friends who came to see him occasionally he would have felt still more deserted. He was so buoyant and sanguine, however, and felt so much power in himself to compel everything to his own ends, that he

never seemed disheartened about anything. His interest and enthusiasm in his work never failed."

It is not difficult to read between the lines the sympathy and understanding that the young wife had for her husband, or the occasional impatience that she felt at his delay in taking the place in the art world that she believed he could take when he tried. Instead of five years, they spent fourteen on the farm, and there might never have been any painting, so absorbing and exacting is the game of chance called farming, had not the deflation period that followed the Civil war in 1875 put an end to it. Mr. Fuller had gone extensively into tobacco raising, making tobacco his chief crop. This required heavy outlay for barns, fertilizer and hired men. The money was borrowed in the spring and summer to be repaid, if all went well, when the tobacco was sold the following winter. This worked out for a time but in 1875 prices fell and the crop did not yield enough to meet the notes. Like scores of other farmers, Mr. Fuller became a bankrupt. The farm passed to the ownership of his half sister, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Abercrombie. But he continued to occupy it, eventually buying it back from her.

Farming had failed. Mr. Fuller turned to painting. During the following winter he finished a dozen pictures, and in February they were exhibited at Doll and Richards gallery then in Park street, Boston. They were individual and distinctive. The exhibition was a modest success.

This exhibition marked the realization of the dreams that had filled the mind of the romantic yet practical girl when she married the farmer-artist. She was thirty-eight years old and the mother of five children. She knew what hard work was. She had been shut up on the farm, tied down by exacting duties, since her marriage. Henceforth she was to spend her winters near Boston, where she could renew friendships and enjoy contact with the intellectual Boston life in which she had been brought up. It was a revival of her youth. The family took a house in Belmont, six miles from Boston, where they lived for several winters, returning to the farm for the summer. This was near enough to Boston to enable Mr. Fuller to go in and out every day to his studio in

Tremont street. There they met William Dean Howells, who was then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

This was a happy time for Mrs. Fuller. She cherished her friendships and in the circle of the Higginson family she was always a general favorite. Once more it was possible for her to see her Higginson Boston uncles—Waldo, who lived in Mt. Vernon street, and Thomas Wentworth, who had a house in Cambridge,—as well as her cousins in various degrees, who had been playmates of her girlhood. Besides, several of her brothers were in or near Boston and her mother lived with her sister, Annie, in Cambridge, where her father had died in 1870.

Return to the Boston atmosphere enabled her once more to see exhibitions of paintings, to go to the theatre and to teas and receptions and sometimes to the Sewing Circle or the meeting of a literary club.

After several years in Belmont the family moved to Brookline, where Mr. Fuller was near his sister, Mrs. Abercrombie. There he died after a brief illness, on March 21, 1884.

Mrs. Fuller, after the death of her husband, passed nearly all the remainder of her life in Deerfield, going to Boston or one of its suburbs every winter. At first she continued living on the farm at the Bars, but in 1896 she and her other children sold their interest in it to her eldest son, George Spencer, and it is still carried on by his elder son, George Fuller.

During the next few years Mrs. Fuller went to Europe, spent a summer on the Maine coast and two other summers near her sister in Magnolia, Massachusetts. She then boarded in Deerfield Street for several years, passing the winters in Boston and later taking a house in Jamaica Plain. Meantime Mrs. Abercrombie had built a house for herself at the South End, overlooking the meadows toward Mill Village and the Bars, and she bought the adjoining Christopher Stebbins property, which Mrs. Fuller rented in 1900. She moved her winter quarters from Jamaica Plain to an apartment in Berkeley Street, Cambridge, in 1906. After that she divided her time between these two dwellings until she died.

Although she had many friends and intimate associations in and about Boston, Mrs. Fuller loved Deerfield best. She left it with reluctance in the fall, lingering until the leaves had fallen after the annually repeated brilliant display of colors had melted in the soft haze of Indian summer. Each year she looked forward eagerly to her return, planning long in advance every detail of the move which, as her age advanced, became increasingly an event of greater difficulty and hazard. She was never entirely content when she was away from Deerfield. Even during her absences she kept in touch with what was going on here, through the letters and visits of members of her family who lived in Deerfield the year round, and through the weekly reports of Deerfield occurrences in the *Gazette and Courier*.

While she took keen interest in Deerfield life, she was interested also to the day of her death in the life of the world. Every day she read the newspapers, or had them read to her when she could not do it for herself. Thus she followed the great debates in Congress and the unfolding of issues in political campaigns, and she formed her own opinions. It was characteristic of her that these opinions were always liberal. She understood and sympathized with progressive thought and with modern points of view. But she had no sympathy with the socialistic contentions which have lately been so loudly discussed. To her they did not seem practical.

She was unusually charitable in her judgments. It is impossible even for those who were constantly with her to recall an ill-natured criticism. She saw some good in even the worst and she preferred to dwell upon that rather than upon what was bad. She sympathized with misfortune, whether deserved or not, and she never failed to do what was in her power to relieve it. While she understood human nature, she pitied its weaknesses and preferred to pass them over in silence.

She lived more than forty years after her husband's death and during all this time she was the head of her family, deeply interested in every detail of the lives of her children, in addition to managing her own two households.

The years of her life enabled her to watch the march of

great events. The first years of her marriage were identified with the Civil war, in which her brothers and many of her girlhood friends took part. She always retained a vivid remembrance of that great struggle. She lived through the war with Spain and she followed with breathless interest the long-drawn catastrophe of the World war. She saw the great West settled and the transcontinental railroad take the place of the canal boat which brought her East from her birthplace in Michigan. She saw the clipper ship driven from the sea by the steamship and she witnessed the development of navigation under the ocean and through the air. She lived to see the successive marvels of invention which have produced the telegraph, the telephone and wireless communication and have given the world a thousand machine-made products instead of those made by hand. She followed the development of all these marvels with the keenest interest.

She bore with patience the sorrows and misfortunes that are incident to existence. She never complained of the inevitable. She was always optimistic in her anticipations of the future. She loved her friends and her memories and her books. She loved the world she lived in. She was courageous and gentle. On the whole her long life was a happy one.

Mrs. Fuller became a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in 1905 and she was made a Councillor in 1906.

RICHARD ELLIOTT BIRKS.

BY ALFRED W. BIRKS.

Richard Elliott Birks was born in Stony Middleton, Derbyshire, England, on February 13, 1846, and died in Bernardston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., on January 21, 1925.

Any correct understanding of the life of Richard Birks depends upon a knowledge of his antecedents. His father was the Rev. William Birks, who in turn was the spiritual

heir and nephew of Rev. Richard Elliott. The latter started life as a druggist in Oxford, England, but coming under the influence of the Wesleys he joined the Methodist movement, and was soon recognized as a powerful preacher, and as an earnest worker for the social and economic betterment of the conditions surrounding the poorer classes. The nephew, William Birks, entered the Methodist ministry under the influence of his uncle, and soon made a name for himself as preacher, educator and lecturer. But William Birks in time made his way into the Unitarian ministry, and it was to this interpretation of Christianity that he dedicated his three sons, John, William Jr., and Richard Elliott. The two first-named were educated for the ministry in England, and gave their lives to it. But the father dying before Richard had entered college, the latter had to make his own way in the world, and his first wages as a painter and decorator helped to keep the home together while the elder brothers completed their education.

Then the wander-lust, always a factor in his life, sent Richard across the Atlantic, and many an amusing story has he told of those youthful days in Canada and in various parts of the United States. As a skilled painter and decorator he worked on the Masonic Temple and the Boston Theatre and other important buildings. He went as far west as Indianapolis. But all this did not come at once. Richard interrupted his American experiences by a return to England, when he occupied himself with work and study. But England could not keep him, and it was on his second visit to Boston that he met Margaret Lang, who soon became his wife. Little did that young couple—he 20, and she 18—realize that 58 years would lapse before the final parting.

It was in 1872 that Richard and Margaret, with two little children now dependent on them, sailed for Richard's homeland, there to fulfil the father's wish that all his sons should enter the Unitarian ministry. And for twenty years they worked together faithfully and successfully, earning the love and respect of their people, and the esteem of the leaders of the denomination. Five more children were born to them,

making seven in all. But of their three sons, only one grew to manhood.

Again America called, and in 1892 the family crossed the Atlantic for the last time. Richard Birks brought with him some splendid letters from religious leaders in England, but it was four years before he was given a chance to preach in America, and during that time he went back to his old trade as painter and decorator. He proved that he was quite capable of earning his living in this way, and samples of his work are still to be found in this neighborhood. But after twenty years of scholastic life the physical strain was too much, and these four years of manual work left their mark upon him.

In 1896, however, Richard Birks was given a call to the Unitarian church in Bernardston, and he entered upon his chosen career with joy. Bernardston, Deerfield, Montague. For twenty years he labored with undiminished zeal in these three Franklin County towns, and you who were his friends and co-workers know to what good purpose he worked.

In 1916 failing physical powers got the better of an eager and alert mind. Richard Birks had run his course. He heard the voice of the Master saying, "Well done." He knew that he had fulfilled his father's wish, and that he could preach no longer. Back to Bernardston with faltering footsteps, with eyes growing dim and ears that failed to catch the less distinct utterances, but with mind and memory faithful servants of an undying will.

For eight and a half years he lived in the little cottage in Bernardston Center, loved and cared for by family and friends, often reminded of the esteem in which his adopted country held him. Richard and Margaret celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. They saw their son depart for the Great War, and they saw him return in safety. The one son they had succeeded in raising, and whom they had in their turn dedicated to the Christian ministry. And at Christmas, 1924, children and grandchildren to the number of ten helped them celebrate in the good old-fashioned way. The cup of life was indeed full.

Richard Birks may be described as a man who fell short

of greatness in one thing because he was so good at many things.

Painter and decorator. Masters of the craft recognized in him not merely a painter, but an artist. He had a delicate eye for color, and his freehand drawings were almost perfect. He was a master of the art of graining, now practically lost. His lettering for signs was marvelously accurate. He was an expert at frescoing and scene-painting. His drawings from nature and from life showed great promise. The great American marine painters, Norton and Halsall, both acknowledged their indebtedness to him in their early years.

Musician. Richard Birks was an accomplished musician, although he was practically self-taught. As a youth he joined the Canadian Royal Horse Artillery, but he was quickly transferred to the Regimental band when his talents were discovered. Later in life he took great interest in organizing bands among the young people of his churches. At Douglas, in the Isle of Man, he had a brass band of about thirty pieces, trained and conducted by himself, which was recognized as the best band on the island. Many of you remember the Bernardston band, his last venture along these lines. He could also play the church organ, and repair it, too, if occasion required. He had a splendid singing voice, of unusually wide range.

Preacher and Organizer. During his English ministry Richard Birks taught himself the printer's trade, in order to publish a monthly religious magazine. He bought a small press, and some cases of type, and with these installed in the basement of his home, he launched this new venture with considerable success.

Although he never took a single course in college, Richard Birks was a splendidly educated man. As boy and youth, and indeed all through his life, he was an inveterate reader, and what he read he remembered. While he was working as a painter he attended night schools and lectures constantly. He made a point of meeting the lecturers and asking for advice as to courses of reading. He went to ministers and professors for similar advice, and plunged into the courses mapped out by them. The result was

that when he entered the ministry in 1872 he was able to hold his own in the most learned company. He was soon in great demand as both preacher and lecturer, and so many calls did he receive from churches that he was never without a pastorate for a single day. He was known as a forceful preacher, who always had something to say worth hearing. His fine voice was a powerful asset. But in his English ministry his great record was made as an organizer and home missionary. Many a decadent church was revived and rebuilt by Richard Birks. In one city he re-opened two churches which had been closed for many years, and rebuilt one of them. When he left this place both churches were alive and active, with interested congregations. Wherever he went he drew people to him by the strength of his personality, and his genius for organization enabled him to weld them into a lasting institution. He appealed to high and low, rich and poor, for all recognized his sincerity and honest sympathy.

You of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and the friends of Franklin County, have known Richard Birks for nearly thirty years. You do not need this sketch of a life which is as an open book to you. One of the chief joys of that life was in historical research, and among you he was always at home. He delighted in your meetings, and he was never too busy to contribute valuable papers to your *Proceedings*. When he went to England for a vacation in 1910 he spent much of his time searching the records for items of interest to you, and these were later incorporated in papers read at your meetings. Some of the relics and pictures which he secured at that time are now in your museum. You honored him with official responsibilities, and these he accepted gladly until failing faculties forced his resignation as Recording Secretary, though he was Vice-president to the end. Now, at your request, I make this contribution to your archives, believing with you that such a permanent record is due to him as well as to you.

ANNIE CABOT PUTNAM.

BY MARY W. FULLER.

In 1885 Madeleine Yale Wynne and Annie Cabot Putnam bought the old house opposite the brick church; the Willard house we called it in those days.

Probably no one who has not been born and bred in a conservative New England village can quite understand the intense feeling of ownership that is indigenous in the older members of such a community. To have this splendid old home pass into the hands of strangers, this, one of the finest, if not the very finest of the town, to belong no longer to those we knew and those whose roots went far back in our annals, this seemed to some of the more strictly seclusive families little short of sacrilege. It took several months of closest, apprehensive observation of these new comers and their ways before the change could be approved. Even the young people of the village shared this feeling, and I can well recall what an innovation it seemed. One visit to the new household served, however, wholly to dispel this prejudice, and to make me forever grateful that the beloved old mansion had fallen into such artistic and sympathetic hands. Of Mrs. Yale who wrote *The Story of the Willard House*, I do not need to speak, nor of her gifted daughter, Madeleine Wynne, but of Annie Putnam, who in her quiet, unobtrusive way might seem at first overshadowed by the two other members of the household, I want to say a few words. Annie Cabot Putnam was born in Boston in 1850. She came from the very best of Boston's old families, her ancestors had been leaders in all the noble movements of our early New England colonies, all men of the greatest usefulness in their times. Many a rare strain of culture and good breeding met in her veins. Her grandfather, Dr. Jackson, was long a much beloved doctor in Boston, as were also her two brothers, Charles and James Putnam.

Brought up in a home of the greatest refinement and cul-

ture, she was, however, wholly free from the proverbial Boston snobbishness, and counted many a lowly soul her friend; she had ever a pleasant greeting for all sorts and conditions of men. So well did she adapt herself to our village life that she soon ceased to be an outsider, and entered into all Deerfield's interests. At the time of the famous summer school she brought many interesting people here, among them William James, Edward Emerson and others. A real veneration for the past led her to be interested in the P. V. M. A., of which she became a member. Her interest in the restoration of the old Willard house was unfailing and most enthusiastic, no detail was too small to be given the utmost care. She was indefatigable in hunting up old panelling and old door latches, and in making everything harmonious, in keeping, even bringing many of her family heirlooms to add to the beauty of the old rooms. This was the first house to be thus suitably restored and it was surely a fine example to be followed.

The old Manse, as it was now called, became a center of hospitality for all who cared for the things they had to offer, music, pictures, brilliant conversation and the best that life contained. To be a part of those gatherings was something to cherish in one's memory.

Much of Annie Putnam's life was devoted to the study of art. She painted well and loved it greatly. Music also was a favorite occupation; not only did she play the piano, but she mastered the difficulties of the violoncello sufficiently to take part in trios acceptably. So true was her ear that for one of our musical events at Frary house, she tuned a set of inverted flower pots, hung upon a rope, and played melodies upon them, surprising everybody by their beautiful tone. She began her study of art in Boston in the late seventies in the studio of Frederick Crowninshield. In the early eighties she went to Florence, and while there she met Madeleine Wynne, and then began a devoted friendship, which was to last as long as life itself. After that they were never long separated. For a number of years they had a studio in Boston where they did metal work as well as painting, usually spending their summers in Deerfield. After the death of

Mrs. Wynne's mother and brother they went to Tryon, N. C., to spend their winters, until the death of Mrs. Wynne in 1918. Miss Putnam did not long survive the great loss of her dear friend; she died in August, 1924.

Intense loyalty was Annie Putnam's strongest characteristic, loyalty to her family and to her friends, a devotion capable of much sacrifice. Under a quiet, rather reserved exterior there beat a passionately warm heart. She possessed a charming, gentle dignity together with a very delightful vein of subdued, yet keen humor. She loved all the ridiculous little happenings of life and would repeat them most amusingly, but never maliciously; indeed, her estimates of people and things were always kindly. Her good judgment and her gracious way of doing difficult things won many a battle, and always respect for her.

Deerfield was fortunate to have had her call it home for the twenty years or so that she was here.

ALBERT A. ALEXANDER.

BY ERNEST R. ALEXANDER.

Albert A. Alexander was a direct descendant of those rugged pioneers of the Connecticut valley, who, taking their lives in their hands, left the more mature settlements and struck out into the wilderness lying farther north; there, if possible, to establish for themselves a home.

In the history of the town of Northfield one may read that in the year 1670 four courageous men set out from the town of Northampton on an expedition of exploration, which was to take them to that region on the Connecticut river lying between what is now the Ashuelot river and Turners Falls.

It would appear from what followed, that the inspection of these lands created in the hearts of these men the desire to possess, for these four with a number of others, petitioned for a land grant in that section, which after some consider-

able delay was allowed. Accordingly, then and there sprang into being that settlement which was to become the town of Northfield.

Among the four who first explored and then settled this region was one George Alexander who, with his family, chose this beautiful but perilous frontier for a new home; and thereafter for over a century, the direct descendants of George, who were also the ancestors of the subject of this sketch, were deep in the civil and military affairs of the town and colony.

There was George's son John, John's son the well-known Captain Ebenezer, his son Ebenezer the deacon, Asa, and finally Thaddeus, the sixth in direct line. Thaddeus was apparently possessed of the same desire to explore that had inspired his worthy ancestor, for in about 1790 at the age of twenty-four, he in turn struck out to the north in quest of a new home, and finally lodged in a beautiful little Vermont valley, where is situated the town of Athens.

Thaddeus was the father of nine children, one of whom was Lyman. When grown to manhood Lyman married Maria Chamberlain of Townshend, and of this union there were five children, of whom Albert A. Alexander, the subject of this sketch, was the third son, born March 5, 1835.

Because the two older brothers elected to gain their livelihoods in other fields, Albert remained at home to assist in the affairs of the farm, and there he spent his youth and early manhood. On November 24th, 1865, he married Mrs. Clara Waters Blandin of Townshend, and of this marriage were born two sons, both of whom died in childhood.

In 1872 he left Athens to make a home in Greenfield, Massachusetts, where he continued to engage in farming. He built the house which is now on the westerly side of the Bernardston road, north of Silver street, and in which house the writer was born.

In 1878 Albert A. Alexander took up his residence in the village in the house at 61 Pleasant street, known then as the "round house," and sometimes designated as the "Ink Well" house. In 1882 he bought the home at 17 Leonard street, where he lived for forty-two years, until his death on March 29th, 1924.

At the time he moved into the village he took up the arduous occupation of stone-mason, which occupation he followed until his retirement from active labor fifteen years ago.

The results of his endeavors in his chosen labor were not spectacular; he built no towering monuments, nor beautiful arches, but there are many homes in Greenfield built on the solid foundations wrought by "Deacon" Alexander, who was wont to affirm that it would remain as laid; and it is a matter of great personal satisfaction to the writer that his own fortunes have led him to a residence on Orchard street, directly opposite the pine grove of Judge John A. Aiken, which is almost surrounded by a stone-wall fashioned by the hands of his father.

"Deacon" Albert Alexander was never, to the writer's knowledge, a deacon in the church. By whom this title was bestowed and the reason for its bestowal is not definitely known; but if one might hazard a guess it would be, that it was so given him because of his faithful service as sexton of the Second church.

The church was one of his greatest joys. He loved its history, he loved and lived its teachings. Not only did he love the church, but he loved the church building; the church property was his to care for and this he did with the same deep sense of duty with which he performed all his other obligations. Was it a bitter cold Sunday, then must the fires be tended all the night before if need be. Should there be a deep snow, it must be cleared away ready for the Sabbath worshippers, and the bell, yes, the bell must ring precisely at the appointed hour.

Once the Deacon's little boy came to the church with father. He was only four years old, but he loved to help ring the bell. He seized the rope; suddenly the great bell turned, and up in the air shot the little boy, still grasping the rope and badly frightened; but presently he was in father's arms looking into twinkling eyes.

Those twinkling eyes were the windows of a soul that looked on life and found it good. He loved everybody. In his eyes no man had a right to bear malice toward another,

and this calm, sweet trust in his fellow-men, together with an ever present sense of humor, made him a delightful companion.

His life throughout was sweetened by his great love for music, in which he had a fine discrimination, and any musical event considered worth while always found him among those present. The possessor of a fine bass voice, in his younger days he journeyed far and near to participate in the music festivities of his immediate vicinity, and Sunday usually found him in the church choir of the village wherein he lived.

During the declining years of his life he was blessed by the same rugged health and mental serenity which were his from early youth; so that to the day of his passing away, he was keenly interested in men and affairs; an upright, conscientious citizen, a sweet-tempered and interesting companion, a pure and gentle man.

PITTED STONES.

In the Collection of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association—Paper (in part) by J. M. Arms Sheldon.¹

In 1906 Mr. Sheldon and I were working on the Pitted Stones in our collection. The work was interrupted, but our observations were written down and ran as follows:

Our collection contains about 340 Pitted Stones having one or more pits or depressions on one or more surfaces. The majority have distinct pits while a few have the depressions obscurely defined. Most of the specimens have been collected within a radius of four miles of Memorial Hall; they have not been found so far in any numbers in adjoining towns.

Beside the local collection there are four specimens from

¹ For full paper see *Pitted Stones* by J. M. Arms Sheldon, pp. 65, 50 illustrations, 1925. E. L. Hildreth & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

the head waters of the Susquehanna, one from Westminster, Vt., one from Fort Hinsdale, N. H., and one from Indiana.

Our work has been chiefly on the hand specimens with two or four pits omitting (excepting in the correspondence in Part II) the massive, many-pitted stones which must have served a different purpose from that of the hand specimen.

These Pitted Stones with two or four pits challenge the historic and archaeological student to close observation and extended research. In this investigation the answers to two questions are sought—questions which are asked repeatedly by visitors to our Memorial Hall. They are: For what purpose are Pitted Stones made? Who made Pitted Stones?

Speaking generally, the Pitted Stone which we are considering is a more or less oval or circular, flattened water or ice worn pebble, with a pit near the center of each of the broad, flattened surfaces. The pit, it would seem, is the only artificial mark on the stone, that is to say, the only mark made by human agency. This typical Pitted Stone is a convenient size to hold in the hand.

(Here follows a minute description of 31 typical specimens in the collection which were exhibited.)

Part II considers the different theories in regard to the use of Pitted Stones, and states that the consensus of opinion is that they are hammer stones, used, largely, for cracking nuts. An extended correspondence is given between Mr. Sheldon and leading archaeologists and ethnologists of the day.

PART III

In the spring of 1921 continuous work on Pitted Stones was begun. Mr. Sheldon, who had initiated the research, had been obliged to drop it unfinished. I found that the collection at this date numbered 357 specimens, additions having been received in the intervening years. There were 309 stones on Table J, 39 in the Johnson collection, and 9 specimens scattered in other individual collections. Table J is 14 feet long, 3 feet wide and is entirely covered with Pitted Stones.

After handling ninety of these specimens, *at one sitting*,

I became conscious of a soft, more or less flattened spot or area on the surface of many of the stones, the fingers revealing what the eyes did not always detect. I say "soft" because it describes the sensation as the hand passes over the stone. Every one would describe a water worn pebble as smooth, just as one would speak of cotton cloth as smooth, but when the fingers pass from cotton cloth to satin they detect roughness in one and softness in the other. Just so the fingers detect a certain hardness, suggestive of grittiness, in the smooth pebble and softness in the spot or area. Inasmuch, however, as the word soft may be misleading, giving the impression that the area is not hard, I will use the word smooth, though it does not quite adequately describe the sensation.

At first, owing to preconceived notions, I thought the smooth area was eroded by water. Then I discovered that this area always either cut the edge of the stone, or lay along close to the edge. We all know Nature does not work this way. She does not select a particular part of a pebble and erode that part in a host of specimens.

It was now I began the work over again, looking, or it would be better to say, feeling for the smooth spot. In the 213 specimens examined, I found the spot in 101 of the 102 granite and quartzite stones (the one that did not have it was broken); in 45 of the 45 greenstone specimens; in 10 of the 10 lava stones; in 2 of the 2 mica schist stones; in 20 of the 21 slate stones; and in 30 of the 33 sandstone fragments. Sometimes there was not only one smooth spot on the stone, but two, three and even five such areas; these were especially noticeable on the sandstone specimens.

On close examination the smooth area showed no signs of battering; the edges of the area were not jagged with tiny bits broken out; there were no cracks; in short, there were absolutely no proofs that these stones were ever hammers for cracking nuts or chipping flint implements. A hammer is a tool for pounding something; it may be a nut, a piece of flint, or a boulder. It would seem that there was no more reason for calling these stones "hammers" than for calling a polishing flatiron a hammer.

The trained observer notes a difference in color between the surface of the pebble and that of the smooth area; sometimes the difference is barely perceptible, but in most cases it is pronounced, the hue of the smooth spot being fresher than that of the more weather worn pebble. This tends to prove that the area has not been subjected to weather influences so long as the rest of the pebble. In some cases this area is darker than the surrounding parts; in others, lighter; often it looks as if an outer layer had been rubbed off; the longer one looks at it the clearer its outline grows, and in a good light this outline can almost always be easily sketched. When there is nothing else to prove the existence of the area, the outline and the difference in color are sure to tell the tale.

We have now seen that the typical Pitted Stone has not only pits made by human agency, but also one or more smooth, flattened areas. This statement applies, as we already know, to the majority of Pitted Stones in our collection.

(This subject was finely illustrated by photographs made by Samuel Morris Holden with great care to bring out the important features of each stone.)

Here we have something that cannot be ignored, something to be reckoned with. What made these smooth areas?

Holding the stone with the thumb and middle finger fitting naturally into the pits, and the index finger resting lightly on the edge, while the flattened area is below, one involuntarily begins to rub whatever object is at hand. It all comes about so naturally you say, "These stones must have been used for rubbing something." Then the question asks itself, "What things were rubbed by the Stone Age man?"

(Part IV seeks to answer this question by references scattered here and there through many scientific works.) A vast number of implements, ornaments and problematical forms were polished, and, therefore, it is surely evident there must have been "rubbers" or polishers. The terms "rubbers" and "rubbing stones" have been applied to, at least, three different relics, and consequently are undesirable. The term "rubbing stone" states simply that the stone was used for rubbing, but does not tell why it was so used. On the other hand, the terms smoothers and polishers convey a notion

of why rubbing was done. For these reasons and because many implements and ornaments were always smoothed and usually polished, we prefer to call these stones Pitted Smoothers and Polishers.

The first question, "Pitted Stones were made for what purpose?" has now been answered with what seems a great degree of certainty. The second question, "Who made Pitted Stones?" takes us into the field of speculative research.

(Part V takes up the subject of prehistoric man in Eastern North America, beginning with the possible date of 42,000 years ago and coming down to present tribes of historic native Americans.)

The period from Pleistocene or possibly Eocene times to about 12,000 years ago includes, probably, the Palaeolithic or Rough Stone Age, when aboriginal man was developing and training himself, albeit unconsciously, by grappling with and conquering his environment.

Anthropologists hold different views in regard to the beginning of the Neolithic or Polished Stone Age, but modern research favors the view that it began about 12,000 years ago. It is this Polished Stone Age that interests us especially, because the Pitted Stones fall naturally and significantly into this age, and the logical conclusion may be drawn that they were made and used by the people of Neolithic times.

But what do we know about Eastern North America 12,000 years ago? or 5,000 years, or even 2,000 years? We know something, it is true, of a very ancient people.

The carefully conducted scientific work of Warren K. Moorehead, in the region now known as the state of Maine, has led to important discoveries. His conclusions are the result of explorations covering several years, and the examination in Maine of 440 graves; consequently, they are most valuable. Professor Moorehead finds sufficient evidence to maintain that the Red Paint People who inhabited this region antedated the Algonkin Indians of New England and belonged to "high antiquity." In their graves their skeletons have almost wholly disappeared, and only the stony possessions placed with the bodies remain for close study.

These prove that their culture is not that of the Algonkins,

and their implements, ornaments, etc., are different. It is interesting to note that "Up to the present time [1922] not a single piece of pottery, or any grooved axe, no tablet-shaped ornament, stone pipe, bone or shell ornament, scraper, grooved hammer or thick, oval celt has been found in any of their graves." The Red Paint People are characterized by their gouges. The edges of many of these gouges are "ground as sharp as stone can be worked." Each tool, after shaping, was given a high polish. In fact the gouges show "a skill in stoneworking, grinding and polishing not exhibited elsewhere in the world." In the graves there were pendants, long, slender slate spear points "highly polished." Many of the hatchets and adze blades show high polish. These people surely belonged to the Polished Stone Age.

Throughout the report no mention is made of Pitted Stones, and in a letter from Professor Moorehead, under date of November 28, 1923, he states that the "hammer stones" of which a considerable number was found in the graves, were not pitted. Either these people did not bury their pitted polishers or else they polished their belongings in some other way.

After the above was written I visited the archaeological museum of Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., and through the kindness of its curator, Professor Moorehead, and his secretary, Mrs. Gladys M. Salta, I had the opportunity of examining the relics. I found that some of the "hammer stones" though not pitted, had unmistakable smooth spots which were revealed by the "feel" and the difference in color. Some of the small, water worn pebbles also had smooth areas. I, therefore, venture the suggestion that the implements of the Red Paint People were polished by stones without pits. It may be that the thought of pitting the stones had not developed in the mind of this ancient, prehistoric race.

SUMMARY.

Part I is largely a description of the Pitted Stones in the collection of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, illustrated by photographs taken by Miss Mary E. Allen. This work covered the period from 1906 to 1909.

Part II is a discussion of theories carried on by correspondence, during 1906, 1908-09, between George Sheldon, curator of Memorial Hall, and several leading archaeologists and ethnologists.

Part III is a continuance in 1921-23 of the descriptive work of 1906-09. By additional illustrations, the work of Samuel Morris Holden, this part aims to prove that the Pitted Stones were not hammers as generally held, but were used for smoothing and polishing implements, ornaments, etc., and, therefore, may be called Pitted Polishers.

Part IV is devoted to references from scientific works to stones used for rubbing and polishing, concluding with the answer to the question, "Pitted Stones were used for what purpose?"

Part V considers aboriginal man in Eastern North America in the hope of throwing light on the question, "Who made Pitted Stones?"

While in all probability they were made by Neolithic man we cannot yet say what race originated their use. We know, however, that pebbles are valued possessions of savage man, and it is reasonable to suppose that Pitted Stones were brought into existence by prehistoric people who lived during the Neolithic period; that is, from about 12,000 to 5,000 years ago.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND GRAVESTONES AND THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

BY HARRIETTE M. FORBES OF WORCESTER.

For many years the handicraft of our ancestors was almost unnoticed; the nineteenth century preferred their own machine-made mouldings and furniture, and if they considered at all the work of their predecessors, it was to congratulate themselves on their own greater ability and rapidity in attaining a given end. The result was not just the same—but even better, as machine work is always more perfect than that done by hand.

And consequently as the machine was greater than the man, they forgot the man. Just why the twentieth century has swung back to things colonial, and asks who designed that church or house, who carved the beautiful mantels and door and window frames, and many other queries of similar import, is too big a question to consider here. "Antiques" are greatly desired, expensive books treat of the early glass, pewter, wall-paper and samplers; and even the hooked rugs of our ancestors, homely as most of them are, are occupying a much higher place in the social scale than they did sixty or a hundred years ago.

So it is not strange or incompatible with the new mode of thought, that when we visit the old burying-grounds and remember that the last century did so, usually in quest of what they called quaint and grotesque in design and especially in epitaph, we look for beauty and artistic feeling.

And we find it abundantly. And then we ask who did these beautiful carvings, and where were they done? And the historian, if he undertakes to answer the question at all, does so briefly and a little dogmatically, by saying they were all done in England or Scotland, and brought over with borders or designs upon them for some local stone cutter to add the necessary lettering. This idea is partly borne out by the fact that many, perhaps the majority, of the best of the old slate stones are, the geologists tell us, similar to the slate of England and Wales and unlike that found near Boston. But if they had been carved before they had been brought to this country there would surely be among early bills of lading, some entries of gravestones; and the work of selling them to those needing them would have been almost entirely in the hands of the merchants. As a matter of fact, it was the stone cutter himself who received payment, as witness the few very early accounts which mention the matter at all.

In 1683 an inventory was taken of the property of John Winslow, merchant of Boston, and among the items was "slate in the yard," and among the debts owing from the estate was "To Nathaniel Pierce for y^e slate £17.0.0-." We are not told what kind of slate this was; it may have been for roofs or ovens or other purpose, but Nathaniel Pierce

was son of a sea captain and probably followed the sea himself. This may have been imported slate, but it was not gravestones.

As we look at these old stones we must not lose sight of the fact that our predecessors, and especially the men who made them, looked at them with different eyes from ours. The death's head which they usually bore was a sermon to them, a reminder that in the midst of life we are in death, yet with Northumberland in Richard II, even through the hollow eyes of death they spied life peering.

They were not accustomed to much choice in regard to any of their acquisitions. They ate what others did, they wore the same kind of cloth, bought the same pewter and china; usually there was only one thing to have, and they took it without question or comment.

Although as we look at the old gravestones some seem so much finer and more desirable than others, the people of that period could not select and choose, unless they lived in Boston or some equally large place where there was more than one man with such wares to sell. In the smaller places they probably ordered them as did David Foster in the pathetic little letter quoted by Miss Bailey in her *Historical Sketches of Andover*:—

“Mr. Robert Mullican of Bradford, Sir. pray make, for me Two Grave Stones, one for David Foster jeuner of Andover; who died the 22; day of December; in the year of our Lord: 1736, in the 20th year of his age; the son of David and Lidea Foster of Andover.

And one for Lidea Foster, the daughter of David and Lidea Foster of Andover; who died in the 17th year of her age in the year of our Lord 1736 and when they are made; send me word; and I will come and pay you for them.

David Foster.

And one for Isaac Foster; the son of Joshua and Mary Foster of Andover who died in the 3; year of his age; in the year 1738. Pray send me word when it is made; and I will satisfie you for it. Let them all be made; before you send us word the 3 day of April 1739.”

Robert Mullican made the stones as near the prevailing style as his skill and "working tools" permitted. And David Foster accepted and paid for them.

Previous to 1680 the accounts made out in the settlement of estates were very much condensed, "debts due the estate" and "debts due from the estate" usually being the only two items. And when they were more detailed, only the name of the man to whom the money was owed was recorded, and we are left in ignorance as to what the debt was for. In fact, it is not until 1695 that we find in the account of Moses Draper's estate in Suffolk County an entry, "To Mr. Mumford for Grave Stones £1.10." We have, however, some years before this, as early as 1688, found items, "Paid William Mumford £1.10.0." In 1692 the estate of Jeremiah Fitch paid William Mumford £.5.0. Two of these stones, that of Moses Draper at Copp's Hill and Jeremiah Fitch in the Granary, are still standing although the latter has lost its upper half, and from them we can learn William Mumford's style of workmanship.

In the accounts rendered by executors or administrators and recorded in Suffolk County Probate Records, we find William Mumford mentioned about twenty times. In only eight of these cases is it distinctly stated that he was paid for gravestones, the others simply giving the amount of the bill and sometimes adding the words "stone cutter" to Mumford's name. The bills were generally for one or two pounds, and consequently we only know the smaller stones as being certainly done by him. Comparing, however, the work, design and lettering on these smaller stones with many of those larger and more beautiful of the same period, it would seem that they, too, must have been from his hand.

When Judge Sewall in 1692 wanted wrought "coins" for his house he sent to London for them. Had he done the same for his father's gravestone in 1701 we should probably have found it recorded in his letter-book. As there is no mention of it we decide that he bought the stone in Boston, and we find in Newbury over Henry Sewall's grave a large, beautiful gravestone showing many of William Mumford's characteristics, especially the death symbol with its round

head, broad forehead, heavy lines above and below the teeth, and withal a young, cheerful expression which is quite different from the more melancholy look of those wrought by some of his contemporaries.

Before we turn our attention to the other early stone cutters of Boston it may be interesting to briefly consider William Mumford as a man and citizen.

A Quaker, probably from Worcestershire, he makes a rather stagey entrance into Boston history on a certain day in August, 1677, when a meeting held by the Quakers is brought to a violent close by the Town authorities and the worshippers, after the custom of those days, are whipped through the public streets.

The names of fifteen of that little company, perhaps all that were present, were kept as a sacred memory in the unpublished annals of the Quakers, and one hundred and fifty years afterwards were first recorded in a history of Boston. Of those, however, who so rudely broke in upon their devotions we know nothing. We venture the guess that William Mumford later made gravestones for some of them and what little fame now attaches to their names he gave to them.

He was a mason and slater as well as stone cutter, eking out by these means what would otherwise have been a rather meagre livelihood. But he evidently preferred his title of stone cutter and his heart was in that part of his work.

Later he became one of the founders and proprietors of Sutton, the only one whose name is still used there in Mumford River and Mumford Street. But he is best known in Boston history as the builder and moving spirit of the two Quaker churches, one following the other on land bought by him.

He lived very near Copp's Hill; his house, an old one bought of Jonathan Copp, was on the beach and probably was William Copp's old home, the William Copp for whom the hill and old burying ground were named. He married Ruth, and we wonder if she was not the Ruth Copp who was living unmarried when her father made his will in 1662, a girl then of nineteen years. Mumford was married sometime

before 1671, when his daughter Ruth was born. He died in 1718 and is buried, not with the Quakers, as we should expect, but almost in the center of Copp's Hill. We imagine he chose the spot because nothing doubting that at the General Resurrection Day he should receive again his own body, he wished to lie where his eyes would first rest on his old home and the beach by his door, and see close around him many of the stones his hands had fashioned.

His own stone, rather oddly, is very different from those we have learned to recognize as his work. It is large and evidently designed for two persons, red sandstone deeply cut in a pattern similar to those he used and possibly done by him, and chosen by Ruth, his wife, as his masterpiece. Certainly for a sandstone it has borne well its two hundred years.

We find other stone cutters in Boston at this early date. Elias Grice, who died in 1684, aged twenty-eight, and whose stone still stands in the Granary, was associated with Mumford in a real estate deal, and perhaps held that kind of independent partnership which seems rather characteristic of the time,—associated together yet each for himself.

Another was James Gilchrist, who died in 1722, aged thirty-four, whose name appears several times as being paid for gravestones, which, however, all seem to have disappeared, and we can only guess that he carved that of Thomas Kellon at Copp's Hill, and put his initials J. G. near the death symbol on top, and a tiny G. in the flourish ending the 1 in 1708. Rather oddly there was another stone cutter in Boston in his day with the same initials, John Gaud, but when we look at the stone of Samuel Holbrook in the Granary which was done by Gaud in 1724, we feel quite sure that it was not his hand which did that of Thomas Kellon. John Gaud was called upon to build tombs and to letter the big red sandstone slabs which were brought up from Connecticut, more frequently than to provide the entire stone.

Thomas Kellon's stone under the right-hand border where we often find the price, has the figures 25, equal to £1 5/. The other three stones by Gilchrist whose prices are recorded are £1 5/, £1 1/, £1 10/. His death symbol is very different

from that of William Mumford, being a winged head with curly hair instead of the bald headed suggestion of a skull, and his work is done with a heavier hand.

With this as a keystone we shall find other stones we can assign to him, but we shall be in danger of confusing his work with that of another man of the same date, Nathaniel Emmes, whose activities in Boston and vicinity cover a long period, and whose early work usually on reddish slate is very different from the neater but much less interesting things which he did when the style in gravestones changed. With Nathaniel Emmes we pass entirely out of the period of guesswork in regard to Boston stone cutters; we find from 1717 to 1753 eighty-six cases where he was paid in the settlement of estates, the majority of them stating distinctly that it was for gravestones.

Nathaniel Emmes was born in 1690, the son of Henry, the baker, who in 1694 was also messenger of the General Court. Nathaniel married Hannah Grafton and died April 7, 1750. Many members of his family, as well as he, are buried on Copp's Hill.

In 1718 he was paid by the estate of Nathaniel Newell £1 10/ and Nathaniel Newell's stone is still to be seen on Copp's Hill among many undoubtedly by the same hand. Did Nathaniel Emmes learn his art of William Mumford? There is one stone which might make us think he did—the little stone of Nathaniel Emmes, Jr., who died in 1718, and which is very like William Mumford's work but made from the reddish slate which Emmes used rather than Mumford's light gray.

But wherever Emmes learned his art he did not copy the designs of others; except in this one case he does not seem to have used the borders of fruits and leaves which William Mumford employed so much, but preferred scrolls. His death symbol, too, is usually longer from chin to forehead, and many of his stones have a border over the top. He often has a similar border across the bottom of the stone although narrower, that on the stone of Nathaniel Newell being exactly like those he used twenty years later. A characteristic stone of his later style is that of Samuel Goffe on Copp's

Hill who died in 1740. If desired, however, Nathaniel Emmes would do, even in his later days, more elaborate work, as witness the Cary coat-of-arms in Charlestown, for which he was paid almost at the time of his death, £50.

His two sons, Henry and Joshua, carried on his trade for another quarter century, and then the name of Emmes disappears from the list of Boston stone cutters.

While William Mumford was carving his garlands of fruit and leaves in Boston, another man, fifteen years his junior, was doing much the same kind of thing in Charlestown, with a difference, however; so we usually find no difficulty in telling their work apart.

Joseph Lamson was born in Ipswich in 1656, and was one of that family of children whose solicitous uncles petitioned the Court in their behalf when their mother married her second husband, and put the children in other families, an arrangement which seemed to work out fairly well as they—the boys at least—became good citizens and useful men. Joseph was a cordwainer but he also seemed to prefer the title of stone cutter to any other he might have borne. We find a few cases where he was paid for gravestones from 1705 to 1725, but it is hard sometimes to tell in these later years whether he or one of his sons is the Mr. Lamson of the account.

Typical stones for which he was paid are those of Lt. John Hammond and his wife Prudence in the old burying ground at Watertown. The account of Lt. Hammond's estate was rendered in 1721 and his stone cost 21/; hers only 13/.

Another little stone in Chelmsford, that of Samuel Fletcher, 1705, shows another style of his workmanship, and from these two it is easy to assign hundreds of stones of that period to him and his apprentices or sons. He, too, used both the fruit and leaf and the scrolls. His death symbol is flatter at the top of the head and much broader than William Mumford's and looks out upon the world with a duller, more indifferent eye. In a majority of his stones he uses a fringe of drapery at the top of the lunette and usually a narrow border across the bottom. He often employs small letters with his capitals and writes *the* instead of the more prevalent *y^e*.

His sons, Caleb and Nathaniel, carried on his work as did also their sons and grandsons until a period of one hundred and fifty years was covered by the lives of these Lamsons, stone cutters, of Charlestown. The father and Caleb and Nathaniel in their earliest days did the most interesting work. Gradually their stones were cut less deeply, the designs were more conventional and less diversified. They kept, however, for at least a hundred years what one might call the Lamson device, a kind of fruit like a gourd blossoming out of their scroll work, or standing alone—a pair of them facing each other on their headstones. In the Probate Records of Middlesex and Suffolk we find mention of the father and the two sons no less than a hundred and fifty-one times, and we do not need to identify many of these stones to be able to recognize the Lamson hand. It is not easy to distinguish the work of one brother from the other, although apparently each, using the family pattern, worked independently of the other and was paid for his own handiwork.

Possibly working under Joseph Lamson's tutelage, were two other stone cutters of Charlestown, both of whom seem to be more or less related to him. Joseph Whittemore was a cousin of his, described by Wyman as a "captain &c." We know him as a stone cutter only from that quaint entry of the Rev. John Baily in the Church Records of Watertown:

"For a Tombe Stone as followes;

"Yr came one June 21 '92 from Connecticut, ye freight cost 8/. Carting it cost 1/. Carrying it to the Grave from Boston, Something. for Stones and Lime 10/. Ye Building it up was given me by Mr. Willis.

"The engraving of it cost me to Jos. Whittemore 12/ wch is but the half of wt is usual viz. a penny a letter he took an halfpenny a letter.

"For ye stone as sett I gave £2 5/. I payed it to Mr. John Hamlen of Middleton the 14th day of June 1693."

This stone of Mr. Baily's wife is still to be seen in Watertown, and one similar to it for himself, and the letters carved two hundred and fifty years ago by Jos. Whittemore, possibly recut a hundred years ago when some repairs were made,

are still plainly to be read on this immense slab of Connecticut sandstone:—

“Pious Lydia made and given by God
As a most meet help to John Bailly
Minister of the Gospel
Good betimes Best at last
Lived by Faith, Dyed in peace,
Went off singing, Left us weeping.
Walked with God until translated in ye 39 yeare
of her age April 16, 1691.”

The other stone cutter, Thomas Welch by name, was in at least one case paid for a gravestone, and also calls himself by that title. At his death in 1704 he left “a parcell of working stones and building stones about the house,” and a widow who some months later became the wife of Joseph Lamson, who undoubtedly thus acquired this parcel of stones, and as we know from the Town Records of Charlestown, “Thos. Welch’s house where Mr. Lampson now lives.”

Apparently after this happy disposition of Mr. Welch’s property the Lamsons had no further competitors in Charlestown. We find their work throughout Middlesex County and frequently in both Suffolk and Essex.

Contemporaneous with both William Mumford and Joseph Lamson was a man living in Dorchester, James Foster, probably that James Foster who was born in 1698 and died in 1763, and whose gravestone has upon it the representation of a man with a military cloak and scarf which we feel sure must have been intended for his portrait. He must have been a rather handsome, well-dressed man, though we hope his shoulders were a bit broader than the design of the oval permitted.

From 1722 to 1756 many accounts include a payment to him, and the old burying grounds of Dorchester and Roxbury are full of his work.

At the time of James Foster’s death there were many sculptors of gravestones working usually in families as did the Codners, Emmeses, Homers and Geyers of Boston, the Lamsons of Charlestown and the Parks of Groton, besides a

large number of local men who did work of more or less merit according to their skill and artistic ability.

Boston naturally always remained a center of this kind of handicraft although during the last half of the eighteenth century there were no workers who surpassed the Park family. With them as examples and teachers, Groton produced many gravestone makers, especially as the fine slate quarries of Harvard and Lancaster were so near. Another center of stone cutters was Wrentham and vicinity, where the Fishers, News and Metcalfs are names we see the oftenest on the Suffolk County Registry.

The Soules of Plimpton went far afield, two of them, Beza and Coomer, living in Deerfield for a while, and then drifting up to Worcester, where Coomer died. Beza went to Brookfield, where he or his sons worked well into the nineteenth century, carving after the fashion of that period lightly cut urns and willow trees. If Beza made the gravestone for Coomer which is still to be seen in Barre, his early work was along the line of much that we see in Deerfield, with borders of a kind of conventionalized leaf interspersed with a pointed bud and ending perhaps in a star, having a head crowned with curious representation of hair done in neat round scrolls.

Turning to the Deerfield burying ground I find I can tell you very little, although without doubt an examination of the Probate Records of Hampshire and Franklin Counties would give the names of some who made these gravestones.

There is one, that of Sarah Barnard, 1720, which must have been done by a man whose work is rather abundant in Roxbury and Dorchester. The stone of Capt. John Capen, Dorchester, 1699, is very similar to it even to the delicately cut border at the base with the rounded hour-glass. That of Dea. John Payson, Roxbury, 1719, must have been from the same hand, and in the settlement of his estate we get a clue to the sculptor's identity in the item, "For gravestones paid Mr. Barnet £2 1/." In another Roxbury account we find the name written Barnard, a very usual interchange at that time. Mr. Barnard may have been a relative of Sarah of Deerfield, thus accounting for the selection of a stone done by him.

The little stone of Joseph Barnard, 1695, also has its prototype in Roxbury in that of Benjamin Thompson, 1714.

Another stone suggestive of Dorchester is that of Simon Beamen, 1712, which has much in common with that of Mary Preston, 1710. Notice the rather unusual curved line with which the A's are crossed.

The stone of Hannah Childs was probably done by a Lamson though not bearing their device. It has, however, the broad-headed death symbol with eyebrows and arched upper lip and the drapery at the top of the lunette.

Lieutenant Mehuman Hinsdale, 1736, also has a stone which probably came from some one of the Boston group of stone cutters. There are many of that general type in that vicinity.

There seem to have been in or near Deerfield two very interesting local workers, the first doing the stones of Mr. John Hinsdale in 1746 and Mary Catlin, 1763, and others like them. This man's work is suggestive of that of the stone of Coomer Soule in Barre. The second man was later working out a rather similar style, like the stone of Miriam Arms, 1794.

Like all the towns in the Connecticut Valley, Deerfield has some of the red sandstone which we find so abundant in Hartford and Springfield, and some of the white marble with the same rather bold, coarse ornamentation like those in Bennington and other towns of Vermont. Deacon Samuel Field, 1762, is a fine illustration of the red sandstone and Ebenezer Wells, 1793, of the white marble.

It would be interesting to know who did your very cubist stones in white marble; certainly a man a hundred or more years ahead of his time. Esther Williams, 1800, is a very simple and very fine specimen of his work. Brookfield, which most impartially patronized each and every grave-stone maker, also has some of this man's work.

Esther William's eyes have been calmly closed a century and a quarter but she still presents in clearly cut letters her message to those who were to follow her:—

“Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay
Death of the Spirit, Infinite! Divine!”

A JOURNAL OF A CAMPAIGN IN THE YEAR 1776
AGAINST THE BRITISH FORCES IN CANADA
BY THE LEAVE OF PROVIDENCE ¹

In the month of December 1775 General Montgomery arrived at Quebec with about four hundred men and was soon joined by General Arnold with two hundred soldiers who had marched from Cambridge near Boston thro the woods by the way of Kenebeck River in which march they underwent the most severe hardships from cold & hunger, even to that degree that in some instances they boiled their greasy leather Breeches and eat the soup. in the course of the march a few of the men died through fatigue & hunger and those who arrived were much enfeebled and for a while unfit for duty.

As soon as the army had recovered their health a Council was held by the two Gen's & other officers and it determined to take the town by storm, accordingly they furnished themselves with scaling ladders to assend the walls of the town. Every thing being in readiness, they began the attack and this was a bold heroic attempt as the number of men within the town was vastly superior to those who made the attack, however a number of our men got over the walls and were slain or made prisoners. Gen. Montgomery was one of the first that entered the town and bravely fell at the head of these noble veterans. This put an end to the attack and the few that had not fallen returned to their camp. The command of this small army devolved on General Arnold who continued the siege with those few men untill the latter part of April 1776

When the news of General Montgomery being slain and the defeat of the army under his Command reached Connecticut the Governor and Council ordered a Regiment of men to be raised in that Colony to go to the assistance of Gen. Arnold and appointed Charles Burrel Colonel Jesse

¹ This Journal was found in an old trunk and contributed by Miss Ellen Brown of Leyden, Mass. Author unknown.

Buel Liut Colonel and John Sedgwick, Major. The Rev^d Ammi Robbins of Norfolk was appointed Chaplain

The Subaltern officers of the company in which I enlisted were John Stevens Cap^t Jesse Kimball 1st Lieu^t Matthew Patterson 2^d Lieu^t and Baze Wells Ensign

On the 15th of February 1776 a number of the inhabitants of West Hartford meet at the house of Th^o Goodman. Ensn Wells was present with orders to enlist men & a number of our most respectable young entered their names on the order and notwithstanding I was at that time engaged in teaching school such was my zeal for the cause in which our country was engaged that with the advice of my friend and the consent of my honoured Father I entered my name with the others who had enlisted.

Preparations were made immediately for our march and accordingly on the 7th day of March we meet at the house of John Steele in west Hartford, Ebenezer Center [?] with a wagon had engaged to carry our baggage as far as Albany. All things being in readiness we were peraided and Thos. Hosmer Esqr by an earnest & appropriate prayer recommended us to the protection of that Almighty Being who is the God of armies. After the close of the prayer we marched off & that day reached New Hartford I lodged at the house of Elijah Merrell Father of my late deceased Wife, solemn and interesting was the evening both to the Family & myself, many tears were shed

March 8th arrived at Norfolk were we meet with M^r Robbins who cheered us with his conversation and gave us much good advice and warned us to guard against the the temptation to vice to which a soldiers life is peculiarly exposed lodged at Cap^t Watsons

March 9th arrived at Canaan where we meet Cap^t Stevens & the rest of the company. Received our bounty and tarried over night. Next day March 10th moved forward. Eliphaz Steele and myself parted from the company & by the way of Egremont got to the Rev^d M^r Steele that evening.

March 11th Sabbath attended public worship in the fore noon after noon M^r Steele sent his boy with a horse to for-

ward us to Noble town where we meet our company and tarried all night.

March 12th in the morning E Steele & myself were sent forward to get breakfast prepared we proceeded about 4 miles where we had an excelent meal made ready according to the Dutch manner of cooking, but the company did not arrive so soon as we expected, we wondered at the reason of the delay amused ourselves by shooting at marks &c at length they came up and to our sorrow we learned that M^r Center [?] in descending a hill had fell from his Wagon & was seriously injured, we took our breakfast & proceeded to the half way house between Kinderhook & Albany This house is the only one between Kinderhook & Greenbush Dutch people occupy it and the floor is exceeding clean but this did not make it soft this being the first night I have slept on a floor.

March 13th Got to Kinderhook & found the ice too weak to cros on it with safety, tarried all night, in the morning March 14th found the ice was strengthened by freezing, we therefore all crossed to Albany with safety. M^r Center returned home our anxiety was great for him viewing him unfit to drive his team. He died of his wounds about 18 [13?] months after.

Tarried in Albany three days find it an unpleasant place. the inhabitants are Dutch and speak a language I cannot understand.

March 17th we procured a Waggon to carry our baggage to Lake George and marched up on the west side of the Hudson 5 miles.

March 18th crosed the river this morning where lived a Dutch-man, who had just finished skining a Woolf which he killed with his knife in the stable with his sheep, he said the Wolf made no resistance. his head was fixed on pole in the garden fence. we proceeded up the river on the east side as far as half moon point then recrossed and went up the river through Stillwater and Saratoga & as far as fort Edward, nothing worth noteing took place on our way except the exceeding badness of the traveling on account of mud & sloughs at Fort Edward we crossed to the east side of the

river. here I found a family by the name of Gillet that had lately lived a neighbor to me in W. Hartford, the Good man and his wife treated me and two or three others who called on them with me with much kindness. They provided a Good Supper of smoaked Venison & comfortable lodgings. On an Island in the river opposite this place stand the Barracks which were built in the time of the late French war & were then used for an hospital for sick Soldiers; here died my uncle Eliphaz Steele of Small pox in the year 1758.

March 22^d Set forward towards Fort George a distance of 14 miles, the day was very pleasant & we halted a number of time to view the marks that were to be seen made by the Indians in the late war particularly at a place called the half way brook here the teams and their loading together with a large number of men were all cut off and destroyed by the savages the scars of the bullets in the trees and marks of their Tomahawks are very plain to be seen

Arrived at Fort George about sunset.

March 23 our baggage Wagon left. we therefore must now either carry our provisions & baggage on our backs or draw it on hand sleds. the latter we concluded would be the easiest way. we therefore made a Sled for every two [men?] and put our baggage on and with a yoke or pole fastened to each Sled & by a rope so two of us would draw their load with tolerable ease we proceeded the first day as far as Sabbath day point 26 miles where we built fires and lodged all night in the open air & on the Ground

March 27 I found myself very lame by traveling such a distance on the smooth ice we however went forward to the north end of the Lake where 4 miles where we found some settlers and obtained of them some refreshment particularly a little New England Rum which as we were greatly fatigued [?] much needed After our welcome repast of eating & drinking we marched on three miles to Ticonderoga. This fort is built on rising ground near the south end of Lake Champlain and at the confluence of the outlet of Lake George and the stream of water called the South Bay. The Fort was built by the French and is about 300 yards from the Lake, it

appears to have been a very strong fortress altho small and is now going to decay. About half a mile North west of the Fort are the remains of the old French lines where General Amherst imprudently led up his army and they were all slain in 1758. This Fort garrisoned the past winter by about 40 of our men here I first witnessed the the punishment of flogging two old soldiers took thirty nine lashes each for embezzling public property they bore it like stout fellows altho the blood streamed from every lash.

28th Drew provision for two days at Ticonderog and set forward for Addison a distance of twenty miles. drew our on sleds as before. the ice was very smoth the weather so cold as to freeze our shoes on our feet at mid day. the wind was strong in our faces, with some snow so that we had to exert our utmost strength to get forward we however succeeded in reaching Addison that night where we meet with Cap^t Stevens & part of our comp^y here it was agreed that the heaviest part of our baggage should be left in the care of Lieu^t Pater-son & six Soldiers untill the Lake was clear of ice and the rest of the Company to go on throught the woods by land towards Canada each Soldier carrying four days provision in his knapsack and that after noon we reached Otter creek in the town of New Haven

Next morning went down the Creek without any road except a foot path. At noon arrived at a log house where a family by the name of Lawrance lived and whilst we were cooking our diner I missed my pocket book from my pocket I immediately informed Cap^t Stevens who ordered the Company to be paraded with their packs. the Serjants were ordered to search every one's pack and their pockets. this was done but the book was not found. soon after Sam^l Fellows presented me with the pocket book and said he found it concealed in some straw back of the house, So the the matter ended, however Fellows was ever after viewed with a jealous eye.

Sabbath day March 31st we arrived at Cumberland Bay, a few miles north of Onion river having marched 40 miles through the wilderness most of the way without any road. by this time our provision was nearly spent. here it was

thought the ice on the Lake was strong enog^h to bear us and after deliberation we set forward on the ice and that day went fourteen miles and in camped on the east side of the Grand Isle where we found some bark huts which we occupied to lodge in. here we built fire and had a comfortable nights sleep

Monday April 1st After marching about six miles we were meet by three sleighs which were sent to meet us they took us 30 in number and all our baggage and we were forwarded to the white house on the west side of the Lake where we arrived at 12.Oclock here we found it would not answer to go on the ice any further. of course we must take to the woods which we found to be very bad being filled with swamps partly frozen sometime plunging to the knees in the mire in this manner we travelled six miles here we found a store of provision, we draw allowance for one day The Lake we now found to be clear of ice and we took Batteaus and went down to Stouts at the mouth of the River Le Cole seven miles north of Canada Line, and eighteen from S^t Johns

April 2^d The wind being in the South we fixed up a mast in the Batteaus and fastened our blanket together with wooden pins for sails and without using ores we ran down to S^t Johns in three Hours this place is situate at the outlet of Lake Champlain on the west side of the River the Fort was built with a brest work and not strongly made it enclosed two large houses built for barracks & was taken from the British by the Americans last fall the Barracks were very much torn and shattered by bomb shels and balls & the ground for many yards round was thrown up into hillocks by bomb shells

April 3^d we Marched for Champlain the morning but were over taken by a heavey rain and obliged to take shelter in French houses untill the rain abated & when it over we proceeded forward and reached Chamblee about four o'clock in the afternoon. The road from this to S^t John is very level and of a stiff clay. of course it was hard traveling.

April 4 Severe snow storm in the fore part of the day afternoon pleasant weather we had orders to draw provi-

sion for six days & march the next morning for Quebec. This day is called Good Friday the inhabitants of this Village are flocking to the Mass house & it said that on this those of them who will give an inconsiderable sum of money to their priest have their past sins all pardoned poor deluded Mortals

April 5th This morning the orders of yesterday were conter manded & the Company ordered to Montreal agreeable to orders we immediately marched through mud ancle deep to Longale being a distance of fifteen miles this place lies on the River S^t Lawrance nearly opposite Montreal but finding the Ice so weak we thought it not safe to cross that night and so it was that the night was freezing cold and so strenghted the Ice that we crossed with safety in the Morig April 6th

When we got into the city we found the Barracks were filled with troops who had garrison there through the winter & whose time of service was nearly expired. in consiquence of not having room for us in the Barracks we were scattered among the inhabitants two or three in a house. Eliphaz Steele & myself were together in a house. they showed us much kindness and endeavoured to teach us their language & we continued there a few weeks I think I should have learned something of it while here I was much exposed to take the small pox frequently meting those who had it. To Inoculate was against orders. However I agreed in my own mind to hazard the consequence and applyed to a Physician and had the infection put into my arm.

April 8th removed from our lodging in families to the Barracks

Apr 9th And now we Lodged in the publick building we are called on to do Soldian duty 12 of Cap^t Stevens Com^y on Guard to day myself for one this is the first time we have been called on duty this day the Ice broke up in the river with a hidious cracking and soon moved down the stream majestickly, leaving a beautiful surface of water whar in a day or two covered with wild Geese & Ducks. Those Ducks are taken by the Canadians in the following manner three or four men get into a Cannoe & paddle out into the river a

little above a flock of them then lye down in the Cannoe & let the currant drive the Cannoe down the stream into the midst of a flock of Ducks then rise up sudenly and with suitable poles in their hands they will kill multitudes of them before they can get on on the wing. This evening Jack Negro was scalded by the falling of a kettle from the fire which soon caused his Death.

April 10th Died at the Hospital Maj. Israel Curtis formally of Farmington in Conn. This afternoon the clothing of the Soldiers which had died at this place during The last winter was sold at vendue on the perade the avails to be given to the friends of the deceased

Ap^r 11th at night 6 of our Comp^y on Guard Maj^r Curtis buried to day I was ordered on the main guard to relieve a sick man

Ap^r 14 on main guard

15th A couple of Fellows one a stout heavy man and the other a very small man took a boxing back of the Yard. the little man gave the great one a horrid drubing & he returned to the Barracks covered with blood

16th This Day I was agreeable surprized at hearing one of our officers (Cap^t Painthar) ask a blessing at table the singularity of this in camp is the reason of my noticing it.

John M^c Goon was put under Guard for threatening to kill Cleaveland Through the night I was on picquet Guard.

19th went into a house where several were sick with the small pox the nights are so cold as to freeze the mud strong enough to bear up a man notwithstanding it is cold it doth not stop the frogs from croaking—on picquit guard at night

20th Coll Helman marched from Montreal for Quebec with Cap^t Fisk's Com^y of Volunteers

21st Received orders to march up the river on a private expedition

22^d Began our march and that day went as far as Lachene. Lodged at house of M^r Mallett. we took with us one Brass field piece provision &c when we were about lying down to sleep Lieu^t Kimball ordered every man to sleep with his Gun in his arms saying we were in an enemys land & knew not what might happen. We how ever slept very quiet thro

